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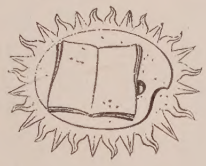

The Nation on Trial 1860-1916

By ERIC FISHER WOOD

Author of "The Writing on the Wall," "The Note-book of an Attaché," etc.

IN my last article, which appeared in THE CENTURY for December, it was stated that the best technical authorities of Europe and America believe that for the United States reasonable military preparedness can best be attained by the adoption of a system of universal compulsory service based on the Swiss and Australian methods, comprising military training as an essential part of the education of every boy of twelve years or more, and the enrolment in a Federal army of all men during the years from nineteen to twenty-three, when their military duties would consist in several weeks' training every year. Such a system would eventually result in our possessing an active army of 2,500,000, and a reserve of 8,000,000 trained civilians between the ages of twenty-four and forty-eight, which could be drawn upon in case of dire calamity.

A citizen army so trained, while not powerful for offense, for defensive action would rank among the great armies of the world, and give any nation pause before it decided to attack the United States. To the American people the great virtue of this system is that it does not create a spirit of militarism or invite the many evils that fasten on any country which maintains a large standing army.

To-day seven or eight nations already possess armies of far more than two and one half million men. An army of that size is for us the irreducible minimum. No steps which fall short of that mark will be of use except as they lead logically toward it as an ultimate result.

Such a system cannot suddenly be put into full operation; legal and political obstacles must first be overcome, and even when this has been accomplished, the system will give us an effective army only after it has been in operation for several years. It is imperative that in the interim we make some immediate provision for national safety, for an international crisis may confront us at any time.

The one effective means of thus quickly protecting ourselves is to adopt and put into immediate operation an extensive program of naval construction, calculated to give us a mighty fleet in the shortest possible time. This would involve a procedure totally different from that now advocated by Secretary Daniels, which will not result in any essential increase in the relative effectiveness of our navy. Our immediate needs involve the laying down of at least ten super-dreadnoughts and battle-cruisers, together with a proportionate number of cruisers, destroyers, and auxili-

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aries, and their completion in the shortest possible time. Such a program is of course too extravagant to be made a permanent custom. It is urged as the only effective temporary expedient that will tide us over until we attain the Swiss system in full operation. It would double the battle efficiency of our navy within two years.

Its necessity becomes quickly apparent when we consider the condition of our armies. At the present moment the only adequately trained and organized mobile troops stationed east of the Mississippi are two regiments of regular cavalry and two regiments of regular infantry, a total of about four thousand men. These constitute the sole mobile forces now in that wide area having sufficient tactical cohesion and enough experience in the art of war to withstand the shock of battle.

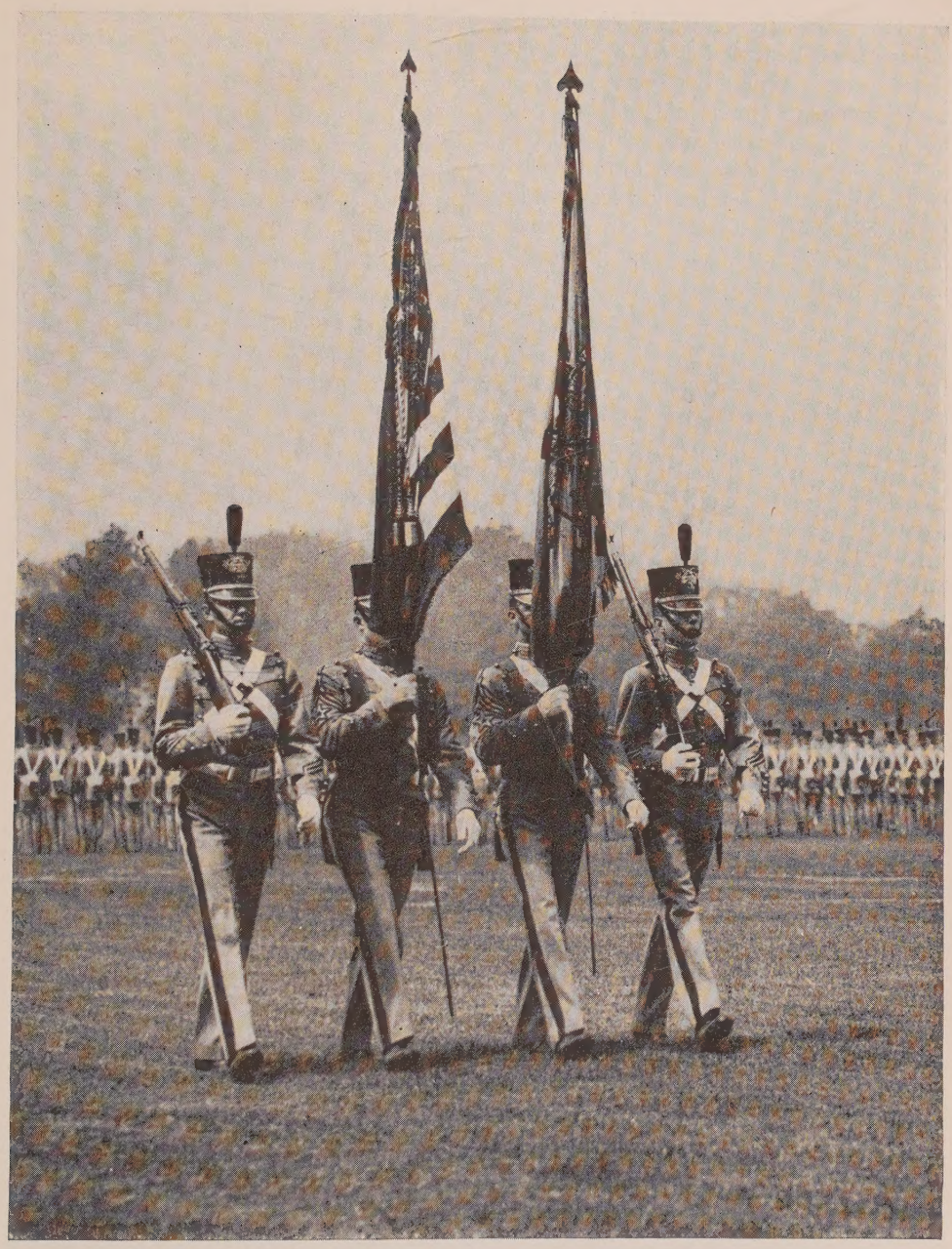
It would be utterly impossible to place our state militia organizations in any sort of fighting trim in less than six months. Good marksmanship and uncoördinated bravery are in the conflicts of to-day very much at a discount before efficiency and organization. At the beginning of the present war Great Britain's territorial battalions were probably better trained than any of our militia regiments, and yet despite the desperate need of reinforcements at the front, no territorial organization could be brought to a state of efficiency that permitted its use in battle in less than eight months. It is an axiom in both the German and French armies that troops which have had less than a year's preparation are literally worse than useless, their addition to a weak army only tending to make it still weaker. From the days when Alexander's crack little army smashed the unnumbered, but untrained, Persian hosts, down to the immediate present, when the Germans, with comparatively small losses, have in a little over a year inflicted six million casualties upon Russia's unwieldy and disorganized hordes, reliance upon mere numbers has ever been a delusion and a snare.

The lay mind grasps the significance of these facts slowly and with difficulty. It does not immediately perceive that since we have 5500 miles of coast line, we have no troops to protect the wide gaps between our isolated coast defenses. Our field-army is, as a matter of fact, so insignificant that it could not even protect the flank and rear of our permanent forts. We have therefore no single fixed gun which is safe even from a raiding party landed from a hostile fleet.

Two seasoned army corps of 40,000 men, once landed on our shore, could work their will with us for at least six months. There are several great nations any one of which could within two weeks land twelve such corps upon our coast. We must therefore make such a landing as improbable as possible until we have adopted the Swiss system; this can be accomplished only by an immediate and systematic extravagance in naval construction.

Let us consider the various steps which would lead upward toward the adoption of the Swiss system and the attainment of our irreducible minimum of military preparedness. We find at the very start that our present system is fundamentally wrong and that we must have not only an increase in quantity, but a radical and basic change in kind. To begin with, the only firm foundation of efficiency in defense and the necessary first step toward any subsequent progress is the appointment as secretary of the navy and secretary of war of trained professional men selected for special fitness and proved ability. These most important offices are now conferred as political rewards for having assisted in electing a President. No matter how great his ability or how wide his experience in political fields, no statesman lacking special training in the profession of arms is fitted to act as director of the army or navy.

Without question Abraham Lincoln was the greatest statesman and the noblest patriot that our country has yet produced. No one ever questions his supremacy as a leader or his preëminence as a man of wide and intensely practical knowledge of human affairs. Would that we possessed a man half as able as the victor of 1860 to



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

On the parade-ground at West Point

lead us in the campaign of 1916! If any untrained civilian could ever by any possibility have successfully directed military affairs, President Lincoln, coöperating with Mr. Stanton, the least incompetent of our long line of secretaries of war, would certainly have been successful. What were the facts? Colonel G. R. F. Henderson, one of the foremost authorities on our Civil War, writes that "In assuming control of the Union armies, Lincoln and Stanton made the Confederates a present of at least 50,000 men." Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley says: "In the first three years of the War of Secession, when Mr. Lincoln and Mr.

Stanton practically controlled the movements of the Federal forces, the Confederates were generally successful . . . the Northern prospects did not begin to brighten until Mr. Lincoln, with that unselfish intelligence which distinguished him, abdicated his military functions in favor of General Grant." In Grant's memoirs we find the following illuminating passage:

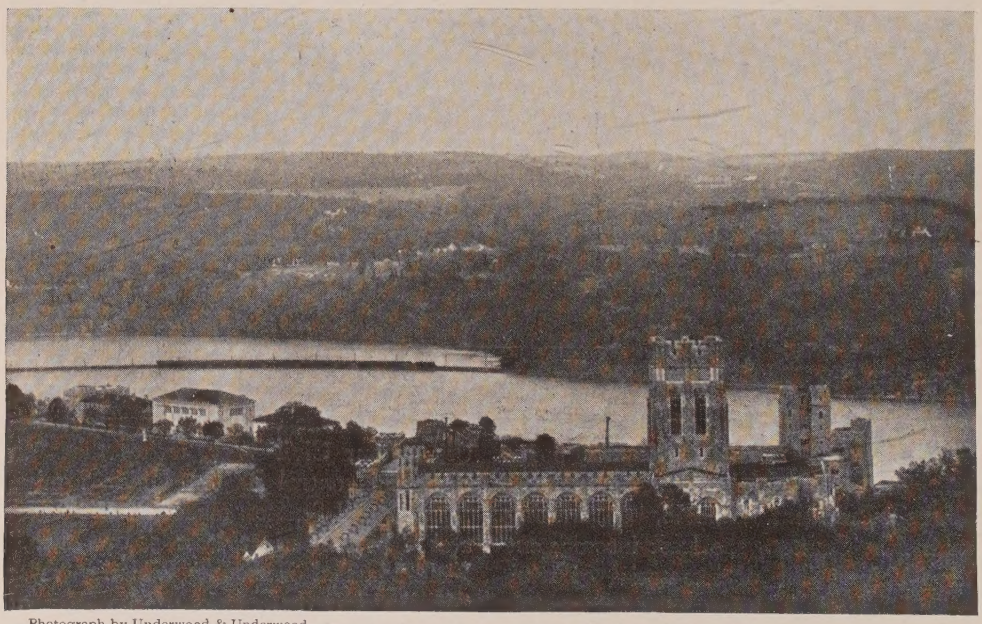
In my first interview with Mr. Lincoln alone he stated to me that he never professed to be a military man nor to know how campaigns should be conducted . . . but that pressure forced him into issuing his series of military orders. He did not know but they were all wrong and did know that some of them were.

He submitted a plan of campaign of his own, which he wanted me to hear and then do as I pleased about it; he pointed out two streams which emptied into the Potomac, and suggested that the army might be moved in boats and be landed between the mouths of these streams. We would then have the Potomac to bring our supplies and the tributaries would protect our flanks while we moved out. I listened respectfully, but did not suggest that the same streams would protect Lee's flanks, while he shut us up. I did not communicate my plans to the President nor did I to the Secretary of War.[1]

If Abraham Lincoln, great genius that he was, proved himself incompetent to direct armies in warfare, what would happen to us in case of a conflict if our defenses had to be organized by the petty politicians of to-day?

It has been said, "The fool never learns at all, the average man learns from experience, the wise man learns from the experience of others." Let us in the present case try to learn from the experience of others. Germany, in preparing for the present World War, selected as executive heads of her army those of her general staff-officers who were thought to be most capable. Results have certainly vindicated her judgment. The very first step deemed necessary by Great Britain after declaring war on Germany was to make Lord Kitchener her minister of war. In France, General Joffre, in the midst of war and before he dared begin the Battle of the Marne, had to threaten to resign his command in order to force the removal of an interfering and incompetent minister of war. After fifteen months of unsuccess-

[1] Written after Lincoln had abdicated his military powers.



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

On the heights above West Point

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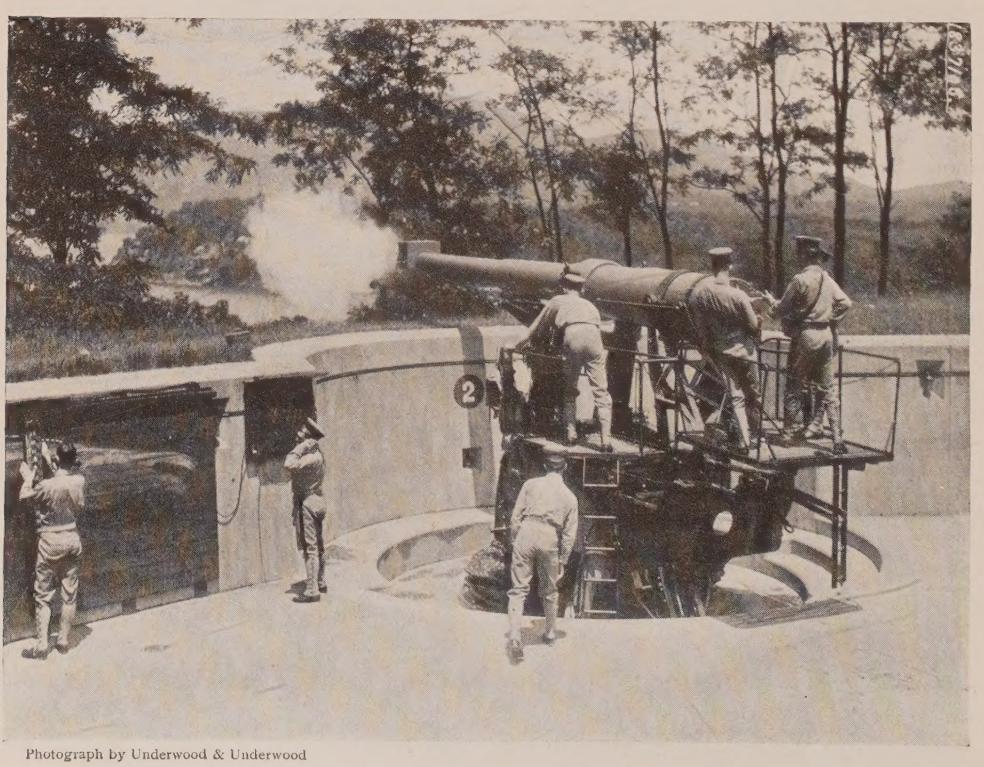
At West Point. Looking toward Newburg

ful campaigning, France has been reluctantly compelled to admit that her difficulties have been largely due to civilian interference, and in consequence, after deposing the civilian incumbents, she has appointed General Gallieni minister of war and Rear-Admiral Lacaze minister of marine. Germany and Italy, the two countries that have most consistently left war preparations to soldiers, are also the countries that have had to undergo fewest defeats and submit to the smallest measure of invasion.

Let us therefore learn by the experience of others and remove the chieftainships of our army and navy from the category of political plums. Not only is such a step the first toward better things, but it is one which can be made at once. No antiquated legislation needs to be removed, no new statutes must be passed. Nothing intervenes but the will of a single man.

There are numerous other changes which can be made almost as quickly and which tend logically toward the attainment of reasonable preparedness. Not the least of these would be to transfer the command of our state regiments from the hands of the governors to the Federal Government. This would result in the nationalization of the militia, and would be a distinct step in the right direction. It would allow the militia of the various States to serve their country directly and without the services of forty-eight middlemen. It would result in unification and standardization and in a more efficient body of trained civilian officers. To make the militia a national army would be a step toward making it a national army of the Swiss and Australian type.

To secure for the militia the best element of our population, the hard-working, clear-thinking, and truly patriotic citizens, two changes in our present methods are absolutely necessary: first, we must pay adequate wages to our militia when in service, and, second, we must cease to demand of our state regiments that they render strike duty. This last is the chief obstacle to enlistment, for the better class of working-men will not volunteer for a service that may at some time oblige them to shoot down their fellow-workmen. To be a good citizen, a man must be a good soldier in time of war, and he must be an active participant in political and economic discussions in time of peace. But if he fulfils the second of these two requirements, he is and should be partizan; and if he is forced to perform the duties which properly belong to a state police force like the gendarmerie of France or the Royal Northwestern Mounted Police of Canada, he either hesitates to suppress his confederates or oppresses his antagonists. A good citizen may logically be a soldier or a policeman; he cannot justly be both at once. This is recognized in European armies, which have their own police forces, which as a rule do no fighting.



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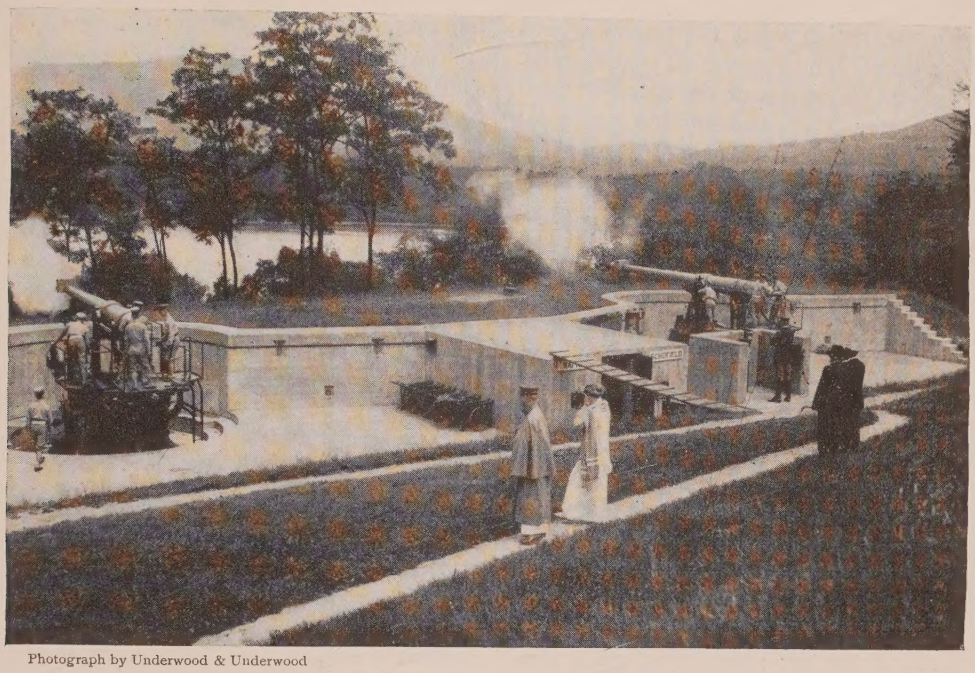
Commencement at West Point—coast-defense drill



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Commencement at West Point—target practice with the six-inch guns

The enlargement of West Point would be a distinct step in the right direction, for it now furnishes us with only one third the officers needed for even our present diminutive army. It would help matters if the entrance tests were less severe and the "trying out" during the first year more crucial, eliminating undesirables by real rather than by artificial tests for military aptitude.

Secretary Garrison's plan to establish a volunteer continental army of 400,000 is impractical. In addition, it is founded on false principles. It is not only the right, but the duty, of every citizen to defend his country. In the present day and generation one cannot defend one's country unless one has been suitably prepared and trained. Therefore such preparation should be general and compulsory. Pericles said, "If ye would save your country, you must go and stand in the ranks yourselves." It is as unpatriotic and undemocratic to hire men to fight for us as it would be to hire them to think and vote for us. The only good that can be said of the Garrison plan is that anything is better than what we now have.

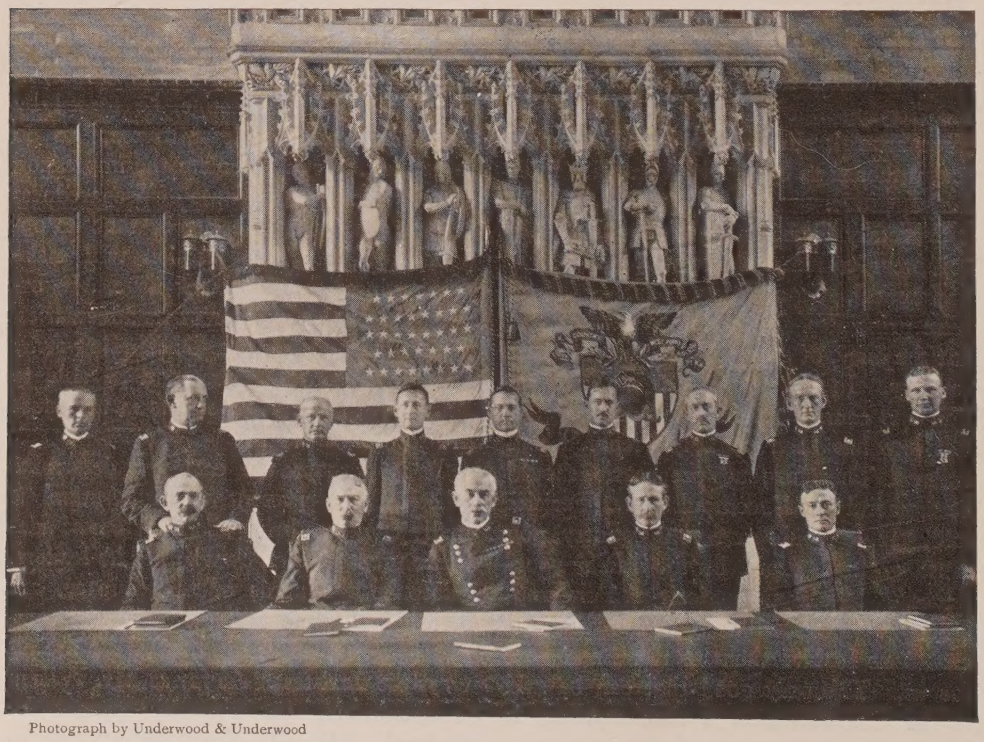
It is to be hoped that the party at present in power will not continue to support the policy which brought us many disasters in 1812 and which was responsible for the occurrence of the Civil War. If it decides to continue in this policy, it will, in order to hold its prestige, be forced by public sentiment at least to seem to do something. It must create the impression that it labors in the cause of preparedness in order to lessen the chance that its opponents in the next election will make preparedness the dominant issue. In order to steal the thunder of its adversaries, it may increase our present standing army by a few thousand men, and be able to point with pride to its efforts in the cause of preparedness.

It is perhaps too early to determine whether the present administration is really trying to bring about a state of adequate preparedness, or whether its leaders, asleep to the needs of the country, are merely embarking upon a voyage of compromises and subterfuges. Results are always the final test. As far as Mr. Wilson is concerned, his sincerity cannot be doubted. His sole aim appears to be to

give the nation what the nation wants. The nation is much more on trial than he. The other members of the administration do not thus command public confidence; one especially mistrusts those who belong to the Bryan faction, of whom Josephus Daniels is only one example. He is an exceedingly shrewd and expert politician. It is a mistake to measure his general political ability by his ignorance of naval affairs. Few political tricks are unknown to this man who was a faithful follower of Bryan during sixteen unfruitful years.

He is to be suspected of several clever ruses the object of which is to abate the public clamor for preparedness. During the last decade our naval policy has been renewed year by year. In that time we have built battle-ships at a rate of approximately two and a half a year, and we find that no single Congress has ever received credit for authorizing more than three capital ships. The keen political mind of Daniels evidently perceived a chance to befog the issue of 1916 by placing before Congress a bill demanding the building of twenty battle-ships in the next eight years. He thus creates the impression that he is about to construct twenty battle-ships when, as a matter of fact, he is simply perpetuating for ten years to come the totally inadequate rate of the last decade!

His demand for fifty small so-called coast-defense submarines is equally inadequate. The day of toy submarines is past, and the era of submersible cruisers, which attack the enemy's battle-ships upon the high seas and voyage unaccompanied from the Kiel Canal to the Hellespont, has begun. Even Mr. Daniels must know that until we possess an adequate army the only way to protect ourselves from invasion is to dominate the ocean between us and our possible enemies, and that once our fleet has been sunk or driven into harbors, no number of small submarines can prevent a landing from being made somewhere along our 5500 miles of coast line. Germany's fleet of submarines has yet to sink a British transport carrying troops to the ports of Calais and Boulogne, and even



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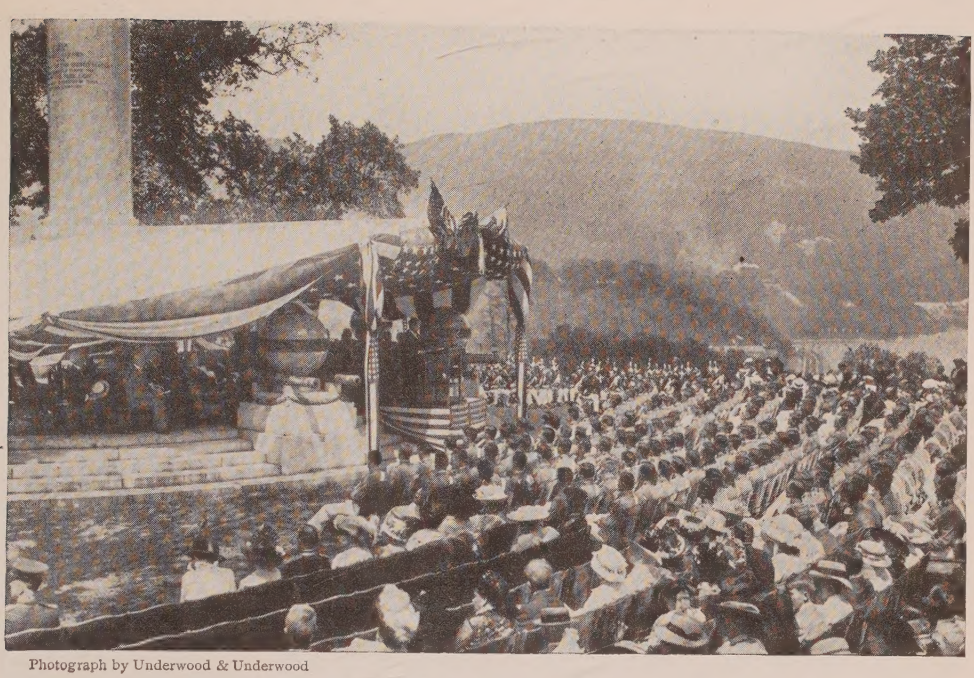
The academic board of the West Point Military Academy



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Cadets receiving their diplomas at commencement

if transports had been sunk, the landing of other troops would not have been prevented, for it is a soldier's duty to take risks. Moreover, the safe bases of the German submarines would within a week be destroyed by British landing parties were it not for the German army, which protects them.

Great Britain has been saved from invasion not by submarines, but by capital ships which control the seas. The same reasoning applies to America.

Dreadnoughts and super-dreadnoughts are technically classed as capital ships. These carry at least eight modern high-power big guns, and are able to steam twenty-one or more knots an hour. Of such ships Great Britain has forty-three, Germany twenty-six, and Japan twelve. We have only twelve at present in service. Sea control absolutely depends upon the possession of such ships. Our obsolete battle-ships, which carry four old-type guns and steam only seventeen or eighteen knots, can in no way affect sea supremacy. Such ships are useless except to a navy which already controls the ocean, in which case they are of service for patrol or blockade duty. The reason that capital ships are necessary to maintain sea control is explained by the simple fact that in battle a ship having great speed and long-range guns can choose and maintain just that distance which will permit it to pound a smaller ship to pieces, while remaining itself outside the range of that enemy's less powerful guns.

Although we possess some first-class capital ships, these would be almost hopelessly handicapped on account of our lack of proper auxiliaries. Four foreign nations each own battle-cruisers which carry eight high-power guns and can steam more than thirty-one knots an hour. We have no battle-cruisers either built or authorized. We have no scout cruisers less than ten years old. In the Battle of the North Sea the cruiser *Blücher* was sunk by the British because she could not exceed twenty-six knots an hour. We have no cruiser that can approach twenty-four. Although our navy-list contains the names of sixty-two destroyers, a score of these were built fifteen years ago, and we have only three which can make more than thirty-one knots an hour. The enemy's battle-

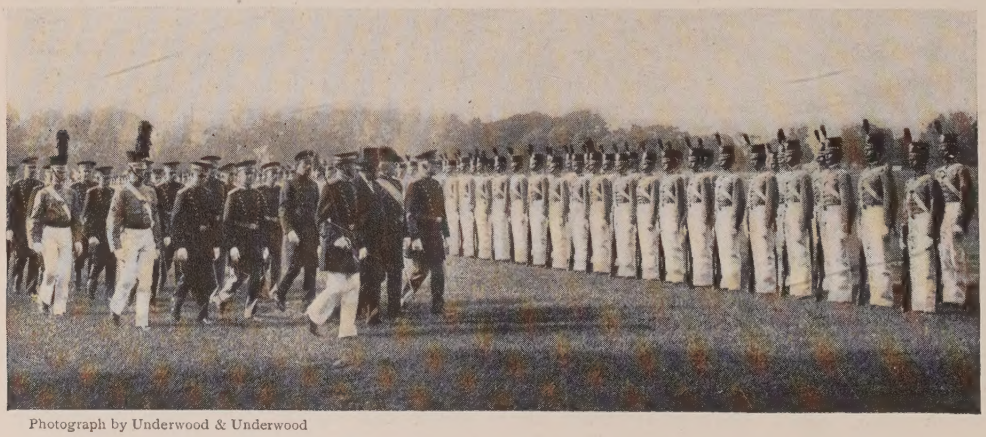
cruisers could run them down as a wolf runs down sheep.

Nine voters out of ten, however, are to-day fooled by such clever sophistry as that of Mr. Daniels. This will, we trust, by November, 1916, no longer be the case, for even to-day thousands of men of prominence and power who less than a year ago were indifferent or opposed to any increase of army or navy are to-day joining the general cry for an adequate defense which shall be in proportion to our wealth and population, and numbered with due regard to the dangers which now walk abroad. Six months ago any one who talked about a foe invading America was considered sensational; to-day the majority of our most thoughtful, educated citizens are ready to accept the possibility of war, and are eager to make due preparation to prevent it. They realize that the reconstruction of our army and our navy, even though it is attempted with vast appropriations of money and countless numbers of men, will not of necessity give us an effective army or an efficient navy. They are remembering that all the wars in history have proved that it is always organization and discipline that win against numbers. At this moment preparation for defense has already become in the minds of the majority the one great national problem, the rational solution of which will in the next few years elect Presidents, develop statesmen, and undermine many a popular politician. Even now laggards are running to cover or hastening to enlist in the popular cause.

In the early forties, my great-uncle, George Bradburn, the anti-slavery orator, was often pelted with rotten eggs and cabbages because he spoke for abolition. On such occasions he used to cry: "Gentlemen, if you wish fame, join us now; to-morrow the cause will have grown popular, and even the rascals will be with us. The mob will then cheer what they now hiss." It is for our public men to concern themselves with the question of national defense now while their help is all important; to-morrow all creation will cry "Prepare!"

It is not alone the politicians who must concern themselves in the matter, but the citizens of the nation. National defense is every man's business and every man's duty. The fatal mistakes that Congress has heretofore made in managing military affairs, and the reckless waste of public funds voted for military equipment, would not have been possible if the public had taken greater personal interest in the army and navy and kept informed as to the use of national appropriations. Our army costs one hundred times as much per man available for defensive duty as the Swiss army, and is far less efficient and less ready for emergencies. For this the nation is now on trial.

If our present leaders will not make any of the basic moves which might lead to better things, if they will not national-



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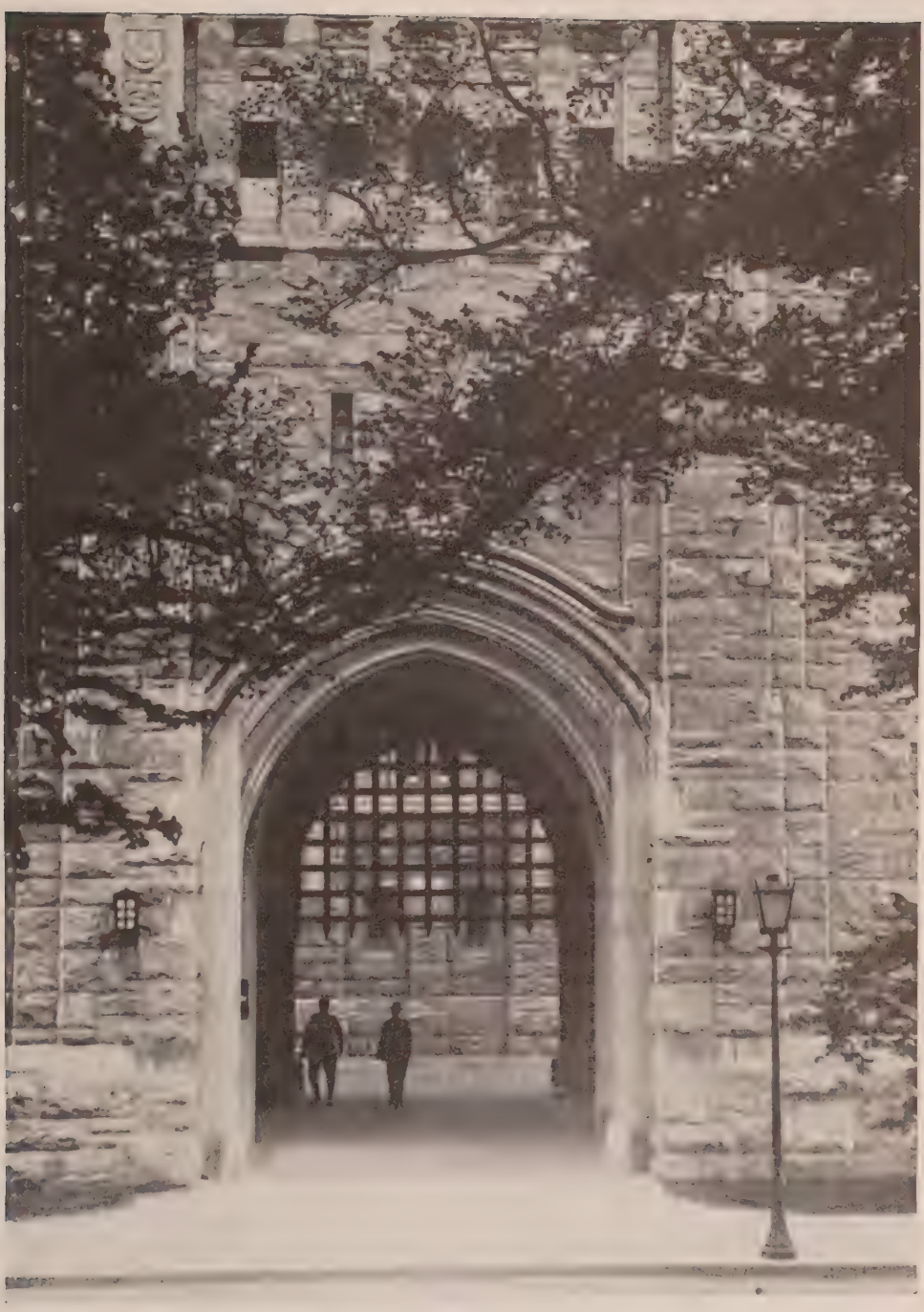
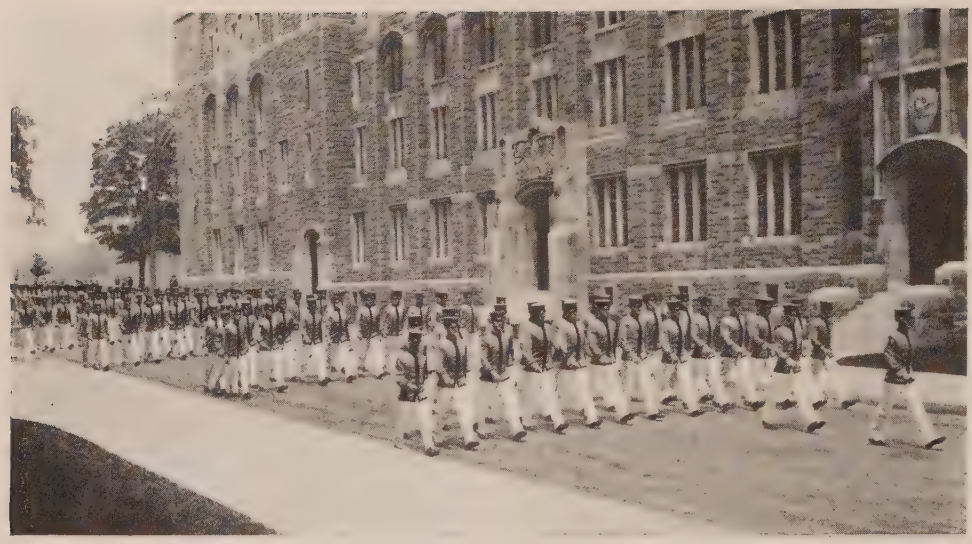
Secretary Garrison reviewing the cadets at West Point



Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Gateway to the Administration Building

ize the militia, if they will not treble the capacity of West Point, if they will not give the heads of the army and navy the privilege of the floor in the House and Senate, if they will not abolish strike duty for militia, if they will not abolish some forty useless and expensive little army-posts, which were established and are maintained for pork-barrel purposes, if they will not appoint proper ministers of



At West Point—marching to the mess-hall

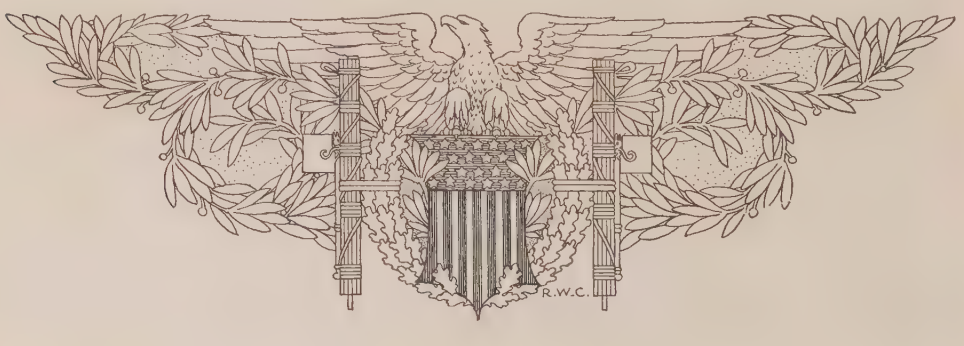
war and marine, and, above all, if they persist in subterfuges, then they must not be allowed to remain in power. They must be overwhelmingly defeated in 1916. That election will then be the first since 1860 upon which has depended the fate of our native land.

I am advised by legal authorities that the eighth Article of the Constitution, which empowers the National Congress to raise and support armies, gives Congress, by virtue of subsequent interpretations, all the authority necessary to institute in the United States the Swiss system of general compulsory service, or any other system, without the delay of referring the matter to the vote of the individual States.

This fact has a most vital bearing on the fate of the United States. It signifies that if one of the contending political parties, in the Presidential election of 1916, makes the question of reasonable military preparedness its platform and wins a decisive victory, the congress then elected can, and may, within one year pass all enactments necessary for the institution of general military service, adequate national defense, and valid peace insurance.

As matters stand to-day, our nation is doomed to irretrievable disaster in its next war. No sacrifices made after the hour has struck will avail to save us. It is not upon the battle-fields of that war that our national existence is to be saved, but in the next Presidential campaign.

Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons!



Penny Wise

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Author of "Diantha," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Hutt

PENELOPE always knew when Stuart was going to borrow. He rang his aunt's door-bell oftener, telephoned her for one merry reason or another, sent her postals illustrated with quaint little Egyptian drawings of his various dilemmas. Dr. Mary herself never foresaw; she laughed her fat, kind chuckle up to the very moment when Stuart, a little brighter and straighter and gayer than necessary, came in with an "Oh, by the way" air, and asked to see her half a minute. She would usually be a bit depressed that day, but by the next she had forgotten. Certainly she did not suffer over the business—not as Penelope did. Her nephew was the one bit of romance in her life, and his sunny affection repaid her for all he might cost. When Penelope made her rigid young demand that even an artist go without that for which he could not pay, she had an indulgent "Ah, they 're different from us, Penny!" that made the girl physically ill with sheer, helpless protest.

It was coming again, and Penelope, as she bent low over her desk, was saying to herself:

"I can't help it; I 've got to speak! It 's none of my business, and he 'll tell me so, and hate me; but I can't sit here and see it happen again. I can't bear it."

Dr. Mary Wise had a large practice, but no one knew better than her secretary how little money it meant, and what small provision had yet been made for the old age that was not far off. That others should abuse her kindness had become a matter for exhausted resignation; but not that Stuart should. That scorched.

"If I can just keep angry enough, I 'll say it," Penelope prayed, her arms tight across her chest for courage.

Usually Stuart was the young morning personified, gleaming with vitality; but to-day he drooped. Even his cherished little mustache hung limp. The first time he had waxed its points he had rushed over to show Penelope, twisting them with foreign grace and talking strange languages. When he had taken to tortoise-shell eye-glasses, he had come in to show her those, too, and she always had to see his work, from the first sketch to the finished decoration; but he usually avoided her during his financial crises.

"Dr. Mary is n't in," she told him, offering him his fair chance to escape, and in her shrinking heart hoping that he would. Every one praised and petted Stuart; but she, because she loved honor more, must hurt him.

Perhaps she had misread the signs, for Stuart, as always, sat on the corner of her desk and wanted to know all about herself. He really wanted to know,—that was one of his terrible charms,—how her mother was, how the work was going, if Buster had said anything funny lately. He often drew pictures for the little brother, and then he asked her next time how Buster had liked them. Oh, he was most lovable! Penelope's defensive arms tightened. A thin layer of college edu-

cation had given her a cool and scholarly surface to face the world with.

"And how are things with you?" she asked, deliberately going to meet trouble.

He swung a gloomy leg.

"Rotten," he sighed. "That old Persian garden party is going to cost four times what I expected it to. It 's a bore, anyway; I shall be glad when it 's over. The studio is a mess."

That pleased her; it sounded as if he were beginning to learn.

"Well, you don't really have to give a party every five weeks, you know," she suggested.

"Yes, I do, Penny. I get so confoundedly lonely that I can't work, and I have to have people in to cheer me. Besides, they stimulate me, give me ideas. You 're coming, are n't you?"

"No."

"O Penny! Why not? Oh, look here, I want you! Don't you like my parties? What 's the matter?" He was so grieved, so concerned, he whose way was strewn thick with lovely girls who did n't judge him, that Penelope's heart seemed to break audibly before her task. She dropped her head.

"When something hurts you, seems to you wrong, sooner or later you have to make a protest, don't you?" Then she realized that she was almost pleading with him, and she violently flung off her weakness. "How can I come?" she demanded, looking straight into his face. "I think you have no right to give parties, and borrow money for them—to spend as you please, and then make a woman who is n't rich, and who works day and night, take the consequences. Borrowing is hideous! When I see you working up to it, I am so unhappy I could die. Why can't you realize that nothing you gain is worth—that price?" It was out. She had uttered the mortal insult, and now, if it must be, she would lose him. She braced herself to meet white-hot anger, but, to her amazement, Stuart turned to her with a glow of eagerness.

"I 've always known you felt something like this," he exclaimed. "It is the only thing about you that I have felt was n't—big, was n't worthy of you. My dear girl, you don't take a broad-enough view about money."

A spark of temper came to her aid.

"About spending other people's money? No, perhaps I don't," she said.

Stuart was marvelously patient.

"Listen, Penny," he urged. "An artist's life has to be built up as a whole; it is n't so much a day. I could never have got where I am without Aunt Mary, and the first really big commission I land, don't you suppose she is going to get it all back, and more?"

"I think you will mean to pay her," said Penelope, all the more steadily because she so longed to give in; "but the minute you earn, you spend—always."

He nodded.

"I have to be happy," he told her gently. "That is the only way work goes. I must be happy and see beauty. But suppose I get a commission like the Utica library,—I only just missed that,—there will be thousands of dollars in a lump; and all I want is a hundred dollars to tide me over. Can't you see my point?"

They were speaking different languages. Penny's arms dropped.

"O Stuart Wise, Stuart *Wise,*" she burst out, "how did you ever get that surname?"

"Penny-wise—that 's your right name," he returned, and then, the full significance of the title reaching him, he laughed the big, exultant "Ho! ho! ho!" that always filled the house. "Penny Wise!" he cried, and rocked, and hit his person in various places, then pulled himself sober to see how she was taking it. Penny had drawn her ledger to her, and was making a careful entry. Stuart ducked his head to look into her face, but only a cool line of cheek was visible. "Don't you think it 's funny? Are n't you laughing a bit?" he begged.

"I am convulsed with amusement, but I have wasted all the time I can spare this morning," was the severe answer. "I wish you would go away."

Stuart slowly rose, lingered, laughed

"'I 'll give a Roman party for you some day,' he said suddenly"

again, then went; but he evidently met Dr. Mary on the steps. Penelope heard them come in together and go into the consulting-room. Ten minutes later Stuart came out and hurried away, and at luncheon Dr. Mary's kind face wore the familiar shadow. She did not care about the money, but she had a guilty fear that it was not good for Stuart to get it.

Penelope felt with a sick conviction that when he came to think over what she had said, Stuart must be alienated; but three days later a cheerful, "Hello, Penny Wise!" greeted her from the doorway. It took all her college education to hide her heart's response.

"Hello, Pound Foolish!" she returned without looking up. He could see only the coppery braid that wreathed her small, fine head. A note of laughter answered.

"Darned if I don't call him that!" said Stuart. She turned then. A young bulldog, white, with one drab eye, and beaming general friendliness, was straining at the leash Stuart held.

"Well, who is that?" she demanded.

"He 's a parlor boarder." Stuart brought him in with the fussy pride of a young parent. "Shake hands with the lady, old boy. Oh, here, don't kiss her! That 's a liberty. Is n't he a beauty? Look here, Toodles, if you chew the rug, you 'll get 'panked. Understand? Sit down and act like a little gentleman. Not that you are one." Stuart took the corner of the desk and shone on both dog and Penny. "Is n't he a peach?" he insisted.

"He 's a darling! Tell me about him."

"Well, he belongs to a poor chap named Simpson who 's lost his job—blew in night before last with the hardest-luck tale you ever heard. He s-stam-mers, t-too; t-took him half the night to get it t-t-told. He 'll get on his feet again; he 's a good little fellow. At least, you don't like him much, but you 're so darn sorry for him. So he and Toodles are sleeping on the studio couch, though Toots prefers my chest, don't you, old boy?" He stooped to seize and shake the blunt jaw. Penelope was looking at him with a starry fixity.

"Have you known this man well—long?" she asked.

"Never saw him more than six times in my life," was the oblivious answer.

" 'Man and woman created He them,' " was running through her head. "Oh, I like men best!" "That is beautiful of you!" she said breathlessly. She had heard many such tales from Stuart, and they always moved her to the depths.

He looked up into her moved face.

"Why, Penny, it was all you," he said. "I was sort of wishing the poor devil would clear out, and then I thought, 'What would Penny do?' And so, of course, I made him stay. I always ask that when I 'm up against a new proposition—'What would Penny do?' You 're so kind, so bully!" Before his straight look, frank and unaware as a boy's, her eyes fell.

"I can be kind like that," was her swift thought. "I can learn to be. Oh, I must be as kind as he thinks!"

"What I came in about," Stuart continued, "is my party to-morrow night. I want you to come. It 's the biggest thing I ever gave; the studio is going to be a dream. Now you 've made your protest, —I understand just how you feel about it,—you 've done your duty by me." He smiled unresentfully, indulgently even. "So come on and have a good time. P-lea-se, Penny!"

She was silent, smiling a little, as though she looked on a tempting prospect; but what she actually saw was Stuart, as beautiful as the morning in his Eastern robes, with the houris fluttering round him, laughing, luring, mercifully untrammeled by a conscience or a college education: Stuart sunnily kind to every one alike, and seeing to it that Penny had partners! She shivered.

"I don't feel up to it," she said. "You 're dear to want me, but I 'm working so hard. May I come in on my way home to-morrow and see the studio?"

Stuart was enchanted, and made her set the exact moment of her coming, that he might have the lights on and give her the whole effect at once.

"Bring Aunt Mary if you can," he added as he hurried off. Penny's expanding heart closed with a snap. She went back to her work with a vicious energy.

"I hate men; they 're stupid!" she said between her teeth.

Dr. Mary did not come home in time the next night, though Penny waited a conscientious five minutes. The studio was at the top of a ramshackle old building without elevators, and given up to many varieties of occupation. To-night the last flight displayed a carpet and palms, and Stuart's door was opened by a colored servant in gorgeous costume, who bowed silently before her, then lifted a curtain for her to pass into the studio.

It dropped behind her, leaving her in another century. Light fell from high lanterns, ruby and sapphire and gold, on rich couches and hangings, on a draped balcony, golden latticed, and a little playing fountain. Under a canopy shining with moon and stars lounged a turbaned figure in crimson and blue, drawing long breaths at a hooka, and gazing dreamily before him under drooped lids. He did not move an eyelash at her entrance, and for a moment Penelope stood alien and forlorn in her modern clothes. Then color and incense and the beauty of the still figure seemed to break open her heart like some sacred vial, letting its precious contents stream out. She dropped the hat that hid the coppery wreath of her hair and the cloak that blurred her slender grace and went slowly toward him. The sleepy eyes never moved, the hooka sent up its deliberate white puffs. Penelope knelt, and touched her forehead to the hand on his knee.

He started, then laughed out the familiar "Ho! ho!"

"Like it?" he asked happily. "What do you think of the fountain? I made the whole darn thing myself, and that lattice, too. Did you recognize the Potters' butler? Nina lent him, costume and all; he adores it. Now don't you wish you were coming?"

Penelope had sat down beside him, letting her head droop against an indigo cushion. She smiled a little, but said nothing. Stuart showed off his various achievements with the enthusiasm of the creator, and wanted much advice about the coloring of his skin and the arrangement of his turban. His eyes kept returning to the pale brightness of her head against the dark cushion.

"I 'll give a Roman party for you some day," he said suddenly.

She tried to laugh.

"Roman matron?" she protested.

"You have the kind of head they find on lovely old coins," he explained. "I like it a lot better than all this sloppy Persian stuff. Oh, don't go yet!" Penelope was rising.

"Why not?" she asked oddly.

"Because it 's so nice having you here," was the jubilant answer. "You 're such fun!"

The swift resolve, "Oh, I will be fun!" went through her like new life.

"It was great, the way you came in," he went on, shining down on her. "I never dreamed you 'd play up like that. It gave me a queer feeling for a minute. You 've got such a darn proud little head; I did n't suppose it could duck even in joke. And the way you dropped off your cloak,—I could see you,—that was stunning."

"It was n't only my cloak I was dropping," she said slowly, picking up the garment.

He stood like a young lord of Eastern romance in his gorgeous color and borrowed jewels, but it was happy intelligence that gleamed in his eyes, and he spoke with the voice of young America:

"I know; I get you. But we can't do it, can we? We 're always the same old —penny." He laughed again. "Well, Toodles, be still!" he broke off sternly. A whimper had come from behind a closed door. As Toodles still wept, he went to enforce discipline. Penny listened, smiling to herself, he was so happily parental. "Now you 've got a nice bed, and you 've had a lovely bone," she heard; "I can't have any row. I mean it, Toodles. Don't let me hear from you

again." He brought back a paternal face, pseudo-stern, with twitches of amusement. "Simpson 's got a job and gone, but he sold me old Toots," he explained. "I only paid forty dollars for him, pedigree and all."

The light faded from Penelope's face. "Forty—dollars!" she murmured, and turned to go.

"Now, look here, Penny!" He planted himself in her path. "I 've just got fifty dollars that I never expected to see again, —I lent it to a fellow in trouble a year ago, and, by George! he brought it back, —so I sha'n't miss the money. And the dog makes me happy. You don't know what it 's going to mean, having that little chap for company. I 'll stay home more, work more. My dear girl, you 've got to get a broader view of these things." He was not angry, only patient and earnest and unchangeable. She dropped despairing hands.

"Oh, it 's no use!" she cried. "I can only see that you might have given fifty dollars back to Dr. Mary. It was hers. All this gorgeousness and expense and time—I can't see anything but Dr. Mary's tired face and old shoulders. I never heard her say she had to be happy." Tears burned her eyes. "Let me go! I have no use for you, Stuart Wise; I won't have anything more to do with you!"

She brushed past him and went out, carrying a last vision of him, grave, thoughtful, only mildly troubled. She did not go home, but turned back to Dr. Mary's little old house. The doctor had come in, and was preparing herself for dinner down in the office. Her weight made her shirk the stairs whenever possible.

"Forget something, Penny?" she called, with her unfailing interest, her voice richly ready to be sorry or amused or to show any sympathetic quality that was wanted. Then, coming out with a towel between her hands, she saw the white passion in the girl's face. "My dear!" she exclaimed.

"Dr. Mary, I want you to promise me something." Penny's body might shake, but her voice was quick and hard. "It is none of my business, but I can't help that. I want you to promise me that in no circumstances whatever will you lend Stuart another dollar. I can't stand it. He is giving the craziest party yet, and he has just paid forty dollars for a dog. You 've got to stop. If he has n't the decent honesty—I know your affairs and I know his. Dr. Mary, you must refuse."

Left to herself, Dr. Mary might have excused the party and even chuckled over the dog; but Penny's stern young righteousness could not be denied. She sighed uncertainly.

"I know you are right," she admitted, and tried to temporize; but Penny would take nothing less than a promise. Dr. Mary reluctantly gave it. "I always did hate doing what I ought to," she grumbled.

"We shall probably see less of him," Penny's bitterness flung out. Dr. Mary wanted to keep her for dinner, but she hurried away.

Ten days dragged by—bleak, empty days that had to be lived through one by one. All Stuart's good qualities shone out to oppress Penny, his charm tortured her; but money laxity was the ugliest sin of all. Her spirit was glad that she had cut him out of her life, even though the flesh daily wasted. Dr. Mary watched her with compassionate amusement.

"You don't want to forget that Stuart is a good boy," she said one day, without preface. "As men go, he 's an extraordinarily good boy."

Penny did not look up from her work. "You promised," was all she said.

Stuart came that morning. His quick, light step passed her door without pausing for the first time in all these years. At his heels pattered the dog—the forty-dollar dog. Penny's righteous anger needed a goad just then. After a few minutes Dr. Mary's door opened again; but instead of going by, Stuart came into the office, standing before her like one who has no time to waste. Penelope, looking up, saw him thin, pale, deeply concentrated.

"Some one caught her up and carried her bodily out into the merciful air"

"Listen, Penny,"—he spoke as though nothing had happened,—"the night of the Persian party I got a perfectly corking idea, an Arabian-Nights scheme. It hit me all in a moment. There was a long line of girls—well, I can't stop to tell you; but it was stunning. I could hardly wait for the party to get out. I worked all the rest of the night, and pretty nearly day and night ever since, and I 've got out the stunningest set of cartoons you ever gazed on. Glory! but they mean something! I took them to Whittaker and Smith, who are doing the Sheppard house, and they went right up in the air —crazy about them. They want them for the old man's library. We 're going down to see him; he 's in Boston. It will be a ten-thousand-dollar job, but I 've got to have at least twenty-five dollars to go on, and Aunt Mary says she has promised you she won't give me any. Now, will you let her off?" He was not angry or humiliated or anything but intent on the business in hand. And all these days, while she had been agonizing over his wound as well as her own, he had not known that she existed. The flame that had burned him thin and fine had taken him beyond the reach of her judgment. She felt little and weak and hopelessly insignificant as she silently nodded her head.

"Thanks. I 'm leaving Toodles here," he added over his shoulder as he hurried off. A few moments later the front door banged after him.

Dr. Mary's kind eyes came nearly to an open twinkle that day when she found Penelope nursing the sprawling Toodles in her lap while she wrote over his head.

"He howls to go home," the girl explained in a tried tone.

"Old nuisance!" Dr. Mary assented. "I wish you 'd take him with you for the night. I 've got enough howling babies on my hands."

"Of course I will," said Penelope, quickly.

Her attentions kept Toodles resigned until late the next afternoon; then, seizing the chance of an unguarded door, he vanished. Penelope, having searched the house, threw on hat and coat, and started after him. She knew very well where he had gone.

"Old nuisance!" she silently scolded, trying not to be glad of an errand that took her to Stuart's door.

She did not at once get there, for in the lower hall of the old building there was a faint haze of smoke. It was probably of no importance, but, after knocking in vain on doors closed for the night, Penelope felt obliged to go out and get a policeman.

"Just to see that it is all right," she apologized to him.

He opened a door in the black depths of the hall and went down a step; then, springing back, he passed Penelope on a run that meant trouble. Something was shouted back at her, either to "get out" or to "get 'em out"; but she was already flying up the stairs to pound on every door. Not a voice answered or a head was thrust out. The silence and the thickening smoke were frightening; but there was a door at the top that she must reach. Door by door she earned her right to give that warning.

She had forgotten the dog until, at the end of her journey, breathless and choking, she found a white object pressed tightly against Stuart's door. That proved him not yet home, but she knocked to make sure, then caught the welcoming Toodles by the collar and started down.

There was commotion below and in the street. Steps were racing up through the thickening smoke. It came rolling up so heavily that on the last flight Penelope, still holding the dog, buried her face in her arm and crouched blindly down for breath. Toodles broke away, and at the same moment some one, mounting, caught her up and carried her bodily out into the merciful air. He crossed the street with her, setting her down in the shelter of a doorway; then, with an amazed gasp, picked her up again and kissed her, holding her close. Penny's blurred eyes, clearing, looked up into Stuart's.

"All right?" he asked, then pressed his

cheek to hers and kissed her again and again. He did not seem in the least aware that he was doing anything unusual. When Penny made a faint movement of protest, he put her down on the steps, seating himself beside her. Toodles climbed joyously over them both, and they watched in silence while the helmeted men streamed through the building and the great hose went snaking in at the front door. When, after ten minutes of anxious work, the second engine and its crew were sent away, Stuart leaned back more comfortably.

"I 've got about fifty thousand dollars' worth of borrowed rugs up there; have n't had time to return them," he observed; but he was not deeply concerned. In his thoughtful gravity there was a growing astonishment. He turned now and then for a long look at Penny's immovable profile, resting on her clasped fingers. At last he spoke:

"Why on earth don't we get married, Penny!" Her lips moved as though she caught her breath, but she did not answer. "Why, look here,"—he was growing excited,—"I 've got a ten-thousand-dollar contract, and of course I love you. Why, I 've always known you were the finest girl in the world; only I suppose I have n't been thinking much about marriage." His arm went about her; his radiant face bent down to look into hers. "Penny, I love you!" he exulted. Then, as she held rigidly away from him, his voice dropped to pleading: "Ah, Penny, p-lea-se! I do love you!"

"Oh, I don't see why!" she burst out. "I carp at you and judge you; I condemn you. You know I do." Her fierceness demanded that he meet her with her own candor. "How can you love me?"

"Well," he thought it out, "yes, you come down on me; but—I don't know—I like my bath too cold and my towel too rough and my food a bit sharp; I 've always turned to things that hit me. And when you do approve—well, you 're pretty sweet, you know. Most people are soft with one, and then one gets tired of them. You feel sort of good, Penny. You 're foolish about money, but, hang it! I even love you for that!" Then suddenly they were laughing together, she helplessly, protestingly, with tears just beneath.

The hose was drawn out, the crowd drifted away, but still they sat in their shadowy doorway, the dog against their knees. Suddenly Penny burst out again:

"Oh, it 's so hard to understand! Out of the party that you had no right to give, you 've got a big commission; and if the forty-dollar dog had n't run away home and brought me after him, so that I gave the alarm in time, your whole place would have burned up. But it was wrong just the same, Stuart; you had no right to the party or the dog."

He only laughed.

"Have it your own way—Penny Wise," he teased her.

She was looking ahead with shadowed eyes. Yes, he would make her suffer; but, compared with the suffering of a life without him— She pressed closer, lifting her face wholly to his.

The Hemp

(A Virginia Legend)

By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

THE PLANTING OF THE HEMP

CAPTAIN HAWK scourged clean the seas
(Black is the gap below the plank)
From the Great North Bank to the Caribbees
(Down by the marsh the hemp grows rank).

His fear was on the seaport towns,
The weight of his hand held hard the downs.
And the merchants cursed him, bitter and black,
For a red flame in the sea-fog's wrack
Was all of their ships that might come back.

For all he had one word alone,
One clod of dirt in their faces thrown,
"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"

His name bestrode the seas like Death.
The waters trembled at his breath.

This is the tale of how he fell,
Of the long sweep and the heavy swell,
And the rope that dragged him down to hell.

The fight was done, and the gutted ship,
Stripped like a shark the sea-gulls strip,

Lurched blindly, eaten out with flame,
Back to the land from where she came,
A skimming horror, an eyeless shame.

And Hawk stood upon his quarter-deck,
And saw the sky and saw the wreck.

Below, a butt for sailors' jeers,
White as the sky when a white squall nears,
Huddled the crowd of the prisoners.

Over the bridge of the tottering plank,
Where the sea shook and the gulf yawned blank,
They shrieked and struggled and dropped and sank,

Pinioned arms and hands bound fast.
One girl alone was left at last.

Sir Henry Gaunt was a mighty lord.
He sat in state at the Council board;

The governors were as naught to him.
From one rim to the other rim

Of his great plantations, flung out wide
Like a purple cloak, was a full month's ride.

Life and death in his white hands lay,
And his only daughter stood at bay,
Trapped like a hare in the toils that day.

He sat at wine in his gold and his lace,
And far away, in a bloody place,
Hawk came near, and she covered her face.

He rode in the fields, and the hunt was brave,
And far away his daughter gave
A shriek that the seas cried out to hear,
And he could not see and he could not save.

Her white soul withered in the mire
As paper shrivels up in fire,
And Hawk laughed, and he kissed her mouth,
And her body he took for his desire.

THE GROWING OF THE HEMP

Sir Henry stood in the manor room,
And his eyes were hard gems in the gloom.

And he said, "Go dig me furrows five
Where the green marsh creeps like a thing alive—
There at its edge, where the rushes thrive."

And where the furrows rent the ground,
He sowed the seed of hemp around.

And the blacks shrink back and are sore afraid
At the furrows five that rib the glade,
And the voodoo work of the master's spade.

For a cold wind blows from the marshland near,
And white things move, and the night grows drear,
And they chatter and crouch and are sick with fear.

But down by the marsh, where the gray slaves glean,
The hemp sprouts up, and the earth is seen
Veiled with a tenuous mist of green.

And Hawk still scourges the Caribbees,
And many men kneel at his knees.

Sir Henry sits in his house alone,
And his eyes are hard and dull like stone.

And the waves beat, and the winds roar,
And all things are as they were before.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And nothing changes but the grass.

But down where the fireflies are like eyes,
And the damps shudder, and the mists rise,
The hemp-stalks stand up toward the skies.

And down from the poop of the pirate ship
A body falls, and the great sharks grip.

Innocent, lovely, go in grace!
At last there is peace upon your face.

And Hawk laughs loud as the corpse is thrown,
"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"

Sir Henry's face is iron to mark,
And he gazes ever in the dark.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And the world is as it always was.

But down by the marsh the sickles beam,
Glitter on glitter, gleam on gleam,
And the hemp falls down by the stagnant stream.

And Hawk beats up from the Caribbees,
Swooping to pounce in the Northern seas.

Sir Henry sits sunk deep in his chair,
And white as his hand is grown his hair.

And the days pass, and the weeks pass,
And the sands roll from the hour-glass.

But down by the marsh in the blazing sun
The hemp is smoothed and twisted and spun,
The rope made, and the work done.

THE USING OF THE HEMP

CAPTAIN HAWK scourged clean the seas
(Black is the gap below the plank)
From the Great North Bank to the Caribbees
(Down by the marsh the hemp grows rank).

He sailed in the broad Atlantic track,
And the ships that saw him came not back.

And once again, where the wide tides ran,
He stooped to harry a merchantman.

He bade her stop. Ten guns spake true
From her hidden ports, and a hidden crew,
Lacking his great ship through and through.

Dazed and dumb with the sudden death,
He scarce had time to draw a breath

Before the grappling-irons bit deep,
And the boarders slew his crew like sheep.

Hawk stood up straight, his breast to the steel;
His cutlass made a bloody wheel.

His cutlass made a wheel of flame.
They shrank before him as he came.

And the bodies fell in a choking crowd,
And still he thundered out aloud,

"The hemp that shall hang me is not grown!"
They fled at last. He was left alone.

Before his foe Sir Henry stood.
"The hemp is grown, and my word made good!"

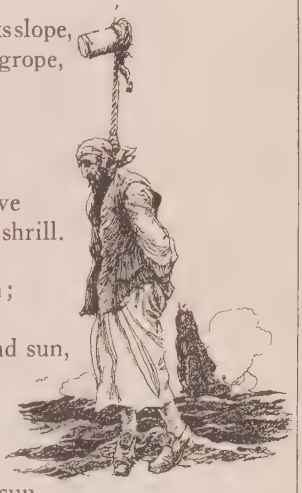
And the cutlass clanged with a hissing whir
On the lashing blade of the rapier.

Hawk roared and charged like a maddened buck.
As the cobra strikes, Sir Henry struck,

Pouring his life in a single thrust,
And the cutlass shivered to sparks and dust.

Sir Henry stood on the blood-stained deck,
And set his foot on his foe's neck.

Then from the hatch, where the rent decks slope,
Where the dead roll and the wounded grope,
He dragged the serpent of the rope.



The sky was blue, and the sea was still,
The waves lapped softly, hill on hill,
And between one wave and another wave
The doomed man's cries were little and shrill.

The sea was blue, and the sky was calm;
The air dripped with a golden balm.
Like a wind-blown fruit between sea and sun,
A black thing writhed at a yard-arm.

Slowly then, and awesomely,
The ship sank, and the gallows-tree,
And there was naught between sea and sun—
Naught but the sun and the sky and the sea.

But down by the marsh where the fever breeds,
Only the water chuckles and pleads;
For the hemp clings fast to a dead man's throat,
And blind Fate gathers back her seeds.

The Hopes of the Hyphenated

By GEORGE CREEL

Author of "A Way to Industrial Peace," etc.

WHATEVER else the hyphen may do, at least it is a thorn in the bed that has aroused the country to a realization of the imperative nature of the immigration problem. In the activities of hyphenated societies and a foreign-language press, expressed by seditious attacks upon the Government and bold disruptions of industry, there is plain evidence that the melting-pot has not been melting. The bland assumption that we are one country and one people has been given a rude shock by bitter statistics filled with proof that great masses of aliens have failed to transfer their allegiance, a domestic peril that threatens the permanence of American institutions as gravely as any menace of foreign foe.

In the last decade, 1905 to 1914 inclusive, over ten million immigrants entered the United States with presumed intent to make this their home and the land of their devotion. Three millions returned to Europe after completing varied terms of labor, and of the seven millions remaining, only two and a half millions have given formal evidence of any desire for citizenship.

Two thirds of the seven millions have never learned the English language with any degree of mastery, nor is the money earned by this army of foreigners invested in the United States or even deposited in American banks. In some years the amount sent abroad by aliens has reached the huge total of $300,000,000.

One third quitting the land that was to have been their home, two thirds holding aloof from citizenship and common interest, two thirds unable or unwilling to learn the tongue of their adopted country, and the great majority rushing their savings back to Europe! No record of failure was ever written so plainly.

At other times, when upheavals have developed the lack of a process of quick

and wholesome assimilation, it has been the habit to put entire blame upon the ignorance, incapacity, and ingratitude of the alien, holding steadfastly that all fault is to be found in the material that comes to the melting-pot, and none in the pot itself. But is this true? Can it be said that our treatment of the immigrant has been of a kind calculated to win his permanent allegiance or to convince him of the desirability of a complete Americanization? In a day of crisis, is it wise to cling to old prejudices in the face of new facts; in plainer words, to save our face rather than to save American institutions?

At almost every port of entry the immigration buildings are old and inadequate, the equipment outgrown, and the working staff so small that inspecting officers have frequently been compelled to labor thirty-six hours without a rest. As a first experience in the land of promise, aliens undergo detention in packed rooms and crowded hospitals, and wearisome delays exhaust health, strength, spirit, and money.

Eliminating the Hebrews, fully seventy-five per cent. of the immigrants come from the agricultural districts of Europe, yet a scant ten per cent. ever reach the land in America. The problem of employment presses heavily upon these new arrivals, for eighty-three per cent. have less than fifty dollars, and since the Government possesses no machinery of distribution, the starvation-scared immigrants make a rabbit rush for the nearest warren the moment the gates are opened. While the rich acreage of the West lies idle for lack of labor, hundreds of thousands of farmers and farm-laborers are forced into the industrial centers of the East, adding to the congestion, dragging down the standard of living, and demoralizing the labor market generally.

In one year, while six thousand peasants were going to the fertile lands in Washington, Kansas, Oregon, Texas, South Dakota, Wyoming, Arizona, Idaho, and New Mexico, over two hundred thousand were herded into the mills and factories of New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Illinois. Ignorance and necessity drive them there, and ignorance and necessity keep them there. Three fourths of the immigrants in the United States have never been able to move away from the covert that first received them. Rooted in the dead soil of isolation, poverty, and illiteracy, there is no hope of wholesome growth.

Just as the Government does not operate any agency of distribution, so is there lack of the protective machinery that might guard these bewildered strangers from the exploitations of the fake employment-bureau, the labor-agent, and the padrone. Such as escape the tenements, the mill, or the mine, are huddled in remote construction-camps, where they live in filthy box-cars or vermin-ridden barracks, removed from churches and schools and without other recreation than the inevitable saloon.

Commissaries rob them, contractors cheat them, and even when they have sufficient courage to appeal to the law, attorneys' fees and court costs prevent them from prosecuting admittedly just claims. The records of the labor-bureaus in the various States are thick with instances that prove it to be virtually a custom for a certain type of employer to take advantage of the ignorance and poverty of helpless aliens.

Much emphasis is laid upon the fact that the immigrants huddle in tenements, group by themselves in sordid colonies, and live in a fashion repulsive to American ideals. This is true enough. The investigations of the Immigration Commission brought out the fact that fully one half of the alien population use all of their rooms as sleeping-rooms, and that the number of persons to a room runs as high as eight or ten. The slightest study, however, discloses the fact that this overcrowding is not due to inclination, but to economic necessity.

The average annual earnings of a male alien total $385, quite obviously a sum that does not permit the maintenance of a family in a decent, sanitary environment. Women, forced into industry to help the

men, lend themselves even more readily to exploitation, two thirds of them receiving less than $300 a year. When wages are pooled, the resulting $685 still falls short of the $900 that federal experts have fixed upon as the annual amount necessary for the support of a family. Since the wages of both man and woman are not sufficient to maintain an independent, self-respecting form of family life, the children are put to work, and the sleeping- and living-rooms of the house are packed with boarders in order that the family income may be brought up to an existence level.

This low-wage scale is not so much due to lack of industry and capacity as to the alien's ignorance of the English language, and his consequent unfamiliarity with American methods and institutions. Not only this, but there are many immigrants who cannot read or write even in their own language. The census report for 1910 showed that in the preceding ten years 1,918,825 illiterates over the age of fourteen were admitted.

Owing to compulsory education laws, the question of illiteracy is not one of great importance in the second generation; but what of the adult alien without the education upon which he must depend for protection and prosperity? Little or nothing is done for him, and as a result he huddles with those of his own nationality, remains the victim of padrones, and if he does become naturalized, it is at the instigation of some ward boss eager for the control of another vote.

Night schools, conducted by private organizations, are not the answer. After a day of drudgery, the mind of the immigrant reacts to the fatigue of the body, and as if this was not obstacle enough, these classes take no account of cultural, racial, and class differences. Some of the aliens are bright, others stupid, some illiterate and others highly educated in their own tongue, but all are bundled into one group, with the result that the dull are discouraged and the educated disgusted. Without a knowledge of English the alien is loath to leave his own people, unable to get a position in the skilled trades, barred from the unions, subjected to injustice and oppression, and forced into the monotonous drudgeries that break body and spirit.

Every survey yet made of immigrant colonies proves that increased earning power and the acquirement of English are quickly followed by better homes, social ambition, and a larger civic interest. The Ford increase in wages, for instance, resulted in an almost immediate improvement of living conditions, showing that the aliens were not huddling in tenements from choice.

It is not only the case that America has been guilty of many sins of omission in connection with the immigrant, but there are also crimes of commission. The attitude of the average native-born American is one of superiority, contempt, and even hostility, making it difficult indeed for the immigrant to free himself from isolation or to gain direct contact with American life. In the textile towns of New England, the factory districts of the Atlantic seaboard, and the various mining communities, the immigrants are forced into colonies, and barred from participation in native affairs by a very definite wall of dislike and contempt. Even the churches make small effort to break down this barrier behind which the alien crouches, gazing sullenly at the land that has failed him in its promise of freedom and fraternity.

In view of these indisputable facts, is it possible to insist that the failure of the American melting-pot is the fault of the alien entirely? If the hyphen persists as a menacing feature of American life, does the blame lie at the door of those expectant thousands who come to the United States in hope and faith or in the cruel neglects and exploitations that flow from the greeds and indifferences of the native-born?

It is a problem that must be faced, nor is there any likelihood that it will become less acute. The defeat of every attempt to establish a literacy test is proof conclusive that the American people are opposed

Drawn by A Castaigne

The first freedom in the New World

to the restriction of immigration, and while the inrush of aliens will be checked during the progress of the European War, peace will witness their coming in greater numbers. History does not sustain any other prediction. The Napoleonic wars, the revolutions in Poland, Bohemia, Hungary, and Germany, the Prussian campaigns against Denmark, Austria, and France, the Russo-Japanese War—all were followed by an increased immigration to the United States. Burdensome taxes, shattered families, ruined fields, and economic severities, the inevitable results of war, are bound to turn eyes to the one country that does not rest under the baneful shadow of militarism.

The question for the United States to decide is whether the same old policy of neglect, stupidity, and oppression shall be pursued, or whether a new and sincere approach shall be made to the task of assimilation. In this connection, let it be borne in mind that while the immigrant seems to suffer and die in seeming helplessness, he works his revenge upon society in a thousand ways. Out of his ignorance and despair he drags down the wage-scale, acts as a strike-breaker, lowers the American standard of living, and adds the note of actual ferocity to the competitive struggle. Out of the slums where aliens fester in dirt and disease come the defectives and delinquents that fill our jails and asylums, and their ignorance and lack of civic interest make them easy prey for the unclean political influences that prosper by municipal maladministration.

Ludlow, Calumet, Lawrence, Paterson, Cabin Creek, and other revolts of oppressed aliens have cost millions in actual loss and scarred whole States with hatred. Even if justice to the alien contains no appeal, there is the instinct of self-preservation to compel drastic changes.

Certain steps are already being taken in the direction of reform. Mr. Caminetti, Commissioner-General of Immigration, has vitalized the division of information so that it is truly aiding the immigrant in making the choice of a home, and is doing a splendid work in connection with the employment problem. Also, by an arrangement with Mr. Claxton, Commissioner of Education, the names of all immigrant children of school age are sent immediately from the various ports of arrival to the school authorities at the point of destination.

Several cities, notably Cleveland, have established immigration bureaus that guard the immigrant from the time of his arrival, watching his education, protecting his rights, promoting his interests, and helping him in the advance to naturalization. Of the States, California has moved to the front with a statute providing teachers to work in the homes of immigrants, instructing children and adults in education laws, labor laws, sanitation, and the fundamental principles of American citizenship.

The North American Civic League for Immigrants is a powerful volunteer body that attempts the promotion of helpful legislation, the positive work required to protect the immigrant, and the teaching of the English language. Through the medium of the Baron de Hirsch Trust, the Jewish immigrant receives far larger consideration than that accorded to any other nationality. The trust maintains distributing agencies at all points of entry, and not only is the alien placed in the business or job for which he has been trained, but in event of his poverty he is loaned the money necessary for transportation and equipment.

These activities are praiseworthy indeed, but they do not by any means contain the solution of the immigrant problem. The work that is to be done cannot wait upon private generosity or individual initiative, nor will the true answer ever be given by cities or States acting by themselves. The task of assimilation is national. It is the Federal Government that lets in these millions from other shores, and it is the Federal Government that must accept the responsibility for their protection, development, and Americanization. The one policy that carries with it any certainty of success is a policy that will regard every alien as a ward of the nation, to be

Drawn by A. Castaigne

The board of special inquiry, Ellis Island

guarded, aided, and protected from the very day of arrival to the day of naturalization. Until they have mastered the language, become acquainted with their rights as well as their duties, and gained a sense of belonging, these strangers within our gates are as children, and must be so treated.

Such a policy, taking account of the muddles and maladjustments of the past, will invent machinery of distribution that will end the disastrous stupidity of farmers huddled in industrial centers, tradesmen and professional men herded in mills and factories, and skilled labor wasting itself in unskilled drudgeries—a machinery that will place every immigrant to his own advantage as well as to the advantage of the state.

In the growth of the unemployment problem, and the increase in involuntary poverty, may be seen the evil results of the theory that has insisted upon government as a sovereign power rather than as a working partnership with the people. In the formulation of a sane immigration policy there is the chance for the Government of the United States to put off its purple robes of aloofness and put on the overalls of empire-building.

Government lands and state lands lie idle while the business of pioneering is turned over to promoters who are concerned only with their profits, caring nothing for the human element that figures in their close bargains. Where is there larger promise of happiness and prosperity than in the transportation of immigrant agriculturists, in community groups, to this public land, together with such equipment as will enable them to make a flying start in their conquest of the soil? It is not a new idea, or radical, for other countries are using the twenty-year-loan system to put people upon the land.

In those isolated cases where immigrant groups have succeeded in getting into agriculture, the result has been industry, thrift, sobriety, education, and Americanization. Italians are growing cotton on the Mississippi delta, fruit in the Ozarks and Louisiana, and raising garden-truck in the Atlantic Coast States and New England, either rendering worthless land productive by their toil or else developing supposedly waste tracts.

The Poles are lovers of the land, ninety per cent. of them that come to the United States being eager to engage in agriculture, and the small number able to achieve their ambition have only stories of success to tell. The Polish farmers of Wisconsin, Illinois, Texas, and Kansas are not behind the native-born in their contributions to the general good, and the Bohemians are others who have done well wherever their feet have touched the soil.

The investigations of the Immigration Commission proved that all of those thus brought into contact with opportunity were grasping it, taking out naturalization-papers, Americanizing in every way, and playing their proper part in municipal, state, and national affairs.

A second necessary step is the creation of a federal system of public employment-bureaus which may minister to the needs of the native-born as well as of the alien. Individual States have failed abjectly in this respect, for even the nineteen commonwealths that have created free employment-bureaus have done little more than to pile up records of inadequacy. Federal control would cover the whole country, supplementing and assisting the work of existing organizations, regulating private agencies, and bringing together definitely the jobless man and the manless job. Here again it is a matter of imitation rather than innovation, for Great Britain and Germany have for years been operating national labor-exchanges successfully.

The United States must follow the example of European countries, which meet the difficulties of poverty by the advancement of transportation costs, and also guard against class control of the machinery by providing that both workers and employers shall have representation on a governing committee.

Justice must be made swift and inexpensive, and this cannot be done until the

Four Scenes from Ellis Island

By
A. Castaigne
and
G. W. Peters

Drawn by A. Castaigne

Registry department

Drawn by G. W. Peters

The New York detention-room

Drawn by G. W. Peters

The registry desk

Drawn by G. W. Peters

Serving soup to immigrants on the roof garden

simple and innumerable disputes of the industrial world are removed from the wearisome processes of traditional jurisprudence. As long ago as 1806, France created industrial courts, and the example has been followed by Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Belgium. A president, who represents the public, and an equal number of workers and employers sit as a jury rather than as a court. Lawyers are barred; the parties to the dispute take turns relating grievance and defense, and in consequence of this simplicity, ninety per cent. of the cases are adjusted without formal hearings. In event of threatened strikes or lockouts, the courts have the power to sit as boards of arbitration, and it is only in rare cases that satisfactory agreements are not reached.

Compare the simplicity of this procedure with the American method of frequent trials, frequent appeals, reversed decisions, remanded cases, court costs, lawyers' fees, and months of delay, a gantlet that no poor man dares to run. The dollar out of which an alien is cheated may mean to him the difference between a bed or a park bench, and certainly his sense of injustice will not inspire him with respect for democratic institutions.

The processes of education must be quickened, and greater emphasis should be put upon the preparation of human beings for the business of life. Immigrant adults, as well as immigrant youth, should have the privilege of instruction in the English language, national, state, and municipal government, industrial laws, customs, and ways of American life, hygiene, sanitation, and all other allied subjects that will fit them to be intelligent, useful American citizens.

Germany, through a compulsory system of continuation schools, has control over a youth until his eighteenth year; and although the system has been in force since 1891, it is only now that the United States is taking timid, tentative steps in the same direction.

Federal standards of education must be raised, and the established principle of federal aid to the poorer States should be carried through to the point where illiteracy will vanish, whether the illiterate be a native-born child or an adult alien. Not the least vital task of the public-school system is to serve the immigrant during his struggle for prosperity and citizenship.

Health is no less important than education, and authoritative investigation has shown that adult delinquency and dependency are largely due to neglect in connection with the physical defects and deficiencies of the growing youth. Not alone is it necessary to have medical inspection and dental clinics for every child that passes through the public schools of the United States, but particularly in the case of the immigrant and the poverty-stricken native-born there is need of infant dispensaries, model kitchens, milk stations, visiting nurses, and a program of preventive medicine.

While new machinery in large measure may be necessary for the doing of all these things, the plant for its housing is already at hand. The school-buildings of the United States offer themselves for the purpose in full perfection of convenience, economy, and effectiveness. As it is today, the schools, which represent the largest single investment of the people's money, are in use a scant seven hours a day for an average of one hundred and forty-four days a year.

The neighborhood is the group unit next in importance to the family itself, and the school-building is the center of the neighborhood. What reaches every child in the United States can reach every parent, and not only does the wider use of the school plant hold out its rich promise to the alien, but to the native-born as well.

In every building serving its neighborhood group may be placed the official representative of the federal system of immigrant distribution, the branch office of the federal employment-exchange, the industrial court, the medical inspection-bureau, the dental clinic, the milk station, the visiting nurses, the infant dispensary, the free-legal-aid bureau, the health office,

and the juvenile court. Here is the natural and suitable place for the instruction of the adult alien in English and citizenship, for the art gallery, for the branch library, for the model kitchen, and for the development of the play instinct.

Night use of the school-buildings strikes at the very heart of the leisure-time problem. In cities thousands of little children play in the streets, menaced alike by evil environment and the police court, and in the country life is admittedly dull and stagnant. Growing girls are forced into the dance-hall, men into the saloon, and women either gossip across stoops and fire-escapes or become fungous growths in kitchens. In competition with the reckless greeds of commercialized amusement, the social center offers amateur theatricals, debates, dancing-parties, moving-picture shows, receptions, gymnasium games, all in a clean, inspiring environment, subjected to the wholesome restraints of the family group and neighborly friendship.

The immigrants can be tapped for their rich store of folk-songs, games, and traditional customs, so that not only will the native-born be enriched and broadened, but the alien given that absolutely essential sense of belonging. To watch an interracial pageant in a New York school-building, shared in by twenty nationalities, happy, laughing, proud, and friendly, is complete answer to the question of assimilation.

The school-building should be the polling-place, and through the medium of the social center it is possible to effect the self-organization of voters into a deliberative body that will always be in session, the school-house its headquarters. Would not this be more inspiring to the alien than the location of voting-booths in livery-stables, barber shops, and sheds, or the gathering of voters in some saloon-connected room or in a hall paid for by interested parties out of mysterious funds?

With specific reference to the alien, the school-principal employed by the educational authorities to look after the children of immigrants may also be employed by the immigration authorities to care for the adults as well. His should be the position of neighborhood guardian of these wards of the nation, looking after their inclusion in the proper classes, acquainting them with the services rendered by employment-bureau, health-office, free-legal-aid bureau, and visiting nurses, and drawing them into the night play of the social center. In thickly settled communities, where a principal would not have the necessary time, an assistant or assistants might be appointed.

A beginning has been made. Wisconsin, Indiana, Massachusetts, Kansas, New York, Washington, New Jersey, and the District of Columbia are in possession of a law that permits the people to use school-buildings, aside from school hours, for the purpose of meeting and discussing "any and all subjects and questions which in their judgment may appertain to the educational, political, economic, artistic, and moral interest of the citizens." Out of it has grown the new profession of social secretary.

All that is necessary is the adoption of a federal policy that will give unity, purpose, and dynamic direction to what is now isolated and sporadic, and the task of immigrant assimilation is a sound base for such a policy. Fortunately enough, the money for the work is at hand, and what is more, it is money provided by the immigrant himself. To-day, in the United States Treasury, there is a balance of $10,000,000 in the head-tax fund contributed to by every new arrival. There is no question that this income was primarily intended as a sacred trust fund, for the law of 1882, levying a tax of fifty cents on every immigrant, provided that "the money thus collected . . . shall constitute a fund to be called the immigrant fund, and shall be used . . . to defray the expenses of regulating immigration under this act and for the care of immigrants arriving in the United States, for the relief of such as are in distress, and for the general purposes and expenses of carrying this act into effect."

In 1894 the head-tax was raised to one

Drawn by A. Castaigne

"Deported pen," Ellis Island

dollar, in 1903 to two dollars, and in 1907 to four dollars. In 1909 the immigrant fund was abolished, and the head-tax receipts were dumped into the Treasury, the regulation of immigration being forced to depend upon such annual allowances as Congress saw fit to make. The $10,000,000 balance belongs to the immigrants, and even if their need were less bitter, it would still be unfair and dishonest to divert a trust fund from its avowed object to purposes that were never intended.

The dreadful European conflict will not have been without its service if the United States, alarmed by the persistence of the hyphen in American life, adopts an immigration policy that in its essence will be a policy of hope, justice, aspiration, and progress for all the oppressed and unhappy, whether they be native-born or strangers within the gates.[1]

[1] (The illustrations accompanying this article are reprinted from THE CENTURY for February, 1898, and March, 1903.)

Trees

By WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "Barn Doors and Byways," etc.

Illustrations by Walter King Stone

AS far as possible, all of us demand trees about our dwellings, for their shade, we say, or their charm, their protection, their architectural value. But at bottom, I believe, all our reasons are the same: we demand trees about our dwellings because deep within us—deep, perhaps, as the primal instincts of the race—is a great and trustful affection humorously akin to the dog's trust in the table beneath which he lies, whether to escape the heat of summer or the Fourth of July fire-crackers. For all the centuries of upward development, for all our tall cities and snug dwellings, we are close to the ancient mother still. Go out some day into the wild places, let night come on, or a storm, and see how you turn like a homing bird to the shelter of the hemlock thicket! Even on my own little place of a few acres there is a grove of pines near the house, murmurous like the sea, and beside it three gnarled old apple-trees which put a green roof over that bit of the lawn; and to them I return a dozen times a day out of the sunshine or the moonlight on the garden, as a man returns to the welcome of his roof and hearth.

"The sycamore . . . is large, dignified, masculine, and totally unaware of the picturesque effect created by its tortuous branches"

Trees, of course, are the most beautiful as well as, perhaps, the most useful of growing things, not because they are the largest, but because they attain often to the finest symmetry and because they have the most decided and appealing personalities. Any one who has not felt the personality of trees is oddly insensitive. I

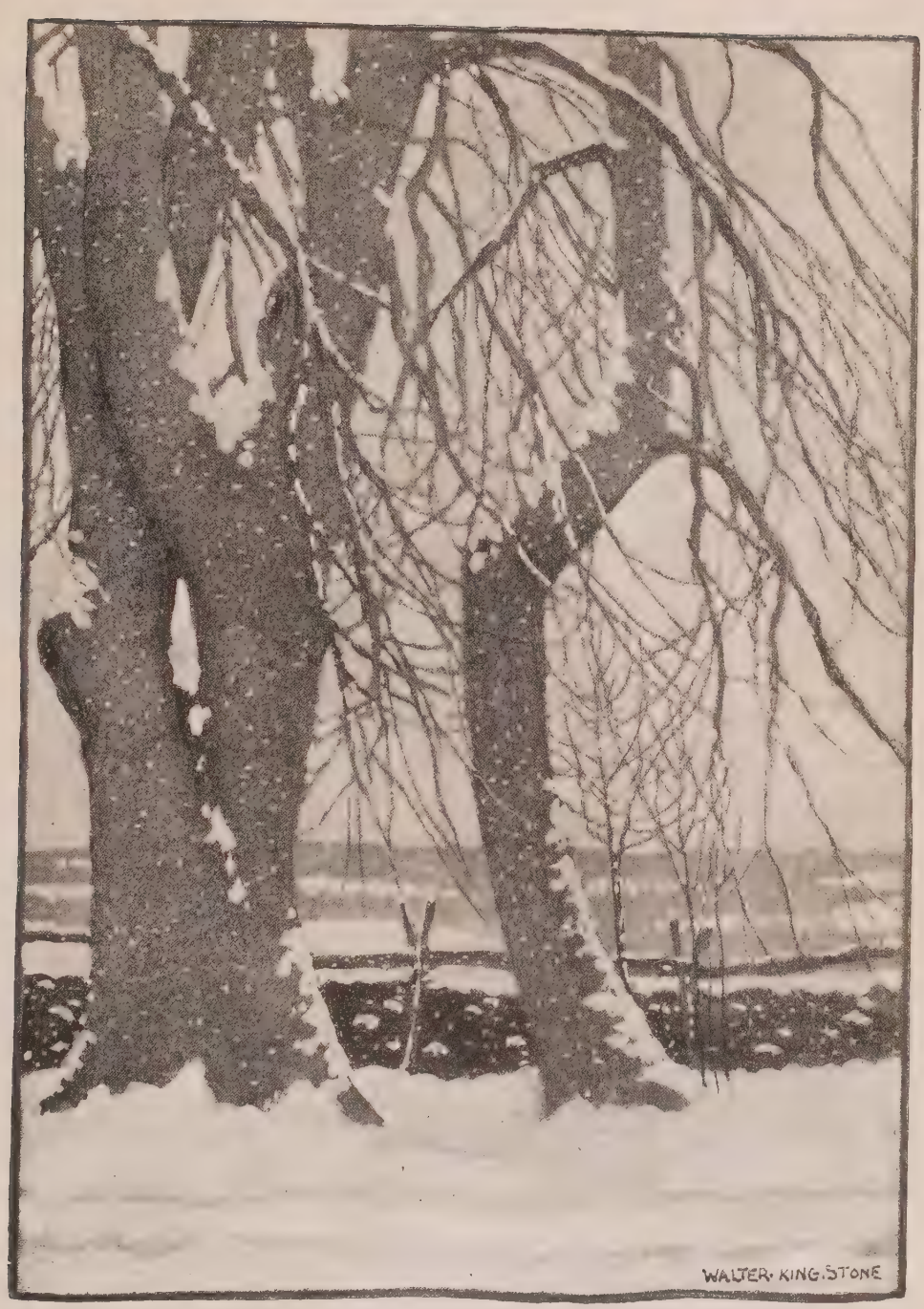
cannot, indeed, imagine a person wholly incapable of such feeling, though the man who plants a Colorado blue spruce on a trimmed lawn east of the Alleghanies, where it is obliged to comport itself with elms and trolley-cars, is admittedly pretty callous. Trees are peculiarly the product of their environment, and in a natural state their personalities have invariably a beautiful fitness.

Take the white pine, for example, noblest of all our common North American trees. The pine by nature is gregarious in the extreme. One old patriarch, if left alone, will in a few years breed about its feet a family of seedlings half an acre in extent, and this little stand of seedlings, if they, too, are left alone, will in turn, in a single generation, begin to breed more seedlings out to windward, and thus in a hundred years the patriarch, the grandfather of the forest, will perhaps be almost hidden in the depths of an extensive wood. As they begin to grow, the young trees are crowded thickly together, and very soon their lateral branches begin to touch, completely shading the ground beneath. As soon as this happens, of course, all the lateral branches below the upper layers are shaded, too, and begin to die. Only the tops of the trees get the sun; so they give up the natural effort to spread, and devote most of their attention to racing upward after more and more sunshine. The weaker trees, crowded in between the strong, sooner or later give up the struggle and die; but the strong ones keep going up and up, till all signs of their lower lateral branches have completely disappeared, and the lofty trunks tower as straight as ruled lines for fifty, seventy-five, and in primeval forests even for one hundred feet in air, before the trees throw a single limb. It takes many generations to make such a forest, though, alas! only a few months to destroy it.

What man who has ever entered the hushed cathedral aisles of a mighty pine grove, fragrant with that indescribable incense, murmurous overhead with the whisper of surf upon a lonely shore, mysterious with the tiny patter of pitch, illumined through vistas that look like blue daggers of light between the solemn uprights, can ever forget it? It is like nothing else on earth. Yet the isolated pine, which has not fought upward in the crowded phalanx of its fellows, but has expanded laterally as well, is a totally different tree, with a totally different personality, a very noble and sturdy personality, too.

How characteristic of our Northern mountains is the ragged upland pasture, where the cattle wander through hassocks of grass and sweet-fern, and by some bit of gray stone wall a single pine stands up alone, its branches extended in angular parallels like a cedar of Lebanon, broken and stunted on the side toward the prevailing winter storms, streaming away more gracefully to leeward, and the massive trunk, comparatively short and gnarled instead of tall and mast-like, inclined a little from the winter gales, as if it had stood its ground and taken their buffets for a hundred years without more than bending backward from the hips when the blows rained thickest! I know such a pine on a hilltop which has been carved by the storms of a century into a quaint and splendid replica of the Wingèd Victory, and there is no passer who sees it but pauses a moment to admire its rugged beauty, its suggestion of triumphant, dogged strength. To deny that pine personality is to prove one's utter lack of imagination.

The American elm is another common native tree possessing both great beauty and a strongly marked personality. It is recognized as the standard for town planting because its personality so exactly comports with geometrical street vistas, with the formal lines of architecture, with the orderliness and dignity of university campuses and civic squares. The elm is essentially a self-sufficient tree. It does not thrive in groves. It has a standard type of its own, and it either attains this type or is lost to view. The elm which comes to maturity is usually the one which has lodged in a favored spot where there is no competition, such as a river meadow, where the spring freshets have dropped



"These same trees [the elms] are scarcely less beautiful in winter"

the seed on fertile soil, and the roots can get down to water.

We all know the type, the noble trunk of massive girth tapering very gradually upward to the first spring of branches, and then dissolving in those branches as a water jet might dissolve in many upward and out-curving streams, till the whole is lost in the spray of the foliage. Like many other trees that grow alone, it

develops an exquisite symmetry; but with the elm this symmetry is not only one of general contour, but of individual limbs. Not only is the silhouette symmetrical, but the skeleton also, branch balancing branch. That is what gives it its remarkable fitness to comport with architectural lines, with geometrically designed vistas. It has a formal structure and a consequent dignity which make it the logical shade for a village street, a chapel, a library, the scholarly procession in cap and gown. Add to that dignity its arched and airy lightness and its splendid size, and you have the king of urban trees.

Yet I sometimes think the elm is never so lovely as when it grows along the river bends where nature planted it. We all know such river bends; every American cherishes in memory the picture of a green intervale, of browsing cattle, of a winding stream, with vervain and wild cucumber on the banks, and now and then, rising like graceful green fountains, or like great vases on slender stems, the noble elms, the wardens of the peaceful landscape. The valley of the Housatonic, in the Berkshire Hills, is peculiarly rich in splendid trees of many kinds, especially willows. Yet its elms stand out with a certain aristocratic aloofness, and demand, or, rather, compel, the chief attention. Over the well-kept village streets they spread magnificently, with the spring of a Gothic arch in their massive limbs, and oriole-nests depending like tiny platinum eardrops from the outer twigs. But along the river you see the whole tree; you are not aware of it as the under side of an arch, but rather as a complete and beautiful design, a mammoth vase rising on its graceful stem from the emerald meadows. There are five such elms in a row near my home. They grow along the bank of a swale close to the river, with space enough between them to permit each tree its standard of form; and yet each, too, has conceded a little something to its neighbor, and made up for the loss by a fringe of foliage close about the trunk, as well-fed elms sometimes do. They are of almost exactly the same height and girth, and yet, if you look closely, no two are really alike. They differ as the great doors of Notre Dame in Paris differ—individual, yet harmonious. When the bulwarks of willow around the river bends are turning to soft, grayish silver in the low afternoon light, when the shadows are creeping like long amethyst fingers over the grass, these five trees rise in radiant lightness against the west, every detail of their lovely symmetry outlined sharply against the sky. They are like a row of figures by Botticelli arrested in a lacy dance.

These same trees are scarcely less beautiful in winter. Some lovers of trees, indeed, delight in the body more than in the raiment. A nude tree may be pathetic in its suggestion of vanished summer, but it is seldom or never unlovely. Did not Ruskin somewhere speak of the wonderful *life* in the line of a twig or branch? Certainly no line in nature is so vital, whether it be the straight taper of a Norway spruce trunk or the radiating forked lightning of an aged locust top.

Did you ever look carefully at an old, neglected apple-tree in winter? Of course it always makes the arms of the true agriculturist yearn for a pruning-saw, as Grizel's arms rocked for a sponge and water when she saw a dirty baby; but, forgetting farmers' bulletins for a moment, did you ever pause to admire the veritable spray of "suckers" such a tree has sent up, like a shower-bath nozle turned upside down? The pattern they make is tangled and formless, but what a testimony they are to the vitality of the tree, what eloquent witnesses of its will to live! The end of a dead limb may have rotted back to make a flicker's or a bluebird's nest, the trunk may be ringed with the sapsucker's bores, the tree may be lopsided, perishing with scale, but all over it sprout the suckers, its symbol of continued struggle. The poor old apple-tree beside some abandoned farm-house, or cellar hole where perchance no house has stood for generations, still fighting for life, still striving to function, is to me a brave and beautiful thing.

"The elm is never so lovely as when it grows along the river bends where nature planted it"

"The birch which rises by the edge of the frozen stream"

"A pine on a hilltop which has been carved by the storms of a century into a quaint and splendid replica of the Wingèd Victory"

"The red cedar . . . seems . . . to clasp the rock with crooked hands,
as an eagle might hold a ball in its claws"

The trees of the hills and rocky pastures have a different character from their fatly nourished brothers of the plain, and, as among men, they are often less beautiful and more interesting. The red cedar, which starts life as a tiny seedling in the sediment of a rain pool on top of a boulder, and survives by sending its roots down around the very rock till it seems, in the course of a century, to clasp the rock with crooked hands, as an eagle might hold a ball in its claws, usually develops a rough sturdiness of trunk and very often a twisted formation of growth which suggest almost human qualities of aggressiveness and tenacity. Such a tree seems actually to have wrestled with its environment, and put its enemies underfoot. It is to the upland hard woods, too, that all boys know they must go for nuts. Did not the finest chestnuts always grow on a hill? And what man is so poor in memories that he cannot recall those golden October mornings when there was frost in the air, and the pungent smell of dried sweet-fern, and up among the boulders the gray hickories, still flaunting a few yellow leaves, had shed their store? The nut-tree has a certain rough, scraggly quality, a clean, hard, wiry, knotted character, that exactly comports with boulder-strewn pastures, a keen October sky, and the autumn wind piping over the hilltops.

The canoe birch, too, is essentially an upland tree; it does not thrive near sea-level, at any rate in Massachusetts. Farther north it creeps down nearer the coast. The birch, above all our American trees, delights in theatrical effects. And if that sentence is objected to on the ground of "pathetic fallacy," we will commit the whole sin at once, and add that it is the most feminine of trees. In earliest spring, when the hepaticas are pushing up last year's leaves, and our Berkshire mountain-sides are donning their frail, delicate veils of color, the young birches are conspicuous for the startling brightness of their new foliage, a green so much lighter and more vivid than all the other greens that it would arrest attention even if it were not borne on a snow-white stem. Your young birch has all the daring of a débutante. Later, when the summer thunder-storms come, the birch has another trick up its sleeve. Some afternoon a dark, gun-metal thunder-head will mass behind the crest of a hill, and suddenly an old birch on the summit will leap into startling prominence, so that it focuses the entire attention, like a single splendid streak of chalk-white lightning. Again, in midwinter, when the birch by rights should be protectively colored and inconspicuous, it is the other trees we do not notice, and the birch which rises by the edge of the frozen stream, perhaps, or against the dark wall of the pines, and displays all its snowy limbs to best advantage against evergreen or sky.

Only the sycamore has a bark which can rival the birch for showy effect; yet how different are the two trees! It has never occurred to any one to call the sycamore a feminine tree. It is large, dignified, masculine, and totally unaware of the picturesque effect created by its tortuous branches and its great mottled patches of grayish-white bark alternating with brown. When all is said, the birch is a vain tree; but we must also admit it has a right to be, and we cannot scold it, either, it wears its white betimes with such an air of virgin innocence.

Many years ago a lover of trees in the village where my boyhood was passed prepared a little booklet describing and picturing a score or so of the finest trees in the township. Only the other day I came across a copy after the lapse of more than two decades. I sat down to its pages as to a feast. Yes, there was the old Cap'n George Bacheldor sassafras, the largest in the State, sixty-two feet high! How familiar it looked! How my tongue could taste again the aroma of the chips hacked with a jack-knife from its roots! And here, on the next page, was the Deacon Emerson oak, growing between the barn and the house, and throwing mottled shadows over both, a mighty spread, indeed. I could hear the horses stamping in the barn, I could smell the hay, I could

"The elm . . . does not thrive in groves"

savor again the coolness of the shade as we dropped beneath it on our way home from the swimming-hole. That oak and the old Emerson homestead were unthinkable apart. If I, who merely had lived a mile or more down the road, could so thrill to a picture of that tree in after years, what, I reflected, must be the affection in which an Emerson holds it? Is it still there? Surely it must be, for the oak outlives our little spans, and that any one could lay an ax to it is inconceivable.

So I lingered through the book, greeting each picture as I would greet the likeness of a boyhood friend, each bringing back to me not only its own image, but what a wealth beside of associated memories! Surely every man holds certain trees thus warmly in his affection—trees he planted, or his father or his grandfather planted, trees which gave him shade and shelter, trees which were an integral part of his home, trees which had some grace of limb or charm of character which forever endeared them to him through the subtle channels of esthetic satisfaction. "Trees have no personality?" I said, as I closed the pamphlet. "Then there is no such thing as the influence of line and contour on the mind, and no such thing as affection for the inanimate, which is nonsense."

But one tree this pamphlet did not picture. It was a great chestnut, fully five feet through, storm-torn and lightning-scarred, which stood high upon a windy summit, the shepherd of a hundred hills. They were little hills, green and rolling, and from the first great limb of the chestnut, a limb as big as a barrel, they looked like a patchwork quilt stitched with stone walls. Over them the cattle browsed, or the reapers clicked their midsummer locust song, or just the breeze passed whispering. And four feet dangled from the great limb of the chestnut, and four eyes looked out across the little hills to a far pond and the misty horizon, and two hearts sang a song as old as the hills themselves. When the sun declined, the shadow of the great tree swept out eastward, the cattle filed down to the bars and lowed, the leader shaking her bell protestingly, one pair of arms must needs be raised to

assist the more encumbered climber down to the top of our ladder, which was a huge piece of broken limb propped against the trunk, and then again be raised from the ground to swing a burden all too light to earth. Then there must follow a little ceremony—the cutting of a tiny notch in a deep and secret recess of the bark to signify one more day of happiness spent in that protecting shelter, and sometimes a warm pink cheek was laid against the furrowed trunk, and a voice whispered, "Nice old Grandpa Chestnut!"

That was many years ago. I wonder if that noble old tree is standing yet, or whether the chestnut blight, the ax, or the lightning has robbed the little hills of their shepherd? I shall never know; I shall never count again the little notches in a secret recess of the bark, or hear the sweet, silly secrets the old tree would not betray. I could go there now, to the very spot, yes, on the darkest night; a memory in the soles of my feet would wake and tell me the path. But I shall never take the risk. Some memories must never be dusted, some paths never retrod. For me that storm-scarred grandfather of a tree shall forever stand shepherd over the little hills, the little, green rolling hills where the cattle browse and the wind whispers to the mullen-stalks, and against its hoary bark a soft pink cheek is pressed, and I am twenty-one again.

A Look

By HELEN HOYT

WHO shall declare a look?
It may not be spoken;
Not in many a book.
A symbol, a token,
Of more than all words can say;
A whole knowledge compressed,
A whole soul expressed
In one moment's play
Of the mouth, a glance of the eye.

What the mind could hardly descry,
What the words of the mind would tame,
Finding its name,
A look can tell
And foretell
Perfectly, beyond art,
Immediately into the heart.

Les Travailleurs de la Guerre

By ARTHUR GLEASON

Author of "Young Hilda at the Wars," etc.

Pictures by Harry Townsend

THE boy soldier is willing to make any day his last day if it is a good day. It is not so with the middle-aged man. He is puzzled by the war. What he has to struggle with more than bodily weakness is the malady of thought. Is the bloody business worth while?

I SAW him first, my middle-aged man, one afternoon on the boards of an improvised stage in the sand-dunes of Belgium. On that last thin strip of the shattered kingdom English and French and Belgians were grimly massed. He was a Frenchman, and he was cheering up his comrades. With shining black hair and volatile face, he played many parts that day. He recited sprightly verses of Parisian life. He carried on amazing twenty-minute dialogues with himself, mimicking the voice of girl and woman, bully and dandy. His audience had come in stale from the everlasting spading and marching. They brightened visibly under his gaiety. If he cared to make that effort in the saddened place, they were ready to respond. When he dismissed them, the last flash of him was of a smiling, rollicking improvisator, bowing himself over to the applause till his black hair was level with our eyes.

And then next day as I sat in my ambulance, waiting orders, he trudged by in his blue, "the color of heaven" once, but musty now from nights under the rain. His head of hair, which the glossy black wig had covered, was gray-white. The sparkling, pantomimic face had dropped

into wrinkles. He was patient and old and tired. Perhaps he, too, would have been glad of some one to cheer him up. He was just one more territorial—trench-digger and sentry and filler-in. He became for me the type of all those faithful, plodding soldiers whose first strength is spent. In him was gathered up all that fatigue and sadness of men for whom no glamour remains.

They went past me every day, hundreds of them, padding down the Nieuport road, their feet tired from service and their boots road-worn—crowds of men beyond numbering, as far as one could see into the dry, volleying dust and beyond the dust; men coming toward me, a nation of them. They came at a long, uneven jog, a cluttered walk. Every figure was sprinkled and encircled by dust—dust on their gray temples, and on their wet, streaming faces, dust coming up in puffs from their shuffling feet, too tired to lift clear of the heavy road-bed. There was a hot, pitiless sun, and every man of them was shrouded in the long, heavy winter coat, as soggy as a horse blanket, and with thick leather gaiters, loose, flapping, swathing their legs as if with bandages. On the man's back was a pack, with the huge swell of the blanket rising up beyond the neck and generating heat-waves; a loaf of tough black bread fastened upon the knapsack or tied inside a faded red handkerchief; and a dingy, scarred tin Billy-can. At his shapeless, rolling waist his belt hung heavy with a bayonet in its casing. On the shoulder rested a dirt-caked spade, with a clanking of metal where the bayonet and the Billy-can struck the handle of the spade. Under a peaked cap showed the bearded face and the white of strained eyes gleaming through dust and sweat. The man was too tired to smile and talk. The weight of the pack, the weight of the clothes, the dust, the smiting sun—all weighted down the man, leaving every line in his body sagging and drooping with weariness.

These are the men that spade the trenches, drive the food-transports and ammunition-wagons, and carry through the detail duties of small honor that the army may prosper. When has it happened before that the older generation holds up the hands of the young? At the western front they stand fast that the youth may go forward. They fill in the shell-holes to make a straight path for less-tired feet. They drive up food to give good heart to boys.

War is easy for the young. The boy soldier is willing to make any day his last if it is a good day. It is not so with the middle-aged man. He is puzzled by the war. What he has to struggle with more than bodily weakness is the malady of thought. Is the bloody business worth while? Is there any far-off divine event which his death will hasten? The wines of France are good wines, and his home in fertile Normandy was pleasant.

As we stood in the street in the sun one hot afternoon, four men came carrying a wounded man. The stretcher was growing red under its burden. The man's face was greenish white, with a stubble of beard. The flesh of his body was as white as snow from loss of blood. It was torn at the chest and sides. They carried him to the dressing-station, and half an hour later lifted him into our car. We carried him in for two miles. Four flies fed on the red rim of his closed left eye. He lay silent, motionless. Only a slight flutter of the coverlet, made by his breathing, gave a sign of life. At the Red Cross post we stopped. The coverlet still slightly rose and fell. The doctor, brown-bearded, in white linen, stepped into the car, tapped the man's wrist, tested his pulse, put a hand over his heart. Then the doctor muttered, drew the coverlet over the greenish-white face, and ordered the marines to remove him. In the moment of arrival the wounded man had died.

In the courtyard next our post two men were carrying in long strips of wood. This wood was for coffins, and one of them would be his.

A funeral passes our car, one every day, sometimes two: a wooden cross in front, carried by a soldier; the white-robed chaplain chanting; the box of light

wood, on a frame of black; the coffin draped in the tricolor, a squad of twenty soldiers following the dead. That is the funeral of the middle-aged man. There is no time wasted on him in the brisk business of war; but his comrades bury him. One in particular faithful at funerals I had learned to know—M. Le Doze. War itself is so little the respecter of persons that this man had found himself of value in paying the last small honor to the obscure dead as they were carried from his Red Cross post to the burial-ground. One hopes that he will receive no hasty trench burial when his own time comes.

I cannot write of the middle-aged man of the Belgians because he has been killed. That first mixed army, which in thin line opposed its body to an immense machine, was crushed by weight and momentum. Little is left but a memory. But I shall not forget the red-haired veteran sergeant of the first army, near Lokeren, who kept his men under cover while he ran out into the middle of the road to see if the Uhlans were coming. The only Belgian army today is an army of boys. Last night we had a letter from André Simont, of the "Obusiers Lourdes, Belges," and he wrote:

If you promise me you will come back for next summer, I won't get pinked. If I ever do, it does n't matter. I have had twenty years of very happy life.

If he were forty-five, he would say, as a French officer at Coxyde said to me:

"Four months, and I have n't heard from my wife and children. We had a pleasant home. I was well to do. I miss the good wines of my cellar. This beer is sour. We have done our best, we French, our utmost, and it is n't quite enough. We have made a supreme effort, but it has n't cleared the enemy from our country. *La guerre—c'est triste.*"

He, too, fights on, but that overflow of vitality does not visit him, as it comes to the youngsters of the first line. It is easy for the boys of Brittany to die, those sailors with a rifle, the stanch Fusiliers Marins, who, outnumbered, held fast at Melle and Dixmude, and now for ten months have made Nieuport, the extreme end of the western battle-line, a great rock. It is easy, because there is a glory in the eyes of boys. But the older man lives with second thoughts, with a subdued philosophy, a love of security. He is married, with a child or two; his garden is pleasant in the afternoon sun. He turns wistfully to the young, who are so sure, to cheer him. With him it is bloodshed, the moaning of shell-fire, and harsh command.

One afternoon at Coxyde, in the camp of the middle-aged—the territorials—an open-air entertainment was given. Massed up the side of a sand-dune, row on row, were the bearded men, two thousand of them. There were flashes of youth, of course—marines in dark blue, with jaunty round hat with fluffy red centerpiece; Zouaves with dusky Algerian skin, yellow-sorrel jacket, and baggy harem trousers; Belgians in fresh khaki uniform; and Red Cross British Quakers. But the mass of the men were middle-aged—territorials, with the light-blue long-coat, good for all weathers and the sharp night, and the peaked cap. Over the top of the dune where the soldiers sat an observation balloon was suspended in a cloudless blue sky, like a huge yellow caterpillar. Beyond the pasteboard stage, high on a western dune, two sentries stood with their bayonets touched by sunlight. To the south rose a monument to the territorial dead. To the north an aëroplane flashed along the line at full speed, while gun after gun threw shrapnel after it.

As I looked on the people, suddenly I thought of the Sermon on the Mount, with the multitude spread about, tier on tier, hungry for more than bread. It was a scene of summer beauty, with the glory of the sky thrown in, and every now and then the music of the heart. Half the songs of the afternoon were gay, and half were sad with long enduring, and the memory of the dear ones distant and of the many dead. Not in lightness or ignorance were these men making war. When I saw the multitude and how they hungered, I wished that Bernhardt could

come to them in the dunes and express in power what is only hinted at by humble voices. I thought how everywhere we wait for some supreme one to gather up the hope of the nations and the anguish of the individual, and make a music that will send us forward to the Rhine.

But a better thing than that took place. One of their own came and shaped their suffering into song. And together, he and they, they made a song that is close to the great experience of war. A Belgian, one of the boy soldiers, came forward to sing to the bearded men. And the song that he sang was *"La valse des obus"*—"The Dance of the Shells."

"Dear friends, I 'm going to sing you some rhymes on the war at the Yser."

The men to whom he was singing had been holding the Yser for ten months.

"I want you to know that life in the trenches, night by night, is n't gay."

Two thousand men, unshaved and tousled, with pain in their joints from those trench nights, were listening.

"As soon as you get there, you must set to work. It does n't matter whether it 's a black night or a full moon; without making a sound, close to the enemy, you must fill the sand-bags for the fortifications."

Every man on the hill had been doing just that thing for a year.

Then came his chorus:

"Every time we are in the trenches, *Crack!* There breaks the shell."

But his French has a verve that no literal translation will give. Let us take it as he sang it:

"Crack! Il tombe des obus," sang the slight young Belgian, leaning out toward the two thousand men of many colors, many nations; and soon the sky in the north was spotted with white clouds of shrapnel-smoke.

"There we are, all of us, crouching with bent back—*Crack!* Once more an obus. The shrapnel, which try to stop us at our job, drive us out; but the things that bore us still more—*Crack!*—are just those obus."

With each *"Crack!* Il tombe des obus," the big bass-drum boomed like the shell he sang of. His voice was as tense and metallic as a taut string, and he snapped out the lilting line in swift staccato as if he were flaying his audience with a whip. Man after man on the hillside took up the irresistible rhythm in an undertone, and "Cracked" with the singer. In front of me was being created a folk-song. The bitterness and glory of their life were being told to them, and they were hearing the singer gladly. Their leader was lifting the dreary trench night and death itself into a surmounting and joyous thing.

"When you 've made your entrenchment, then you must go and guard it without preliminaries. All right; go ahead. But just as you 're moving, you have to squat down for a day and a night—yes, for a full twenty-four hours—because things are hot. Somebody gives you half a drop of coffee. Thirst torments you. The powder-fumes choke you."

Here and there in the crowd, listening intently, men were stirring. The lad was speaking to the exact intimate detail of their experience. This was the life they knew. What would he make of it?

"Despite our sufferings, we cherish the hope some day of our returning and finding our parents, our wives, and our little ones. Yes, that is my hope, my joyous hope. But to come to that day, so like a dream, we must be of good cheer. It is only by enduring patience, full of confidence, that we shall force back our oppressors. To chase away those cursed Prussians—*Crack!* We need the obus. My captain calling, *'Crack!* More, still more of those obus!' Giving them the bayonet in the bowels, we shall chase them clean beyond the Rhine. And our victory will be won to the waltz of the obus."

It was a song out of the heart of an unconquerable boy. It climbed the hillock to the top. The response was the answer of men moved. His song told them why they fought on. There is a Belgium, not under an alien rule, which the shells have not shattered, and that dear kingdom is still uninvaded. The mother would rather lose her husband and her son than lose the

France that made them. Their earthly presence is less precious than the spirit that passed into them out of France. That is why these weary men continue their fight. The issue will rest in something more than a matter of mathematics. It is the last stand of the human spirit.

What is this idea of country, so passionately held, that the women walk to the city gates with son and husband and send them out to die? It is the aspect of nature shared in by folk of one blood, an arrangement of hill and pasture which grew dear from early years, sounds and echoes of sound that come from remembered places. It is the look of a land that is your land, the light that flickers in an English lane, the bells that used to ring in Bruges.

LA VALSE DES OBUS

I

Chers amis, je vais
Vous chanter des couplets,
Sur la guerre,
A l'Yser.
Pour vous faire savoir,
Que la vie, tous les soirs,
Aux tranchées,
N'est pas gaie.
A peine arrivé,
'l Faut aller travailler.
Qu'il fasse noir' ou qu'il y ait clair de lune,
Et sans fair' du bruit,
Nous allons près de l'ennemi,
Remplir des sacs pour fair' des abris.

Ir et IIe Refrain

Chaqu' fois que nous sommes aux tranchées,
Crack! Il tombe des obus.
Nous sommes tous là, le dos courbé
Crack! Encore un obus.
Les shrapnels pour nous divertir,
Au travail, nous font déguerpir.
Mais, et qui nous ennuie le plus,
Crack! se sont les obus.

II

L'abri terminé,
'l Faut aller l'occuper,
Sans façons.
Allez-donc.
Pas moyen d' se bouger
Donc, on doit y rester
Accroupi,
Jour et nuit,
Pendant la chaleur,
Pour passer vingt-quatr' heures.
On nous donn' une d'mi gourde de café.
La soif nous tourmente,
Et la poudre asphyxiante,
Nous étouffe au dessus du marché.

III

Malgré nos souffrances,
Nous gardons l'espérance
D' voir le jour,
De notr' retour
De r'trouver nos parents,
Nos femmes et nos enfants.
Plein de joie,
Oui ma foi,
Mais pour arriver,
A ce jour tant rêvé,
Nous devons tous y mettre du cœur,
C'est avec patience,
Et plein de confiance,
Que nous repouss'rons les oppresseurs.

Refrain

Pour chasser ces maudits All'mands
Crack! Il faut des obus.
En plein dedans mon commandant,
Crack! Encore des obus.
Et la baionnett' dans les reins,
Nous les chass'rons au delà du Rhin.
La victoire des Alliés s'ra due
A la valse des obus.

A Ticket to North Carolina

By FREDERICK STUART GREENE

Author of "Galway Intrudes," etc.

Illustrations by Henry Raleigh

"HEIGH, you! Bring that boat in hyer!"

The young man in the flat-bottom skiff rested on his oars. On both sides the river was shut in by dense swamp growth. Tall cane, standing thicker than planted wheat-stalks, grew to the very edge of the under-washed banks, the upper part of its slender stems a brilliant green above the level brown line that marked the river's last high water. Here and there a live-oak or cypress stood above the cane. On the high ground, beyond the cane-brake, Southern pines grew in taller splendor, the needles of their spreading tops varnished in the sunlight. He could see no figure on the bank.

The boat continued to make headway against the sluggish current, a fan of black ripples spreading from the bow. The sun, directly overhead, made hot the motionless air between the river-banks.

"Pull in hyer, I say; an' be durn' quick about it!"

Amid the foliage, Ned Emmet caught now the flash of something blue, the slender barrel of a squirrel rifle; its aim moved steadily up-stream with the boat. He saw, too, half hidden behind the trunk of a cypress, a kneeling man.

"Ef you don't git that boat to this hyer bank afore I counts ten, I 'll shoot."

Emmet had been long enough in the flat lands of southern Alabama to know

that the harsh voice meant all it said. After half a dozen strokes of the oars, the boat ran deep into the mud at the bank.

"Now stand up afore you turns round."

Emmet rose. He wore no coat over his flannel shirt. Facing the river, he stood waiting. The boy was no coward, though the flesh between his shoulder-blades twitched.

"What 's that in your hip-pocket?" the voice called.

"Tobacco."

"Ain't got no gun, hev you?"

"No."

"Well, tie up, an' git outer your boat."

Underneath the man's drawl Emmet felt a lurking desperation. As he made the boat fast, the aiming muzzle never wavered from his head.

"Now come on up the bank, an' ef you tries to break an' run, I 'll git you afore you kin take three jumps."

"I 'm not going to run." Emmet climbed the slippery bank, and pushed into the thick growth of cane.

"Jes keep straight ahead as you air a-goin', an' no monkey-shines, neither," the voice warned.

The man kept the tree-trunk between them as Emmet picked his way over the soggy earth. Beyond the tree, he followed out into a well-worn path, walking far enough behind for an easy shot in case of a sudden wheel and attack.

The path ended a hundred feet from the stream. Here the cane had been trodden down, leaving a cleared circle twenty feet in diameter. A small fire smoldered in the center; the ring of baked mud about the ashes told that it had been alive for many days. Beneath the branches of a tree lay a heap of cut cane, enough dried and crushed stalks to hold a sleeping man's body some inches above the slimy earth.

"Go over thar an' set down." The man nodded toward a fallen log, and sidestepped to the bed of cane. Here he squatted back on bare heels, the rifle across his bent knees. Even this crouched pose could not conceal his unusual height. At every angle the bones of his big frame strained his worn clothing. The jean trousers and hickory shirt, all that covered him, were frayed and thickly plastered with dried swamp mud. Tow-colored hair fell tangled from his hatless head to his bony shoulders. A straggling yellow beard failed to hide his long, sharp chin. But for glowing black eyes beneath his brows, the man would have been pitiful, want and desperate need had so marked him. A long thin nose, humped high at the bridge, cheek-bones that pushed to break through the taut yellow skin, added to the squatting man's look of desperation.

Emmet seated himself, and wiped the sweat from his forehead. The intense heat of the place had no apparent effect upon the ragged man across the circle; his jaundiced face was dust-dry.

"Throw that tobaccy of yourn over hyer," he said abruptly.

"May I have a pipeful first?" Emmet asked coolly.

The squatting man assented.

Emmet filled his pipe. From another pocket he drew out a box.

"Matches, by God!" The man's voice was strained. He rose, reaching out an eager hand, then realizing that the game was now all on his side, he settled back.

Emmet lighted his pipe, and tossed the tobacco across to the man, who crammed a greedy handful into his mouth. Relief from a long-denied craving spread over the drawn face.

"Give me them matches, too," he said sharply.

For some moments he chewed the tobacco in silence.

"Young feller, what day is this?"

"Sunday, July the sixth."

The man looked away. His faded brows drew to a doubting frown.

"Air you sure it ain't August?" There was a listless note in the question. He was silent long.

"How much money is you got with you?"

"Eighty dollars." Emmet cursed his luck.

The man raised the rifle an inch or two

from his bent knees. "Throw it over," he said. "Is that watch of yourn gold? What 's it wuth?"

"I paid sixty-five dollars for it," Emmet said angrily.

The man rose and stepped back, rifle at shoulder.

"Git up an' lay it on the ground whar I kin reach it," he said without emphasis.

"I 'll do it," Emmet answered between set teeth, "but I would n't if you 'd give me a fighting chance."

"Well, I ain't a-goin' to," the man said lazily. "Now, young feller, go back an' set down, an' me an' you 'll have a talk."

Emmet returned to his seat hot and angry. The bony man squatted again on his heels.

"You 're one of them Yankee surveyors what 's layin' out the new railroad, ain't you?"

"Yes," snapped Emmet.

"Well, now, ef I decides not to kill you, what air you a-goin' to do when I starts down river in that boat of yourn?"

"I 'll walk east until I hit the Three Notch Road, then follow it south to our camp."

The man moved his head in slow approval.

"Yes, that 'll git you thar; it 's about six mile' when you fetch outer the cane."

"And when I get back, I won't brag that I 've been robbed by Buck Grimshaw," Emmet said with slow distinctness.

The blaze of anger that swept across the sallow face told him that it was touch and go whether the man murdered him or not. Buck Grimshaw was credited with two killings since he had become a fugitive, and men said he killed slowly and in strange ways.

"How 'd you know my name was Grimshaw? I never seed you afore." Grimshaw's fingers tightened about the rifle-stock.

"Except for your nose, you don't look much like your pictures—now."

"My picter? Whar 'd you see my picter?" The lazy note had left Grimshaw's voice.

"On about every cross-road sign in the county."

"Is they offerin' a reward?"

"One thousand dollars," Emmet answered coldly, "dead or alive."

Grimshaw's head went high.

"They 'll never git *me* alive." His black eyes glittered.

"I have n't heard any of them say they were trying to take you that way."

Pride came for a moment to the gaunt face.

"About a month back a boat come up past hyer, two men a-pullin', an' the sheriff settin' in the stern with weepons all around him. I hearn the fools a-talkin' half-mile down the river afore they got hyer. I 'd a-kilt the passel of 'em afore they could a-clim' up the bank." Grimshaw disdainfully shrugged the subject from mind.

"How long has you bin in this country?" he said with abrupt change.

"Now, see here," answered Emmet, "if you are not going to murder me, I want to start for camp. It will be dark before I get there as it is."

The man grinned at him.

"Ef I decides not to kill you,—an', mind, I ain't said I won't,—it 'll be dark afore I lets you go. I can't start down river myself till nightfall, an' Buck Grimshaw ain't no fool. Me an' you, Bub, is a-goin' to have a nice talk together."

He looked away; an expression almost wistful crossed his haggard features.

"God! I ain't spoke' to no on' 'cep'n' myself for more 'n five months." His voice, at the end, was a whisper.

Silence, broken only by the grating noises of swamp insects, fell about them. Emmet held in his impatience behind clenched teeth. The claw of a giant land-crab pushed out from its hole near by; the creature followed, to stare at the boy with lidless, beady eyes. The hot, dead air pressed heavily about him.

"Say something! Talk!" Emmet cried.

The yellow skin about the man's mouth broke into the angles of another grin.

"I was jes a-waitin' on you, Bub. How long has you bin around hyer?"

"A little over three months."

"That was afore the June freshet, was n't it?"

"Yes." Emmet was looking above the man to the tree. Its trunk, as high as the first branch, was marked by smears of mud.

Grimshaw moved his head slowly up and down.

"Yes, I roosted up thar for three days an' nights durin' high water." He grinned at the memory.

Admiration, despite Emmet's anger, was stirred by the grit of the man.

"Without food?"

"I ketched one leetle fish the second day." Grimshaw spat on the ground. "Raw fish tastes like hell."

"That grape-vine, looped over the second limb, kept you from falling when you slept?"

A twisted grin parted the man's thin lips.

"They allus 'lows Yankees air smart," he said as if to himself, and fell once more to dreary silence.

"Go ahead with that 'nice talk' of yours!" Emmet cried when he could no longer bear the suspense.

"Know some of the folks about hyer, Bub?"

"Every one in the county comes to our camp sooner or later."

"Happen to know Molly Dale?" Grimshaw's careless note rang false; he glanced sidewise at Emmet.

"No."

Grimshaw frowned.

"Never hearn of Molly Dale—Heath, I mean?"

"Oh, Mrs. Heath; of course I know her."

"What do you know about her?" He spoke quickly now.

"Nothing that is not good"—Emmet waited a moment—"and nothing that is not pitiful."

Grimshaw turned away, the lines about his mouth less hard, and lapsed into silence. Once or twice during the long wait he seemed about to speak; the muscles of his throat twitched.

"Does you know ef she took on much arter—arter her man got killed?" he asked at last.

"They told me she grieved a great deal for her husband."

A snarl came from the man.

"He war n't wuth no grievin'. He war n't good 'nough for Molly." His lean fingers opened and closed about the rifle.

"Do you know any man about here who was?"

Grimshaw fell silent, giving no sign that he had heard.

"She 's got over it by now, I reckon," he said finally.

"Before she had time to get over it her baby was born." Emmet saw surprise and something more. A look, human, almost soft, crossed the savage face, the only sign yet shown of a heart under the mud-smeared shirt. With that softened look a hope came—the hope that this glimmer of pity might be played upon. Despite the wild tales of Grimshaw's ruthless cruelty, stories of desperate acts that mile-stoned the man's reckless life, he determined to make the try. He would use Grimshaw's trick of pausing. It would, at least, give the dulled brain time to absorb the full misery Emmet felt the coming questions would bring. Twice the black eyes turned from their vacant stare to glare at him. He met the glances without the quiver of an eyelash.

"Dam' you, go on!" Grimshaw finally cried. "She 's all right ag'in by now, I s'pose."

Emmet looked at the man without speaking for as long as he dared.

"It 's strange to see so young a woman with gray hair," he said.

Grimshaw scowled.

"Gray, you fool! It 's brown. There ain't no gal in the State what 's got—" His voice trailed off; he twisted his head awkwardly aside.

Again Emmet waited. The rifle-barrel jerked upward before he said, "They tell me it has been gray ever since—" He paused.

"Yes," Grimshaw urged.

"Grimshaw's naked feet, arching, gripped the earth; he stood in his tracks without a waver"

"Ever since the night her cabin burned down."

"How 'd it ketch afire?" There was no wait now between his questions.

"They say"—Emmet drew out the answer—"they say you set it on fire."

Grimshaw sprang up. One bare foot stamped deep into the soggy soil.

"It 's a dam' lie!" he screamed. The rifle shook dangerously. "Was Molly burnt any?" He swayed toward Emmet to meet the answer.

"No; they got her and the baby out just before the roof fell in. She was sick that night, and had to be carried out."

Emmet was sure this shot had hurt. Grimshaw settled back to his squatting pose.

"Say, Bub, you don't like me, does you?" He had dropped again into his listless tone.

Emmet seized the opening.

"Like you!" he cried. "Like you! What have you ever done in your whole life to make any one like you? What did you do to Mrs. Heath? You damned coward!"

He had risen, intending to drop at the flash when Grimshaw fired, and take the chance of closing with him if he missed; but the man only grinned at him.

"An' folks says Yankees ain't got no grit." He looked Emmet over from head to foot before he added in a milder voice: "Now set down ag'in, Bub; I ain't a-goin' to hurt you—yit. I jes wants to say that whether you likes me or not, I never done that to Molly, anyway. What happened to her arter that?"

"It was storming the night of the fire; both she and the baby were drenched in the rain." Emmet paused, to end quietly, "So Mrs. Heath has another sorrow to bear: her baby died."

There was no doubt now. Pity, unconcealed, crept to the desperate face.

"Whar 's she livin'?" Grimshaw asked drearily.

"I 'll tell you where she 's living." Emmet's voice rang hard. "She 's living in the cow-shed, but she won't be living even there much longer."

"Why won't she?"

"Because, for one thing, she 's nothing to live on, and, for another, she 'll die if she can't get away from this swamp country."

"How does she manage to git along?"

"Well, she could n't work the place alone after you—" The flare of passion that leaped to the savage eyes warned Emmet. He shifted quickly to less dangerous ground. "She did washing for our camp while she had the strength, but she had to give that up. The neighbors help as much as they can. We boys chipped in last pay-day and got some things for her." Emmet watched keenly the man's face. "That 's one reason you could rob me of only eighty dollars just now."

The expected anger did not show. Grimshaw's eyes fell, to look long at the ground between his bare feet.

A bittern passed, flopping up-stream on lazy wings. Its discordant cry broke sharply the stillness.

"She takes things from folks." Grimshaw spoke as if no one were near.

"No, she does n't," Emmet put in quickly. "We creep up to the cow-shed at night and leave the things outside."

"She allus was proud." Grimshaw still looked at the ground. "Is Molly purty sick?"

"The doctor says that if she can't get back to North Carolina, she will die before winter." Emmet took no pains to soften his reply.

The expected silence followed. Through a stillness deeper, more trying than any that had gone before Emmet waited. Behind him the swamp creatures crawled audibly along their damp pathways among the cane.

"They allus hangs a feller what 's kilt another feller, don't they?" Grimshaw broke the silence abruptly.

"No, not always; sometimes he 's sent up for life, and when there 's the least justification, a jury usually acquits, especially down here, I believe."

"There ain't much justification, is there, fer a feller what 's toted a gun for

months, an' every time he took liquor hollered out that he 's a-goin' to kill some un; and one night when all the folks is a-dancin' at a weddin', that feller walks right in, blazes away, an' hits the other feller in the back, an' him a-dancin' with his wife?"

"I 'm afraid there is n't." Emmet waited for the usual silence, but Grimshaw's muddy brain had cleared. He went on doggedly:

"An' special' if the feller what done the killin' ain't never been no good to no un, an' folks don't like him, nohow?"

Grimshaw ended in his former lazy drawl. Emmet braced himself for another trying wait. The man surprised him by getting to his feet with an air of haste.

"Bub, go cut that 'ar saplin' over yonder." He pointed to a live-oak shoot just within the surrounding wall of growing cane.

Emmet rose, and began to cut the sapling with a pocket-knife.

"Put by that boy's toy." Grimshaw tossed a knife across to Emmet, its keen blade a full four inches in length.

"Now cut off the leetle en'," Grimshaw directed. "Leave it about three foot long."

Emmet finished his task and looked up. The rifle was at Grimshaw's shoulder, its aim dead on him.

"Shut up that knife and throw it over hyer, nigh me."

The closed knife fell at the man's feet.

"Now, Bub, han' me that saplin' little en' fust; an' don't you go an' try no flingin' tricks with it, neither."

Emmet frowned.

"If you 're going to kill me, you can shoot, but I 'm not going to let you beat me to death. I 've heard of some of your ways of killing," he said in steady voice.

"Han' over that saplin'!" Grimshaw raised the rifle.

Emmet stood facing the muzzle without a move.

"One," counted the grating voice. The muscles of the boy's jaw stood out over his hard-closed teeth.

"Two." Grimshaw's bony finger stroked the trigger.

A light sprang to Emmet's eyes. He handed the heavy stick to the man. Grimshaw grinned, and laid his rifle on the ground.

"Stan' whar you air." He raised the stick high and stepped quickly to Emmet.

Beneath the sunburn the boy's cheek paled. Every line of his figure drew tensely alert. He did not flinch before the man's glare.

An instant passed; the stick quivered; then Grimshaw's thin lips drew back, showing the full length of his yellow teeth. From his corded throat came the grating noise of a hack-saw cutting through steel. It sounded the mockery of mirth.

"Grit clear through, young un." Slowly he lowered the stick. Then his eyebrows drew together in question.

"Ef I had a-started to whack you over the haid, an' I would a-done it sure 's God ef you 'd a-flinched, what would you a-done?"

"This!" Emmet dropped to a half-crouch and sprang. He struck hard against the man's body and pinioned his arms to his sides. Throwing his full strength into the embrace, he strove desperately to crush in his ribs. With one leg wrapped about Grimshaw's bare shanks, he strained to throw him to the ground. It was as if he had grappled with a tree-trunk. Grimshaw's naked feet, arching, gripped the earth; he stood in his tracks without a waver. His muscles felt harder than wood. As Emmet strove to tighten his hold, the rusty laugh sounded again. Slowly the sinewy arms began to move from the ribbed sides. Grimshaw's strength shocked the boy. He felt his grip tearing loose; inch by inch the hard arms moved out and upward, dragging Emmet's clutching hands farther and farther apart. He tried to dig his fingers into Grimshaw's back, catching handfuls of the hickory shirt; the cloth split from waist to neck. And always above the boy's panting breathing the rusty laugh grated in his ears. Suddenly the man's arms

jerked high; Emmet's last ounce of tension let go. A flashing shift, and Grimshaw sent him reeling backward. He landed on the wet earth at the far edge of the trampled cane. His shoulders hurt where the man's bony hands had been.

"Purty quick, purty durn quick, Bub," —Grimshaw's mouth shaped his twisted grin,—"but you ain't got the strength to wrastle Buck Grimshaw yit."

Emmet wiped the heavy sweat from his eyes. Grimshaw showed no sign that the conflict had cost him an effort.

"Git up an' go cut the rope off'n the boat. An' don't you try no more tricks on me; nex' time you 'll find out that bullets air quicker than you even."

Emmet started toward the river, then stopped.

"No, I 'll not let you hang me!" He faced his captor, pale, determination in every word. "You can shoot, but I 'll not get that rope."

Grimshaw jerked the rifle to his shoulder.

"Go fetch that 'ar rope. Powder 's gittin' skeerce."

Emmet stood motionless, his tight-clenched hands spread apart, his face dead-white.

Grimshaw cocked the rifle.

The boy would not close his eyes, but turned them upward, away from the muzzle, to look into the broad, calm blue above.

"Don't stop to count," he gasped; "shoot!"

A report, a blast of hot air against his cheek, the whiz of a bullet, he was aware of all three in the same instant. Then the tight-drawn muscles of his throat relaxed. He looked at the man not ten feet from him, and knew that he had purposely missed.

"Go fetch the rope." Grimshaw reloaded quickly.

Without a word Emmet went to the water's-edge. Grimshaw followed, walking backward during the return, his reloaded rifle always at aim.

Within the circle of trodden cane they halted. Grimshaw laid the cocked rifle and the open knife on the ground before him. He took up the cut sapling, passed it behind his back, and held it in place by crooking both elbows about it. He stood erect, his shoulders forced back, his open hands extended in front of his body.

"Come hyer, Bub, an' tie my hands."

Emmet, searching the man's face for some new devil's design, went toward him.

"Do you mean what you say?" he asked, halting just beyond reach.

"Tie my hands together," Grimshaw repeated monotonously, all the fire gone from his black eyes.

With a double running-hitch Emmet quickly bound the wrists and drew them as close together as the stick across the man's back would allow.

"You 're smarter with ropes than you air about wrastlin', you must 'a' bin a sailor oncet, I reckon." Grimshaw was grinning again.

Emmet stepped back out of reach.

"Have you got me tied up now so 's I kain't do nothin'?"

"You know as well as I do that you can fall over on your side, push that stick out of place, and have slack enough left to use either your rifle or knife on me."

"That 's so. You certainly air prutty smart, Bub." The laugh sounded again. Behind it Emmet saw seriousness come to the raw-boned face—or was it cunning?

"Jes take the en' of the rope—it 's plenty long—an' carry it round back of me, an' tie both my arms to the saplin' so 's I kain't git it loose. But keep in front while you air a-doin' it. You kin reach round me."

Before complying, Emmet measured the distance between the man's bare feet and the weapons. It was too short for his purpose.

"Now, Bub," Grimshaw said, when the last knot had been drawn taut, "you 's got me hog-tied, ain't you? I 'm jes about as dangerous as a dead shoat what 's skewed up at the butcher's, ain't I?"

"I would think so of any one else; but when a man has ox-strength, I don't know."

Grimshaw's rusty laugh came.

"Bub, you 're the gamest man I ever sot eyes on, an' I knows you 're squar'. That 's why I made you tie me up this a-way afore I told you what I 'm a-goin' to tell you now." With a jerk he tossed back his matted hair and waited, grinning into Emmet's puzzled face. "But, afore we goes any furder, you got ta swear one thing to me." The man was all serious now. He rushed his next words. "Buck Grimshaw 's captured, an' you done it. You 're goin' to hand him over to the sheriff down in Andalushy. But fust you got ta swear on your God that you 'll hand over five hundred dollars of the reward you 'll git to Molly Dale. Now swear!"

"No," said the boy, "I 'll—"

"Then, by God—" The savage soul of the man leaped into his blazing eyes. Quickly one bare foot covered the rifle-barrel, he stepped recklessly with the other upon the open knife. The muscles of his arms and body drew to knotted bunches, bowing the sapling about his back. The knuckle-bones showed white under the drawn skin of his closed fists.

"Stop!" Emmet checked the frenzy with uplifted hand. "I won't swear to give her five hundred dollars; she shall have every cent of it."

The savage rage died. The snarling lips relaxed; for the first time a smile softened the gaunt face. The hard-closed fingers opened. The right hand jerked awkwardly up and down within the limits of the knotted rope.

Then slowly, as Grimshaw looked into Emmet's face, the smile faded, his eyes fell, the hand stopped its odd motion, his fingers closed.

The boy stepped quickly to him, and forced open again the bony fingers.

"I was wrong, Grimshaw, a while ago. You 're not a coward."

"Let 's git started." Grimshaw led the way down the path, his eyes still to the ground.

Silence hung heavy about them as the boat moved down the river. Grimshaw, in the stern, sat bolt upright, his lips a straight line, his eyes unblinking, beneath the fierce sun. Emmet felt himself in the midst of an event too big for any words. He sped Grimshaw on his journey with clean strokes of the oars.

Half an hour went by.

From a long way off the plaintive call of a killdeer floated to them on the still, hot air. Grimshaw stirred.

"Bub, would you min'," he asked quietly, "settin' my ole rifle nigh me?" Emmet looked at the bound wrists. "Jes rest her ag'in' me. It 'll make me feel more comfortable-like."

Emmet took up the rifle and, placing the butt against a side brace, let the barrel fall across Grimshaw's right shoulder. The man shook his head.

"That air shoulder is a leetle sore; let her rest ag'in' the other one."

Emmet made the change.

"I 'll cut the ropes loose at your wrists if you want me to."

The smile and look that crossed Grimshaw's face made him turn hastily away.

"No, better not. I 'd sure forgit, an' begin a-shootin' soon as ever I sot eyes on the sheriff."

Later, as the skiff rounded a bend of the river, Grimshaw spoke again:

"Thar 's Andalushy, an' the *Gulf Boy* is jes makin' a landin'. All the folks will be down to the shore."

As Emmet looked over his shoulder at the small stern-wheel steamer, a sharp click sounded. He turned quickly; except for a slight move of one bare foot, Grimshaw sat as before, looking with dull interest toward the scattered cabins of the town.

The steamer sent a shrill blast from its diminutive whistle. It was answered by every lounger within hearing. Emmet, looking again, saw them begin to move toward the river.

"When we gits thar, jes hold off in the stream for a spell; I wants to say a word afore you gives me up."

Emmet bowed assent, all heart now gone from his task.

The boat moved evenly along through the swamp-stained water.

A series of quick, short blasts came from the steamer.

"They sees us now," Grimshaw said in a lifeless tone.

Opposite the steamer, Emmet swung the bow of the skiff up-stream, holding the boat steady by an occasional stroke.

The people on the shore swarmed down the bank and crowded on the steamer's deck.

"Well, I 'll be durned ef it ain't Buck Grimshaw!" some one cried. "An' it 's that surveyor feller what 's got him."

The skiff drifted closer in with the current.

Grimshaw sat rigid, watching the murmuring crowd.

"Whar 's the sheriff?" he called sharply. At his cry, a backward wave went through the crowd. Grimshaw grinned.

One man pushed his way to the front.

"Hyer I am, Grimshaw. Does you give yourself up?"

"No, you dam' fool; I 'm captured."

"Well, you certainly looks fine, Buck, a-settin' thar that a-way, jes as straight, like a gen'al in the army."

Grimshaw gave no heed to the strained laugh that followed the sheriff's wit.

"Does he git any reward?" he asked.

"One thousand dollars, Buck, an' all in gold."

Grimshaw smiled.

"An' all fer Molly," he murmured, his eyes for an instant on Emmet.

"How 'd a young feller like him come to capture you alive, Buck?"

"Sheriff," Grimshaw called across the water, still smiling, "there ain't no man livin' what kin take Buck Grimshaw alive."

He bent quickly backward. The muzzle of his old squirrel rifle slid down the hickory shirt from shoulder to breast; his bare toe slipped within the trigger-guard; a flash, a report, and Buck Grimshaw hung over the skiff's stern, his yellow hair floating on the murky water of the stream, a fixed smile parting his thin lips.

Shrapnel and shell, Bois de Bouvigny, July 8

An Artist at the Front

One Day (July 8) in the Artois Sector

By WALTER HALE

War correspondent for THE CENTURY MAGAZINE with the armies of northern France

Illustrations by the author

Part II

THE roads seemed rather deserted as our small procession—pilot car, three others, and an empty one in reserve—left Doullens by the *route nationale*. We followed our former road as far as Lucheux; we again passed under the ancient town gate, around the château, and then branched off to the north.

Early in the morning, at Doullens, we had seen a division of reserves moving up to the front in *camions*, or motor-trucks. At Avesnes le Comte we passed a regiment returning after its duty in the trenches. One was all spirit and buoyancy and enthusiasm, the other all spirit,—everywhere you notice this same exaltation among the French troops,—but the faces of the men were worn, and they marched with leaden steps. In the van was a battery of "75's," the artillerymen in slickers and capes,—it was another rainy morning,—behind it a file of pack-mules, with the various parts of a mitrailleuse—barrel, tripod, shield, and ammunition-boxes—strapped on their backs. An officer stopped and saluted us. His men

were very tired, he said. The usual shift is three days in the trenches and three days at the rear to rest and sleep; but they had been fighting in an exposed position at the front for nearly six days without relief. They had come twenty kilometers since daybreak, and there were still five to march to the village upon which they were billeted. He gave a command. Trumpets were whipped out, and with the drums beating, the tired *poilus* bucked up, and the regiment swung through the narrow street to that fine old marching-song of the French army, "Sambre et Meuse."

It was the only music I ever heard at the front. In times of peace I had known it wherever troops were quartered—in Avignon, Vernon, Angoulême, and Nancy. It revived old memories. How little I thought in my motor tours that I should hear it again so close to the lines where France and Germany were at grips in the greatest war in history!

Again we turned north by a small country road. We crossed the *route nationale* connecting Arras and St. Pol, and breasted a rise above Aubigny. The town lay down in a little valley, a soft haze dimming the outlines of its houses and the ruined tower of its old gray church. The whole sweep of the plain unfolded itself from time to time as we skirted a ridge—Mont-St.-Eloi on its wooded slope, Carency, Souchez, Neuville St. Vaast. We seldom appeared in the open; the chauffeurs knew all the turns in this labyrinth of byways, and took advantage of every ridge and knoll and gully.

It was exceedingly hot; we had left the showers of the early morning behind us. The sun shone out of a cloudless sky, but a humid mist clung close to the earth and blurred the landscape. It would have been hard to locate each battle-scarred little village except for its ruined church tower. The towers—what was left of them—rose protectingly above the adjoining rafters. Sometimes they were calcined white by the flames, sometimes smashed into picturesque remnants by the unerring marksmanship of the enemy's gunners. What a harvest of ruined churches marks the advance of the German hosts into France!

The plateau of Bouvigny is commanded by the enemy's guns from a position on a ridge farther north. Any doubt that we might have had about this was dispelled when, at the little village of Bouvigny, a dragoon stepped out and halted us. He still wore the helmet with its horsehair plume, but the helmet was covered with khaki, so that it might not shine in the sunlight. Our objective point, the Bois de Bouvigny, a mass of woodland, lay two kilometers ahead, across the crest of the plateau. The cuirassier looked at his wrist-watch. The cars must start at five-minute intervals to avoid raising clouds of dust and drawing the fire that would follow if they traveled across the ridge together. Johnson and Captain —— went first; I followed with Bennett and Captain ——; Roberts and Mair came five minutes later with two other officers. Bennett and I were in the big Renault. I had never before traveled so fast in a motor; I never remember seeing a motor go so fast except in a cup race. We had all safely made the dash across the open space before the German observers discovered us.

It was cool and pleasant in the shady recesses of the Bois. Some one spoke about having run the gantlet across the plateau. Then they showed us the "Baby Peugeot" that has been making the trip regularly since the French posted themselves on the plateau last November. It takes the place of the old-fashioned despatch-bearer of the war melodramas. No more of your orderly dashing up to headquarters and pulling his foaming horse back on his haunches while he delivers an unintelligible message to the commander-in-chief. Now the orders that cannot be sent by telephone or wireless are intrusted to the despatch-bearer in his "Baby Peugeot." It is painted dark gray, hangs close to the road, and runs like the wind. The French prefer this type of *voiturette* to the motor-cycles commonly used by the British.

Two German prisoners captured early

The ruined church at Ablain St. Nazaire

Beyond the firing seen on the left is the sugar-mill at Souchez

in the morning had been brought up to the Bois de Bouvigny. They were soldierly looking chaps, and they evidently felt their humiliation keenly. As they sat in the half-light of the men's quarters, Johnson and Roberts tried to talk to them in German. There was a question who were the most embarrassed, Johnson and Roberts or the German prisoners.

There is a little narrow-gage railway running through the woods. It has sidings and switches, and the small flat-cars are pushed by hand. It is the short highway that leads from the telephone centrals, stables, mess-rooms, and "garage for automobiles" (so reads the sign) to the *boyaux,* or communicating trenches that lie beyond the edge of the Bois. Down the little railway they carry ammunition to the men at the front, and back on the flat-cars they carry the wounded. On the one trip they sow the seed, and on the other they bring back the harvest.

The first impression of this wood of Bouvigny is one of absolute quiet. Heavy foliage hangs overhead, and there is a refreshing coolness in the shadows. The bomb-proofs, arsenals, and wattled barricades are of the general color of their surroundings, and would be hard to detect by a scouting aëroplane. As in the other artillery positions we had seen, the stables and dugouts are hidden by freshly cut green saplings.

As we walked through the woods to the *boyaux* there was only the muffled sound of guns; an artillery engagement was taking place some distance away in the valley near Souchez. Suddenly, without warning, there was the loud roar as of an express-train crossing a trestle. It was followed by another and another as German shells of large caliber swept by over our heads. A column of smoke rose where one struck among the trees in the distance. Later we saw the hole it had excavated. Not far away was an arsenal in a sub-cellar, with a sheet-iron roof. It did not increase one's sense of security to picture the fireworks that would follow had it landed among the bombs and high explosives in the arsenal. A few seconds after the Germans opened, the reply came from a battery of "75's" on another hillside. These shells, too, passed over our heads, and for a while the cool, green forest echoed the thunder of the rival batteries.

A number of officers had joined us to go down into the advance trenches. They are always eager for an excuse to see what is doing on the firing-line. We passed many graves in the shadows. At every one we stopped and saluted. As we gained the open there were many more graves, but they were not so well cared for. The *boyau* led down a slight incline. On the open hillside at the edge of the Bois de Bouvigny the ground was an indescribable mass of wattled barriers, barbed-wire entanglements, shell-pits, chevaux-de-frise, knapsacks, spiked helmets, and occasionally a suggestive boot-leg upturned toward the sky. We were now on the *grand éperon* of Notre Dame de Lorette, which has witnessed some of the bitterest fighting of the war. Here and there among the debris beyond the trenches were little signs on sticks, with a warning for sappers and grave-diggers: "Look out! Live shell!" They marked the place where bombs had fallen, but had failed to explode in the spongy earth. The sun beat down on the open space, and the watchful soldiers in their heavy gray-blue overcoats and full equipment looked uncomfortably hot. The French trenches were constructed as if to withstand a long siege. They were braced with timbers and sand-bags; there were many caves and underground shelters for the men, bomb-proofs, and the usual zigzags that may be used in flanking as well as in a frontal attack.

At the point of one of the salients was a small observation-platform. It was supported by pieces of sapling. An officer, squatting on the rough boards, was directing with the aid of a periscope the fire of one of the batteries in the rear. To and fro in the traverses we scrambled, ducking our heads at occasional openings. The order came to stoop low. We crawled out of the French lines, and, aided by the slight haze that still clung close to the

The road through Mont-St.-Eloi

earth and hid our movements from the enemy's observers, made our way gingerly across the open space on the hillside up to the battered trenches captured from the Germans two weeks before.

The change was so abrupt that it seemed like stepping from one country to another. The character of the trenches was entirely different. Instead of being bolstered with sand-bags, they were shored up with timbers, many of which had been smashed by shell-fire. With a constant rain of shells all day and all night, there had been no chance to clean up. Parts of bodies, boots, hands, or blood-stained underwear, hung out of the earth walls of the ditch. In some cases the dead had been simply pitched out on the bank and partly covered with dirt and chloride of lime. Black clouds of flies swarmed everywhere, and the stench was intolerable.

All the hillside is now in the hands of the French. They have gained at the rate of a hundred yards a month since March 1, and in the last attack, the one of which we were seeing the gruesome evidence, they pushed the enemy out of his second line of defense and forced him across the Carency valley beyond Ablain St. Nazaire. At a certain point of the captured German line, on what is called the lower *éperon,* was a small cannon, its muzzle just raised above the emplacements, and covered with brown canvas to take off the reflection of the sun's rays. Beyond was the site where once had stood the pretty chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette, with a view commanding the entire valley. The wide expanse beyond the smoking ruins was formerly a smiling hillside covered with trees and green turf. Now it seemed like a fragment of one of Doré's drawings for Dante's Inferno. Trees were gone, grass was gone, there were only rocks and stones and the never-ending ridges where shells had plowed through the sod. A heap of crumbled stone and brick where the chapel had stood; a white stone, evidently a cornerstone, with "N. D. de Lorette" on it, showed through the debris.

I can imagine no more impressive preachment against the mighty powers that were unloosed when the great war broke out than the grisly landscape that surrounds the ruins of the chapel from this farthest salient on the *grand éperon.* Under the broken rocks and the fresh-cut furrows one felt the writhings of some unseen power. It was as though a tortured monster beneath was slowly breaking through the earth's crust. There were fragments of guns, of bloody shirts and tunics, spiked helmets and red caps, crosses of twigs that had marked what once were graves, a skeleton hand sticking above the edge of a great pit torn out by a "marmite," craters where shells had exploded and exhumed the dead—a giant caldron constantly stirred by the pitiless fire from the German guns across the valley. Not a leaf, not a small stretch of turf, in sight, nothing but brown earth and devastation, and over all soft, white clouds moving lazily across a gray-blue sky.

We had nearly completed the circle around the hillside when Captain —— scrambled out of the ditch to show us the irregular, white German line in the valley below and the position of one of the enemy's batteries on a wooded slope above. To do this, he exposed the upper part of his body above the trench. An observer in the German line telephoned back to the battery. The guns opened fire a minute later, the first shell—shrapnel—apparently exploding over the heads of Johnson and the others in our vanguard. I had only time to hope that they had escaped before the Germans opened with guns of larger caliber, and dense clouds of black smoke rose where they exploded against the side of the hill or in the trees beyond. Lieutenant —— left the others and came running back to announce, with a chuckle and an evident show of relief: *"Personne de blessé! Personne de blessé!"* I thought with what sepulchral seriousness the officers in a military play would have said, "Thank God! nobody wounded!"

Captain —— urged us to step

faster. The nearest bomb-proof shelter was half a kilometer away and we had to make a run for it. It was one thing to feel that you were an infinitesimal unit within a great zone of fire; it was another to know that you were the definite target at which shells were being directed with all the deadly precision of modern military science.

Again with the warning roar of an express-train a shell hurtled by so close above our heads that we could feel the onrush of air and the hot breath of it. An irresistible impulse made us raise our heads above the near side of the trench to watch the crimson flare and the mass of earth and stone thrown up by the explosion.

The surface of the trench was very rough, and there were many loose stones. I stumbled and fell over my camera and sketching tools. An obliging private rushed up and put me on my feet again. Dodging and clinging close to the near side of the trench whenever the scream of a shell announced its approach, we made slow progress. After the continual sprinting and dodging, I was completely winded. I could run no farther, not if all the shells in the ammunition-cases on the distant slope fell directly in my path. At the time I felt no emotion beyond a mild resentment against the Germans who had made me run so far when I was out of condition. I pulled myself together, and with a feeble show of dignity walked deliberately, blowing like a porpoise, up to the bomb-proof where the others had taken shelter.

When the German fire had slackened and finally died away, we edged our way cautiously through the last half-furlong of the first-line trenches, and crept into the grateful shadow of the Bois de Bouvigny. Woods never looked cooler or more inviting. We had luncheon in the *faisanderie,* in the little dining-room of the gamekeeper's lodge. There were lithographs and wood-cuts of religious subjects on the walls. The pictures were all askew, and the plaster was cracked from the concussion of a shell that had exploded outside without doing any further damage. The menu included hard-boiled eggs, cold meats, salad, cheese, and red wine, all served by our chauffeurs, who had brought the luncheon-hampers with us from Doullens.

I experienced a little thrill as we descended into the *boyau* leading into the Spahi position in the afternoon. Two British Tommies were coming out of the trenches just as we were going in. They had placed a new big gun in the woods near by, where it would cross the French fire and enfilade the Germans. They were very proud of it. They were waiting for orders from the general commanding to try it on the *bosche* in the morning. The French and British lines come together just north of this point, with their heavy artillery concentrated on the enemy; the firing of the guns crosses like the laces of a boot. This new British field-piece was commanded by a brother of George Mair, who was with us. He and the two artillerymen exchanged commonplaces exactly as though they had met in Piccadilly or Pall Mall. The war was theirs, and they might be as casual as they chose about it; but to me the encounter awakened a deeper emotion because it was the first time I had heard English spoken as the native tongue of any of the men at the front.

The Spahi camp was very interesting. When I saw them I thought of Shreyer's "Powder Play," and of other pictures exploiting the wonderful horsemanship of one of the finest cavalry arms in the French service. The famous African cavalry is now dismounted, and is used principally for night attacks. The dash and courage of the men and their weird cries in the charge have made them of the greatest value in this phase of modern trench warfare. When they are not busy taking positions at the point of the bayonet, they live in caves on the hillside, like their own Tunisian troglodytes. At the crest of the ridge above their intrenchments are the slender poles of the field telephone and meshes of barbed wire. The Spahis are continually under the crackle of the shells

The greatest battle-ground in history

Sketch-map of the Artois sector from the Notre Dame de Lorette hillside

from the German position in one direction and the French batteries in the other. In a cave deeper than the ones they have dug for themselves they have made a refuge for the pet of the regiment, a fox-terrier dog. She has three puppies born under fire, and is bringing them up as unconcernedly as she would in a peaceful kennel many miles back of the front. One of the men dived into the cave and brought out the puppies to let me take their photograph; but the mother was self-conscious. She took their heads in her mouth one by one, and carried them back into the dug-out.

There is a wonderful view from the edge of the south *éperon* of Notre Dame de Lorette, a panorama of undulating fields, of valleys, wooded slopes, bifurcating roadways, and half-burned villages stretches out at one's feet. Below, a little to the left, is Ablain St. Nazaire. There were dense smoke clouds hanging over the town, with the occasional white puffs of exploding shrapnel. Another bitter fight was going on for possession of the famous pump that provides the only fresh water in the neighborhood. It was hard to believe that the irregular white mass of stone above the trees was all that was left of the former small cathedral. Smoke rose from the ruined houses, and the deafening detonations of the guns from the valley echoed through the ravine at our side. We could see little mites of men walking along the broken road from the burning village beyond to the foot of the hill at our feet. These were the *brancardiers,* or Red-Cross men, carrying the wounded back on their little two-wheeled carts to the field-hospital hidden behind the hill.

Farther away, at the end of a white road, was Souchez, basking in the sunlight. There was a lull in the firing there; the main attack for the afternoon was directed at Ablain, and Souchez and its famous sugar-mill were for the time being given a respite. On a line between Ablain and Souchez, but so far away that we could not locate it through the dust and smoke of the shells, was the *Laby-*

A modern battle-field

Site of the chapel of Notre Dame de Lorette, seen from the captured German trenches, July 8, 1915

rinthe, the terrible maze of mines and counter-mines, of trenches, bomb-proofs, and redoubts lying flat on the plain. In the middle distance, beyond the clumps of trees that mark the winding of the river, was Carency; beyond it lay Neuville St. Vaast, now little more than a tomb of a village. Far off to the right was Aubigny, as yet unscathed. Nearer, partly hidden by a ridge, was Mont-St.-Eloi. Holding its place, as it properly should, in the center between Neuville and Mont-St.-Eloi, was La Targette; beyond it, though it could not be seen because of the haze, was the great objective in the German scheme of strategy, Arras.

It was typical of the campaign in this sector that there was no general engagement. The volleys of the guns for the time being were concentrated in Ablain, except for some desultory cannonading over the *Labyrinthe.* By evening the scene might shift to Neuville St. Vaast, in the morning change to the hand-to-hand combats about the sugar-mill at Souchez, and at night there might be another shift to a bayonet attack on our own hillside of Notre Dame de Lorette.

We began the descent down the hill very carefully. The sun was oppressively hot. It was a steep and tortuous path through the communicating trenches to a point at the bottom where two roads meet. One, which is partly sunken at its nearest point, winds down over the slope ahead, the other leads to Ablain St. Nazaire on the left. There was a large bomb-proof cave just above the foot of the hill. In its depths the air was much cooler than on the plains outside, and its wide opening afforded a splendid view. We went inside to wait until the others should return from Ablain St. Nazaire. I was awakened out of a doze by Captain ——. Waves of heat radiated from the corrugated roof of a dugout beyond. Through them the landscape swayed like a painted canvas panorama in a theater. The captain called my attention to a clump of trees standing out against the skyline on the right. Emerging slowly from it was one of our cars, the big Renault. When it reached

the open the chauffeur slammed his foot on the accelerator, and with wide-open exhaust the car came ahead over the road on the ridge like a racer in the Grand Prix. It reached a point almost opposite us when it swerved to the left and came down the partly sunken road that ended at our feet, with a cloud of dust in its wake.

The captain remarked that he knew of no surer way of drawing the German fire. At the same moment the first shot, an explosive bomb, caved in the roadway directly behind the car and only a hundred yards in front of our position. The big Renault made another turn when it reached the foot of the hill, and pulled up in a safe position behind the field-hospital. The German shell had gone wide of the mark, but to show their complete control of the road (I can imagine no other reason for using up ammunition), they placed a second shot at the corner where the car had turned, and a third in the copse where it had been hidden. They came back with another directed at the road in front of us, another at the turn, and another in the copse. The fourth shell in front of us ricochetted. The impact slowed it up, and with the naked eye we could see it land in a field, rise a second time, and explode as it smashed a tree to pieces in the distance. "One, two, three; one, two, three!" from the road to the copse and back again, the shells announcing their approach with the same sound of an onrushing train to which by now we were becoming accustomed; a mass of crimson flame where they landed, a column of dense black or yellow smoke, then the roar of the detonation reached us. It was a weird sensation to stand, as it were, on the side-lines, so close to the bombardment, yet in comparative safety, and watch this fearsome demonstration of the power of modern artillery.

A little Red-Cross cart passed in front of us with a wounded man. It came back empty from the field-hospital. The *brancardiers* were going back to Ablain after more wounded. In the meantime one of the attendants had received first aid himself. His head was swathed in a bandage, and he could see out of only one eye. But he paid no attention to his injury; he stopped while I took his photograph. He asked me to send a proof to him, and then he trotted back toward the burning village to help his comrades. This is the spirit that wins your eternal admiration everywhere along the French front. It is the same spirit that inspired an unknown hero to shout from the riddled trenches where he lay with a handful of fatally wounded comrades, *"Debout! les morts!"* ["Stand up! dead ones!"] And the dead ones—there was not a living *poilu* in the lot who was not maimed or crippled—lifted themselves and fired a final volley. It served. The onrushing Germans were checked, and in that moment of hesitation the supporting mitrailleuses rattled into action. The trenches were held, while the "dead ones" lay heaped among the sand-bags.

Our staff captain told it at dinner tonight as an old story. I hope I may be forgiven for repeating it here.

The shadows were lengthening when a German prisoner was brought in. I expected to find a giant of the Prussian Guard. The Prussian Guard are the bogie-men, they have a remarkable capacity for being everywhere at once. Instead, we saw a pitiful wreck of a nineteen-year-old lad, trembling like an aspen, burned holes in his gray uniform where the bullets had gone through, a racking tubercular cough, and a wan face covered with dust. He had been lost in the trenches for two days without food or water. He had watched through the hell of shells and bombs and colored flares in the darkness with only the dead of his company about him. At dawn of the second morning he tried to find his way back to the German lines, and stumbled into the French trenches instead. His captor was a stocky little Frenchman from the Midi. He had given his own bottle of wine and loaf of bread to the prisoner. The *poilus* gathered about the young German, and asked for buttons as souvenirs. He begged them to take the sleeve buttons and those on his shoulders, but not the ones on the

front of his tunic. He unbuttoned it, and showed only a tattered rag in place of an undershirt. The officers took the number of his regiment by using the sign language. The French soldiers were very kind to him, and he was evidently glad to be captured. As they led him away, I tried to believe that this timid youngster was of the same race that had destroyed Arras, Soissons, and Rheims, but I could n't.

Since our big Renault was trapped, we had to leave it. The officers decided not to risk running back across the zone of fire while it was yet light. None of us mentioned it, but I am sure that all of us rejoiced in our hearts that the officers considered it foolhardy. The chauffeurs were ordered not to attempt the return over the shell-swept road until after dark. We left them, and made our way through by-paths, trenches, and behind hills back to the rendezvous where the other cars were waiting. It was a roundabout way, and fearfully tiring to those of us who were not in training for a Marathon. We passed along sunken roads, and then through a forest at the edge of which a squad of artillerymen debouched their horses into the plain for exercise. We stumbled over the boulders in the bed of a brook, and came up on the opposite bank abruptly into the battery of "75's" that had been firing over our heads all the afternoon. It was twilight, and the men were at supper. The smoke of the cook-stoves wound in willowy spirals out of the glade where they were hidden. The cheerful clatter of spoons and plates and a very appetizing aroma reached us from their mess-table, concealed beneath a bower of leafy branches.

The final stretch of our long promenade carried us through a *boyau* that crossed a number of fields midway between the nearest French and German artillery positions, though in the hush of the evening there was no noise more awesome than the sound of our voices and the chatter of birds in the hedges. When we came out of the *boyau,* close to the wooded clump of trees where we were to rendezvous, the big Renault was just rolling up. The chauffeurs had anticipated their orders a bit, for it was not yet quite dark. The enemy's gunners, evidently convinced that they had bottled the car up, were at supper. Before they had recovered from their astonishment over its sudden appearance, the car had rounded the bend and was dashing down the straight road in the opposite direction.

The head chauffeur had all the audacity and spirit of a hero of romance. He had been ordered to wait until dusk, but that was an indefinite time. He chafed at being caught in a trap, he said. He cranked up, and picked his way cautiously back over the broken highway. It was strewn with heaps of dirt, and five shot-holes in the center forced him each time to descend into the ditch and climb out again. The Germans had been caught napping and had only a moment in which to fire an ineffective shell in its wake before the car was out of sight and range behind the trees at the crest of the slope.

We were back in the line of secondary defense at Jouy St. Servins, where we stopped for coffee. It was a quaint little town, with an old church steeple behind the duck-pond and watering-trough; a peaceful, bucolic background for the movement of batteries, the chugging motors, the marching of armed men, and the neighing of cavalry horses galloping up to the trough at the water-call.

The dining-room and kitchen of the little *auberge* were one, a wide open fireplace reaching to the ceiling, and a chicken turning on a spit over the embers of a wood fire. The wainscoting on the walls was dingy, and smoke begrimed the beams overhead. About the tables were soldiers in gray coats, in blue coats, or no coats at all. They were playing games or scratching laboriously at letters and post-cards. A lumbering Porthos slammed his cards on the table; a maid in a blue smock was serving bottles of wine. It might have been a page out of "The Three Musketeers."

We finished our coffee and went out into the gloom. The head-lights of the cars were blinking at us with owl-like

eyes. Through the narrow street came the *clump, clump* of hobnailed boots on the cobbles. The soldiers swung into the village green and company after company passed on. They were humming "Sambre et Meuse," and the rhythmic beat of the music followed them into the night.

"Le Regiment de Sambre-et-Meuse
Marchait toujours au cri de liberté
Cherchant la route glorieuse
Qui le conduit a l'immortalité."

A regiment of infantry was going up to the front. We were going away from it.

(To be continued)

Leaves from the Anthology

By LEWIS PARKE CHAMBERLAYNE

THE old book's magic seized me as I read;
I heard the waves sigh on the Syrian shore,
And on dark Heliodora's perfumed head
The myrtles bloomed once more,

As when, in Gadara, young life was sweet
To her the while she watched the shadows play
Along the marble floor, and at her feet
Young Meleager lay.

I heard his voice in soft hexameters,
Alternate fire and honey, fall and rise;
In limpid Doric spoke his love, and hers
Shone in her swimming eyes.

I saw the laughing lilies that he wreathed
With hyacinth to crown her kneeling there.
Oh, what intoxicating incense breathed
Her dusky, flower-wound hair!

"The flowers will fade," he whispered, "sere and brown,
Their petals drooping ere the day be done,
Yet wilt thou still, thy garland's lovelier crown,
Shine like the morning sun."

Again I hear the same soft voice outpour
Its anguish for the light of life now fled,
And see him heap the bier of Heliodore
With roses white and red.

Thyrsis I see at ease beneath the pine,
  His dark head pillowed on his arms, asleep,
And yet the lad's herds stray not, and his kine
  Another lad doth keep.

Sleep, Thyrsis, sleep, within thy shady nook,
  Leaving thy goats to nibble 'mongst the rocks;
A skilfuller than thou wields now thy crook,
  For Eros guards thy flocks.

I see the young girls, as in garments white
  Along the mountain-side in spring they ran
To greet the wood-nymphs at their morning rite
  Within the cave of Pan.

It lies 'neath Corycus' sun-haunted hill;
  Old Goat-foot loves it; there the wild vine grows
So thick it hides the entrance and the rill
  That from the grotto flows.

There the midsummer honey-makers hum
  Above the heather and the thyme, knee-deep,
Even through the noon, when all things else are dumb
  Lest they disturb *his* sleep—

His, the luck-bringing Hermes' goat-shanked child,
  Great Pan, who daily, when his pipes' shrill tune
No more delights him, seeks a summit wild,
  And there sleeps all the noon.

Then fiercest burns the sun, the patient flocks
  Crouch 'neath the tamarisk; scarce the lizard creeps
Along the wall. Above, on the sun-baked rocks,
  Outstretched, the Arcadian sleeps.

And while his pipes lie silent by his side,
  Brown summer for a moment holds her breath,
The breezes droop, the dry-flies hush, the tide
  Scarce laps the cliff beneath.

Often, men say, some shepherd on the hills,
  Hearing a sudden, wild, unearthly cry
Ring from the mountains, that his heart's blood chills,
  Knows he has come too nigh

The weird, far spot no mortal foot has trod,
  And flees, nor dares once backward turn his eyes:
Behind him roars the goat-laugh of the god,
  And mocks him as he flies.

Jane Proposes

By RUTH COMFORT MITCHELL

Author of "The Night Court," etc.

Illustrations by Maginel Wright Enright

JANE had never seen an Agnes Chatterton Home. She had known of them, of course, as asylums for unfortunate girls, furtive and remote retreats for stricken creatures who fled the light of day; but now, at the thought that she was actually soon to visualize one of them, she slackened her pace, and made her way more slowly and with conscious reluctance.

Herself a contained person of radiant health and placid nerves, she had an almost masculine aversion to scenes and tears, to applied emotion of every sort, and yet, perhaps by the very reason of her abundant vitality, her compelling and vehement charm, she was often involved in them. People came to her, confided in her, leaned upon her. She seemed so far removed from tragedy that those plunged deep in it turned to her as to a natural antidote. She never went consciously about doing good, yet she was certain to be found in the thick of any grief or catastrophe within her knowledge. Possibly these unhappy ones had a dim, subconscious feeling that they were only evening things up; that one basking so prettily in her undoubted place in the sun could very well afford a brief detour into the shadow. It had been said of Jane Vail that she demonstrated somebody's theory that one genuinely happy person in a house was worth three who were trying to make others happy. Today, however, she was going deliberately into the heart of a misery that did not in the least concern her, and where, furthermore, she was quite sure she would be unwelcome. Once she stood still in the street, deliberating as to whether or not she had better turn back; but with this quandary came the thought of how earnestly Michael Daragh had begged her to come, and she set off again at a pace that brought a deeper glow to her warm

cheeks. Buttoned to the chin in a cloak the color of old red wine, a jubilant crimson wing in her small fur hat, she made a welcome note in the dull street as she threaded her way through its somber woof.

Michael Daragh was waiting for her at the next corner. He was a tall young Irishman with a jaw of a fighter and a zealot's eyes, and Jane had promptly put him down in her mental cast of characters as a large body of men entirely surrounded by conscience.

"I suspect you of suspecting me of not coming," she said as he fell into step beside her.

"I thought I would be showing you the way," he replied gravely.

"And meanwhile you can tell me the situation again, please. It 's dreadfully vague in my mind, and it 's vaguely dreadful to think what you want me to do." She was well enough aware of the circumstances, but she never lost a chance of hearing his purling brogue, his quaint construction, with its ever-present present participle, and she liked to watch him while he spoke. He looked, she thought again, as if Botticelli might have painted him, but he talked as if he 'd been written by Synge.

"Why, you see," he said patiently, "Ethel 's been living on at the home ever since her baby was born. It 'll be two now, and Ethel 's going for eighteen. Doing finely she is at the same shop as her sister, steady and sweet as you 'd wish to see. Well, one day she tells the matron she has a sweetheart.

" 'Fine!' says Mrs. Richards. 'What were we always telling you? And will he be good to the baby?'

" 'He does n't know I 've the baby,' says Ethel, 'and what 's more, he never shall.'

" 'And you 'll be wedding him with the secret on your soul, and giving up your child?' says the matron.

" 'I will that,' says the girl, and all the king's horses and all the king's men can't move her." He stooped to set a weeping baby on its feet, handing it over with a smile to a big little brother cumbered with much serving.

"It 'll be the sister's doing, she the hard, managing sort, and Ethel the soft slip of a thing. Coming to-day she is to carry it off to the place she 's found for it—some distant kin down Boston way who 've been wanting to adopt. They don't know, of course."

"But does n't Ethel love her child?"

"There 's the heart-scald to it—the light of her eyes. But Irene, d' you see, has scared her into making sure she 'll lose him if she tells." He sighed. "Wait till you see the look of her. 'Eating worry pudding with the sauce o' tears,' they would be saying of her home in Wicklow."

Jane echoed his sigh.

"I 'll try, Michael Daragh. Do you mind my calling you by your two names at once? I like them so. They make me think of the black line of the McGillicuddy Reeks against the sky, and the wind off the three lakes on the road to Kenmare."

His eyes lighted.

"It 's good indeed to have you know Ireland. Whiles, I 'm destroyed with the homesickness. There 's the house."

"Of course; I could have picked it out of the whole street, it has such a smug and dreary look of doing good. Look at the liver-colored glass in the door, and 'Welcome' on the mat. O Michael Daragh, how *can* they?"

A somber-faced girl of fifteen in a coarse, enveloping pinafore opened the door. Her hands and arms were red and dripping, and from a dim region at the rear came the smell of dish-water. Down the old-fashioned, precipitate stairway floated a thin, protesting wail. Jane felt her heart contract.

"Thank you, Lena," said Michael. "This is a good friend who has come to see us."

The girl gave Jane a stolid, incurious look and shuffled back to her work, banging the door noisily behind her.

The matron's grim face bore evidence of a troubled spirit.

"Well," she said doubtfully, "you 're very kind, I 'm sure; but I 'm afraid it 's no use. *I 've* just been trying to talk to her, but she 's turned sullen now. And Irene 's coming for the baby this afternoon." She sat down again, wearily, at a table cluttered with perfunctory preparations for Christmas. In the bleak realities in which she lived and worked the tinsel glitter of the holiday season stung her into irritability. "I declare, Mr. Daragh, I 've about made up my mind *we 'd* better tell him. She 's to be married Monday. I believe it 's our duty."

"It 's not our right," said Michael, sternly.

Jane glanced up at him quickly. He stood in a shaft of pale winter sunshine, and it brought out the austerity of his face, the rather relentless line of his strong jaw. Once more he reminded her of her favorite picture of his namesake. She followed him up-stairs and paused outside the door he indicated.

"She 'll be here feeding Billikin."

She lifted a look of girded resolve to him and knocked quickly. At a low response she entered, closed the door behind her, and stood looking at the picture across the drab, unlovely room. A fat, gurgling baby sat in a tiny red chair, mutinously pushing away the bread and milk the girl was urging.

"*Please,* Billikin!" she was saying. "Eat for muddie! Billikin, it 's the last chance muddie 'll ever have to feed you! Take it quick, or I 'll give it to the kitty-cat! Come, kitty, kitty!" She looked up at the sound of the door. Even with Michael's "going for eighteen" fresh in her ears, Jane was aghast at her youth. She looked much less than her years in her childish blouse, her fair hair mussed and hanging about her face. She was very white, and her eyelids were heavy and swollen.

"Are you Ethel?" Jane came nearer, smiling at the child.

"Yes," said the girl, eying her defensively. She began to tidy her hair with hands that trembled. On the left Jane glimpsed a tiny, pin-head solitaire.

"I am Michael Daragh's friend. He asked me to talk to you."

"Oh, my God!" Red, angry spots flamed into her white cheeks, and she struck her hands together. "Can't they leave me alone? I told 'em I would n't talk any more. I *told* 'em." She scrambled to her feet and went to the meager dresser, where she stood patting and pulling at her hair, her back to Jane.

It seemed to Jane that her feet must of their own volition carry her out of the tragic room and the gloomy house and the dull street, away and away, back to the gentle world she knew; but she resolutely crossed the room, and sat down on the floor beside the little red chair.

"Why do you call her Billikin?"

" 'Cause she was always grinning from the time she was a teenty baby." She turned with a long, rebellious stare. "You don't look like a nurse or a settlement-worker or anything."

"I 'm not; but when Michael Daragh told me about you, I *had* to come and talk with you."

Ethel averted her face again.

"I guess you mean all right, but it 's no use. I told Mrs. Richards that, and I told Mr. Daragh. They 've kept at me and *kept* at me—" Jane could see her face in the cracked mirror working hysterically.

"Din-din!" Billikin beat with her spoon upon the tray of her chair and shrilled in imperative command. "Muddie! Din-din!"

Jane leaned forward.

"Oh, I 'd love to feed her! May I?"

"No!" Ethel swooped down before her, jealously snatching up the bowl. "Not when it 's my last chance!" She leveled a spoonful and held it up to the dimpling child. "Billikin, come, eat for muddie! Gobble-gobble! Eat for—" Her voice broke, and she held her head down to hide her eyes.

"Oh," said Jane, softly, "how *can* you let her go?"

"Do you s'pose I want to?" She flung it out savagely.

Jane patted Billikin's little fat hand.

"Billikin leaned forward . . . and patted her mother smartly on her bowed head"

"Then—why do you?"

The girl's face flamed suddenly, but she turned defiantly to her inquisitor.

"Jerry, that 's why. I can—I could have other babies, but I could n't ever have another Jerry. Now you know."

"I know how fine he must be to make you care like that," Jane answered gently. "Tell me about him, won't you?"

Ethel looked into the other girl's glowing face, and the tense lines in her own eased a little.

"Well," she began, "he 's not good-looking but—but he looks *good*."

Jane nodded gravely and understandingly.

"Handsome men—you can't trust 'em." A look of wintry reminiscence came into her blue eyes for an instant, and faded away again. "I think more of Jerry than *any*body. I don't remember my folks. My sister—well, she meant all right; it was n't her fault, only—she was so awful' proper, always. I never knew anything—till I knew everything." She twisted her hands together in her lap, brooding a moment in bitter silence. "But Jerry!" Her heavy eyes lighted, and her young mouth fell into soft curves. "Jerry 's different from anything I ever thought a man could be. He 's almost like a girl, some ways. You know—just as nice to talk to and to *be* with." She kept her gaze on Jane's warm and comprehending eyes. "And he 's smart, too. The firm wants to send him to Rochester and put him in charge of the gents' furnishings. I think maybe I 'd like to live there; I would n't ever meet anybody that knew. He don't even know where I live. The matron says he 'll surely find out some time and hate me, but he won't find out. Nobody knows but Irene and the folks here."

"'She was always grinning from the time she was a teenty baby'"

"That is not what frightens me, Ethel." Jane looked down at the fair head beside Billikin's riotous curls, and paused uncertainly. How could she appeal to a sense of fair play, to a clear and high ideal of honesty, to a stern and stainless truth, in a life so grotesquely aloof from them?

"You need n't be scared Billikin won't be all right. They're awful' nice people, and they 're crazy to have her. 'A blue-eyed girl with curly hair,' they says to Irene. They think her mother 's dead."

"I was n't thinking of Billikin."

"Who?" Ethel asked curiously, a little wary hint of fear in her gaze.

"I mean—Jerry."

"Oh!"

"Yes. Tell him to-day, now, as soon as you go back!"

"It 's too late. Irene 's coming to-day to take her to Boston. It 's all settled. It 's too late now, even if I wanted to. Besides,"—she began to dab at her eyes with a small, damp wad of handkerchief,—"I *could n't* tell him in the daytime, right there in the store!"

"Oh, where and when can't matter!"

"I could n't in the daytime," she stubbornly shook her head. "I nearly told him last night. I meant to; 'cross my heart, I did. We went for a walk, and I was just—just sort of beginning, when a woman came by—and said something to him. He said, 'Poor devil!' That 's what he called her—'Poor *devil!*' Just like that he said it." She covered her face with her hands and began to sob chokingly. A watery gleam of sunshine fell on the pitiful solitaire.

Billikin leaned forward, her fat little

face full of contrition, and patted her mother smartly on her bowed head, saying gently, "Billikin gobble-gobble din-din." Her under lip began to quiver. "Muddie not cly!"

"Ethel, there 's only one thing you can bring to him, one thing that is yours to give—the truth." It seemed to Jane that she had been marching endlessly about Jericho, and that the walls were as hard and unyielding as ever, and she had only a tiny toy trumpet to blow. "Are you going to give him a lie for a wedding-present?"

The girl winced.

"You can make me feel terrible, but you can't make me tell."

"No, I can't make you, nor Michael Daragh, nor Mrs. Richards; but your own heart can." Suddenly she leaned over and put her arms about the childish figure, hugging her close. "Honey, how much do you love him?"

"More 'n anything in the world!" The answer came swiftly, cut through by a sob.

"More than Irene?" The head against her shoulder nodded with unhesitating emphasis. "More than the baby?" Again the nod, fainter, but still sure. "But that 's not enough, Ethel. You don't know anything *about* loving unless you love him more than yourself."

She wriggled out of the encircling arms and stared up at Jane.

"Ethel—oh, if I can only make you understand! More than yourself! That means that you must love him more than you want him." She watched the color that had come with the tempestuous weeping ebb slowly from the small face, leaving it drained and white. Billikin, sensing something strange in her mother's look, ceased whimpering and stared. It was very still in the dingy room.

"Billikin, sensing something strange in her mother's look, ceased whimpering and stared"

Ethel's eyes widened.

"Love him—more than I want him?" She said it quickly in a little breathless whisper.

Faintly, far down the street, a hurdy-gurdy ground out the "Marseillaise." It seemed to Jane it was pulsing from her heart and through the air: "Le jour de gloire est arrivé!"

Ethel bent over the baby, crushing her in an embrace which made her cry. Then she pinned on her hat without a glance into the cracked mirror.

"I better go quick!" she said, still whispering, as if afraid she might wake her fear again—"I better go quick!" She ran out of the room, and Jane heard her flying feet upon the stair, the slam of the front door, the sharp staccato of her steps upon the sidewalk. Billikin, released from the spell, lifted up her voice and shrilly wept.

Michael was waiting below.

"From the look of her face as she went past me," he said gladly, "I 'm thinking you 've won where the rest of us lost."

"She 's going to tell him," said Jane, "but she 's left me the 'heart-scald!' Mrs. Richards, do put me to work! What can

I do to annihilate time till she comes home again?"

The matron indicated the table before her.

"How 'd you like to cut out the joy-bells? A friend brought the paper and pattern down yesterday. It is n't the regular Christmas color, exactly, but I don't know as it matters. The shape 's real cute."

Jane looked aghast at the sheets of dull magenta board and the donor's design for a joy-bell.

"You might get the girls started on them, and then you could do the Merry Christmas sign." She shook out an envelop of pattern letters and indicated a long, narrow placard of mustard green, and Jane dropped into a chair and flew thankfully to work.

Michael smiled at her flying fingers.

"I 'm remembering Masefield," he said, "the way he has it: 'Energy is agony expelled.' "

"Michael Daragh, think of her marching back alone to tell him in the glaring daylight, in a store full of chiffons and ribbons and gents' furnishings! Where are the girls? I 'll take these to them."

There were seventeen of them sitting about the cleared table in the dining-room. They all wore dull brown pinafores of coarse material, and though their ages varied from twelve to twenty, their expressions were almost identical. Every face, pretty or plain, stolid or wistful, wore the same crushed and enduring look of waiting. Jane deposited the materials and explained the work. The kitchen door opened, and the eighteenth girl came in, pushing a carpet-sweeper before her, somberly engulfed in her task.

"Are n't you going to make decorations, Bertha?"

"I got to red up first, Mr. Daragh." Her small, patient eyes went briefly to his face and back to her work. She was long past thirty, gaunt, work-warped, sunshriveled.

In the hall he answered Jane's whispered query.

"Bertha. She 'd never been forty miles from the farm in her life. He was a harvester, years younger. Did you mind the eyes of her? She will be always working like a horse. 'T 's all she knows."

Jane looked back into the dining-room. Seventeen heads were bent in silence above the table. Scissors creaked. Now and then Bertha in her zeal bumped the carpet-sweeper against a chair. Jane sat limply down on the bottom step of the stairs, which seemed to be rushing headlong out of the house of tragedy.

"I think I 'm going to cry," she said unsteadily. "There they sit in those awful mud-colored pinafores—making joy-bells—magenta paper joy-bells! Michael Daragh, what *shall* I do?"

"Come and make the Merry Christmas sign," he said grimly.

"What are they going to have for Christmas?" she asked when they returned to the office, from which Mrs. Richards had been called.

"Well, every girl has a pair of woolen stockings and a cotton handkerchief, and a penny postal Christmas-card—"

"With more joy-bells, or an angel in a snow scene and a nightie?" Jane's eyes blazed with wrathful pity. "That 's one think I can do! I shall go straight from here to buy eighteen foolish, useless, pretty, impractical things! And tissue and holly and red baby ribbon and all kinds of tags and stickers!"

The door-bell rang, and Lena ushered in a man and woman, and went to summon the matron. Jane surveyed them furtively. From the country, clearly. The woman perched uneasily on the hard sofa, pushing the clumsy, double-tipped ends of her black silk gloves down upon her fingers. The man, a huge, weathered creature with gentle eyes, kept turning his high-crowned hat between his clean, rough hands. Mrs. Richards came in.

"How' do?" said the woman, a little breathlessly. "I 'm Mis' Warder. You know—Bertha Carey. Well, I 'm *his* mother." Then, as the matron looked questioningly at her companion, "Make you acquainted with my brother, Mr.

West." The farmer nodded solemnly. "C'n we see Bertha?"

Mrs. Richards gave an order.

"So you 're the young man's mother. Do you know where he is?"

"No, ma'am," said the woman, humbly. "He lit out. I felt terrible about it; all of us did. But"—she lifted her hands and let them fall again helplessly — "you know how young men is!"

. Bertha entered, rolling down her sleeves. Her dull eyes lighted a little.

"Well, Mis' Warder," she said, with a sort of lack-luster cordiality, "ain't you a considerable ways from home?"

"Billikin, released from the spell, lifted up her voice and shrilly wept"

"Bertha, you recollect my brother, Dave West? You met him last fair-time."

"Yes," said Bertha, calmly. "How' do, Mr. West?"

The trio exchanged solemn, flaccid hand-shakes. There was a moment of uneasy silence before the woman began again.

"Bertha, I never said much at the time, —it ain't my way,—but it 's been on my mind constant', an' it 's been on Dave's mind, too, ain't it, Dave?"

"Uh-huh," said Mr. West, briefly.

There fell another burdened pause. It seemed to Jane that she was walking into a sordid bit of Russian literature, transplanted.

"If he *was* my boy, I never upheld him," said Mrs. Warder, and her mournful eyes sought the matron's while she voiced again her melancholy, world-old plea and formula; "but—you know how young men is." Her brother moved his feet restlessly, and she hurried on. "So we thought, Dave 'n' me, that mebbe you 'n' him might jest as well—his wife died last year, and he needs a woman on the farm the worst way. He 's a good man, Bertha. He was awful' good to his wife. She 'd 'a' told you that, Mary would, with her last breath." She leaned forward anxiously. "What say, Bertha? Do you feel like you c'd marry him?"

It seemed minutes to Jane before she heard Bertha's thin and toneless voice.

"Well—I dunno but I might as well. S' long 's he knows—an' he 's willin'." Bertha looked up with dull, unhoping eyes.

His gentle gaze met them.

"Suits me, Bertha," he said.

The older woman rose briskly, a world of relief in her whole figure.

"Well, now that 's settled, and I 'm free to say I 'm thankful." She consulted an old-fashioned gold watch with a heavy, beautifully wrought chain which she wore as a necklace. "I 'll wait an' help you get your things together, an' we 'll catch the five o'clock local. You c'n be married right after supper. Mr. Edwards 'll come over. I told him what we was aimin' for. Dave he 'll go on ahead, so 's to get the license."

When they had left the room Jane and Michael looked at each other in stunned silence. It seemed incredible that one dull roof should cover the poignant misery of Ethel and Bertha's wooden woe. The door-bell rang again, this time with sharp insistence.

"Why," cried Mrs. Richards, looking out, "it 's Irene! She 's come for Billikin. What does it mean?"

A young woman stood in the doorway, genteel in the resolute respectability of her blue serge suit, brushed shiny, and too thin for winter wear. She carried a small straw telescope satchel.

"Can I go right up, Mrs. Richards?" she asked.

"But, *Irene,* wait a minute! Did Ethel tell him?"

"What?"

"She was going to *tell* him!"

The young woman shook her head.

"Not as I heard of," she said crisply. "I guess she knows better." She went up-stairs, and they heard the firm closing of the door behind her.

"We 've lost," said Michael. "She 's beaten us."

Jane lifted the Merry Christmas sign. The magenta letters careened at tipsy angles against their background of dull mustard green. "No wonder it wobbles," she said, casting it wrathfully on the floor.

The front door opened and closed, and there was the sound of a lagging step in the hall. It seemed a long moment before Ethel came in. She stood leaning against the door casing, white and spent, fixing her tragic, accusing eyes on Jane.

"You made me tell!" she whispered. "*You* made me!"

"Oh, what?"

Michael put a steadying arm about her shoulders.

"Child, tell us!"

Her teeth were chattering.

"I told him, like I promised. Right there in the store I told him, at his counter. He just looked at me and looked at me, and made me say it over, and then he walked away." She was shaking so that she could hardly speak. "I had to go to work. I watched and watched. He did n't come back to his counter, and then I could n't stand it any longer. I went and asked. They said he was sick, and gone home." She crumpled suddenly in Michael's hands, and he lifted her in his arms and carried her into the matron's room.

"Billikin, snug in knitted cap and tiny sweater, watched absorbedly"

Jane, racked at the contemplation of her handiwork, sat alone in the ugly, solemn office. She could hear Ethel's sobbing, the matron's fluttered treble, and the rhythmic, steady flow of Michael's voice. Never in all her gentle and joyful life had she been so acutely unhappy. If only she had not persuaded her! If only she had not come! She rose to go into the farther room, but the closed door halted her. It seemed, somehow, as if Michael and the matron were leagued against her for Ethel. They had wanted her to do this thing, and she had done it, and now they had shut her away while they strove to heal where she had hurt. She sat down again, trying to remember the look on Michael's face as he held Ethel, because it helped her for the moment to forget the rest. He had reminded her again of her favorite Botticelli, in Florence. She sought to visualize the soft-toned figures: the boy, with the fish, which was to restore his father's sight, quaintly carried in tiny strap and handle; the resting, utter trust on the upturned, childish face; the lovely, flowing lines of the drapery of Raphael and Gabriel; their rapt, lifted looks; the swaying lily; the absurd little dog, with his tasseled tail; and at the side, guiding and guarding, stern young St. Michael with sword and symbol, "Captain-General of the Hosts of Heaven." That was what she often felt in Daragh,

a sense of dedication, aloofness; he had obeyed the command to "be separate." She tried desperately to keep her mind away from the woe in the next room, to send it across the sea. Florence—she strayed out of the gallery, along the Arno, to a little tea-room in the Via Tornabuoni where she used to go every afternoon at this time. There were always heart-shaped cakes covered with green icing. Up-stairs a baby began to cry fretfully, and an opened door confessed to cabbage for dinner. A bell cut sharply into her realization of the wretched present, and she ran to answer the door, thankful for movement.

The young man who stood upon the "Welcome" mat greeted her briefly, and walked in without waiting for an invitation. There was a close color harmony about him: his jubilant cravat picked up the dominant stripe of his silk shirt, and the royal purple of his hose struck the same note an octave lower. The removal of his velvet hat disclosed wide, flanging ears, which gave to his face an expression of quaint comedy, now strangely at variance with his aghast and solemn look.

Jane caught her breath.

"Oh," she said in a glad whisper, "I think I know who you are!"

He started twice to speak before his voice would serve him.

"Can I," he achieved at last—"can I see Ethel?"

She considered for a luminous moment; then she drew him back from the office and pointed to a small and somber reception-room across the hall. "Wait!" she said. "I 'll bring her to you." She sped up-stairs and ran to Ethel's room. The grim sister was packing the small garments into the straw telescope satchel, and Billikin, snug in knitted cap and tiny sweater, watched absorbedly. Jane caught her up, disregarding the woman's protest, and carried her down into the matron's room. Ethel's wild grief had spent itself. She sat on the couch, leaning back against the wall, her eyes closed, drawing long, quivering breaths.

"Ethel," said Jane, softly, "here 's Billikin!" She went close to the couch, and the baby flung herself at her mother with a lilting squeal of joy. The girl's eyes opened, and narrowed strangely with a cold, appraising scrutiny; her hands locked together in her lap; for an instant she seemed to be weighing and balancing, then with a little brooding cry she held out her arms.

Michael smiled sunnily at Jane, but she had no eyes for him. "Come," she said to Ethel, "both of you!" The girl followed obediently, the matron and Daragh coming curiously after her.

Ethel halted sharply at the threshold of the reception-room, staring through the gathering dusk. *"Jerry!"*

He strode forward to meet her, his gaze on her small, pinched face. Then it dropped to the child, and grew bleak again.

Jane slipped her hand into Michael's, and his grip on it made her wince. It seemed to her that all the love and pity in the world hung by a hair above the pit.

Billikin was not used to such frigid scrutiny, but she had an antidote. She gazed blithely back at the young man with the wide little grin which had earned her the name of the God of Things as They Ought To Be. The hot color flooded his face; the freckles were drowned in a red sea, and even his ears were scarlet. Suddenly, gropingly, he drew them both into his arms.

"It 'll be O.K.," he whispered; "it 'll be O.K. I got it all figured out. They been wanting me to go to Rochester, and we don't know a soul there."

Back in the matron's dim office Jane groped on her knees for the Merry Christmas sign. "Bring me the hammer and tacks, Michael Daragh," she cried. "It 's going up, and it is n't going to wobble!"

The Far-Eastern Problem

By J. A. P. BLAND

BEFORE the defeat of Russia by Japan, before Mr. Homer Lea had presented his fantastic Japanese bogy-man to the American people in his "Valour of Ignorance," there were observers at Washington and elsewhere who believed in the possibility of military aggression by Japan against the United States, and who therefore advocated adequate measures of preparation to guard against sudden attack at vulnerable points. Ever since the making of the Treaty of Shimonoseki, which recorded Japan's entry upon the stage of world politics (1895), there have been good reasons to justify the United States in a policy of prudent precaution. The firmness which the Japanese displayed over the Californian schools question; their increasing resentment at the assumption of racial superiority contained in the Asiatic exclusion acts of the Anglo-Saxon races; their growing impatience under the injustice of those acts, incompatible alike with the Monroe Doctrine and America's policy of the open door in China; finally, their own embarrassed finances, and their perception of the rich spoils that lie in America's unprotected wealth—all these things have combined to justify the naval and military authorities at Washington in deploring the sentimental idealism of American public opinion. But their voices have usually cried to little purpose in the wilderness of Bryanism and humanitarian catchwords.

The reasons for intelligent anticipation and precautionary measures on the part of the American Government have increased since it has given hostages to fortune by the acquisition of the Philippines, by the fortification of the Panama Canal, and by President Wilson's interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine as applied to anarchy in Mexico. The Magdalena Bay incident, in particular, has served to show that, so far as that national doctrine is concerned, the State Department remains on the alert and public opinion is extremely sensitive. But it has also revealed the fact that the American people is in great measure unaware of its defenseless state, and that the fabric of political life is deeply honeycombed by false sentiment, by impossible doctrines of pacifism, and by that comfortable idealism which, as all history proves, continually misleads the beneficiaries of a period of prosperous commercialism.

Notwithstanding all the evidence of recent history to the contrary, many American professors of pacifism believe in the protective virtue of treaties, in the prevention of war by compulsory arbitration, and in the development of altruistic morality among the nations by peace palaces and an international police. The attitude and actions of President Wilson in regard to Mexico and the recent diplomatic correspondence between Washington and Berlin concerning the rights of neutrals at sea justify the conclusion that the intellectuals of the United States are even more

firmly established in their pacific Utopia than their brothers of "The Great Illusion" in England. It is clear that there are many among the professors, the parsons, and the big business promoters who believe that Europe, temporarily insane, will eventually forswear for evermore the anachronism of war, embracing once and for all the gospel according to Norman Angell and Andrew Carnegie. They regard it as a mere incident of the question that the wealth of the world will by that time have passed from the European continent to America. The sadder and wiser nations of the Old World are evidently expected to accept this fact, together with all it implies, and then to proceed to conclude, under American auspices of mediation, a final general agreement for disarmament and peace in perpetuity.

Such, without exaggeration, are the dreams of many humanitarian idealists. But a good deal has happened since the Magdalena Bay incident to cause the American people to take serious reckoning of its position in the world of things as they are. The professors may continue to wander placidly amid their olive-groves, discussing the text of new Hague conventions, extolling the philosophic temperament which is "too proud to fight"; but the message of Armageddon has sunk, and will sink deeper, into the hearts of the people. Altruism, benevolence, the cause of humanity—these will remain American ideals; but unless all the signs mislead us, the American nation has learned the lesson of the strong man armed, and the truth that weakness combined with wealth invites to a breach of the world's peace. The example of England the Unprepared cannot be lost upon the sound common sense of the American people.

At the conclusion of the present struggle, the exhaustion of European nations must leave the United States and Japan relatively much stronger and richer than they were. Both powers will be deeply and directly interested in the arrangement of the conditions under which peace is eventually restored. Japan, as an ally of the Quadruple Entente, and America, possibly as a mediator, must have a voice in the international conference which will define the future frontiers of Europe and many subsidiary questions. Among these, the rights and interests of the powers in China, and the future of that country as an independent state, present problems which, unless carefully studied in advance, may well create great difficulties and even new casus belli for the powers whose territories border on the Pacific Ocean. The shadow of the far-Eastern question has frequently been darkly cast between the United States and Japan in recent years, and never more ominously than when the renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance (1911) relieved England of the duty of assisting Japan against any nation with which Great Britain might have concluded a treaty of arbitration. But much of the trouble has been due to ignorance: a closer study of the question should serve to reassure public opinion in the United States and to put an end to the suspicious uneasiness which finds expression in the unbalanced writings of a Homer Lea or the diplomatic vagaries of a Philander Knox.

Japanese statecraft, whether displayed in Manchuria, in Magdalena Bay, or in the Marshall Islands, points to a perfectly consistent and legitimate policy, which has only to be rightly appreciated in order to remove all immediate prospect of serious friction between Nippon and Anglo-Saxon peoples. The Japanese, who would not hesitate for a moment to exclude from their country Chinese or other cheap labor, are fully alive to the economic necessity which has compelled America, Canada, and Australia to frame their Asiatic exclusion acts. Beyond all question they recognize the legitimate protective purpose of these acts; what they object to, and very properly, is the implied assumption of the racial and moral superiority of the white races. They are well aware that the objection to Chinese laborers in the Pacific States and to Japanese children in the Californian schools is just as directly due to economic causes as the anti-Semitic movement in Russia. They

know that the Asiatic is excluded not because he would contaminate, but simply because he would devour, the white man in open-labor competition. England, which professes to believe in free trade and unrestricted immigration, can hardly meet the Japanese on this question in the spirit of "frank and full consultation" for which the text of the alliance provides. Frankness must stultify either the British Government or the acts of the dominions overseas. Similarly, with its Monroe Doctrine for America and its open door for Asia, with its professed belief in the right of every human being freely to change his nationality and domicile, the United States is not in a position to discuss the exclusion acts with Japanese statesmen on its accustomed lofty ground of political morality. The Anglo-Saxon's ultimate argument, conceal it as we may, lies in the stern law of self-preservation, backed by force.

Now, if there is one fact which stands out more prominently than any other in the history of the last ten years,—that is, since the conclusion of the Treaty of Portsmouth,—it is that Japanese statesmen are prepared to recognize and accept these self-protective activities of the Anglo-Saxon races, provided only that Japan also is allowed to follow her own national instincts of self-preservation on the lines of geographical gravitation dictated by her economic necessities; that is to say, by expansion into China's thinly peopled dependencies of Manchuria and Mongolia. Even a cursory study of the recent history of the far East points clearly to this conclusion. Japan is not prepared to accept the Monroe Doctrine and the Asiatic exclusion acts and at the same time to acquiesce in the traditional policy of the commercial powers, which insists on maintenance of the status quo in China.

It is true that by the terms of the Portsmouth Treaty and other conventions Japan pledged herself to abstain from any encroachments on the territorial integrity and sovereignty of China; but her diplomacy, trained in the best European traditions, is unsurpassed in the gentle art of treaty-making and treaty-breaking. It has learned to a nicety the time and place for "extra-textual interpretations" and the conclusive value of the *fait accompli.* As far as China is concerned, the protective clauses of the Portsmouth Treaty, greeted with intense satisfaction in America, were never likely to be effective in Manchuria even had Russia and Japan remained on guard against each other in their respective spheres. Those who hoped and believed that China, in accordance with that treaty, would be allowed to develop the resources of this fertile region without interference and for her own benefit knew little of the imperative necessity which had compelled Japan to fight Russia for Port Arthur. The same necessity led her, immediately after the conclusion of the Portsmouth Treaty, to come to terms with Russia for a division of the spoil under conditions which virtually insured the benevolent acquiescence of England and France. Upon the conclusion of this pact of spoliation, diplomatically known as an *entente,* the Portsmouth Treaty became a dead letter; it had never been more than a time-and-face-saving device.

The results were many and important. Not only was China not permitted to develop her commerce in Manchuria by the extension of her northern railways, not only did Russia and Japan separately and jointly veto the construction by English and American capitalists of the Chinchou-Aigun trunk-line; but they went much further, asserting and extending their special rights and interests over China's loosely held dependency of Mongolia, forbidding its colonization by Chinese subjects, and establishing their usual trading and mining monopolies. By the end of 1910, China's sovereignty throughout all the region north of the Great Wall was evidently doomed. Mr. Secretary Knox, under the direction of American financiers, made spasmodic, but futile, attempts to prevent the inevitable, by his scheme for the neutralization of Manchurian railways, by forlorn excursions into dollar diplomacy, and by earnest appeals to the open-door pledges of all concerned; their

only result was to draw Russia and Japan more closely together in the bonds of a most profitable pact. In 1910, Korea, whose independence had been solemnly guarantied by Japan and by all the powers, was "persuaded" to sign away the remnants of her sovereignty and become an integral part of the Japanese Empire. The scraps of paper, which were consigned to oblivion by the European and American chancelleries at this passing of the Hermit Kingdom, had ceased to represent either actualities or vital interests. This being so, the forces of geographical gravitation met with no resistance, and the disappearance of an economically unprofitable nation evoked only perfunctory valedictory articles in the press.

Yet the matter was of importance and significance. First, it proved once again that a defenseless people's national independence is never more seriously endangered than when the great powers think fit to guaranty it by solemn treaties. Secondly, it proved the Japanese to be past-masters in the adroit use of the diplomatic fictions by means of which politicians and governments cloak the brutal realities of the eternal struggle for supremacy and survival. Thirdly, the nicely graduated series of administrative, economic, and political measures whereby Japanese ascendancy led swiftly to the annexation of Korea are extremely instructive, if only because the procedure adopted "in a spirit of pure friendship for the Koreans" at Seul between 1905 and 1910 is now being pursued, *mutatis mutandis,* at Peking.

This statement may possibly surprise those who have not followed the course of events in the far East since the taking of Kiao-chau by the Anglo-Japanese forces last October. It is none the less true. The demands put forward by the Japanese minister at Peking on the eighteenth of January, 1915, negotiated by him *de haut en bas* for three months with the Chinese Foreign Office, and finally embodied, with some modifications, in a peremptory ultimatum on the seventh of May, point not only to the rapid disappearance of China's sovereign rights in Manchuria and Mongolia, but to the assertion of Japanese political and economic ascendancy throughout China proper.

As originally submitted to the terrified Chinese Government, certain of these demands involved concessions of a kind that, had they been allowed, would speedily have given to Japanese officials control over the administrative and military affairs of the provinces. It is characteristic of Japanese (and, for that matter, of British) diplomacy that these vitally important demands, contained under Section 5 of the draft protocol, were not communicated by the Japanese to the British Government in the same way as the rest of the proposed articles, that the fact of their having been presented was officially denied, and that the Chinese Government was repeatedly warned against publishing them or even of disclosing their terms. Nevertheless, the facts were published, and despite the concentration of public interest in the war, a considerable amount of pressure was brought to bear upon the British Foreign Office both in Parliament and outside it. Timely remonstrances were consequently addressed from London to Tokio, with the result that the most arbitrary of these contingent demands were excluded from the Japanese government's final "proposals" of the twenty-sixth of April, and from the demands of the ultimatum of the seventh of May. But it is important to note that they have not been unreservedly withdrawn. They stand on record as having been presented, and Japan merely postpones them for future consideration—clearly a case of *reculer pour mieux sauter* whenever the time and place for jumping shall occur.

The "negotiations" forced upon China by the Japanese Government arose out of the fact that after the fall of Kiao-chau the Foreign Office at Peking had ventured to ask for the withdrawal of the Japanese troops from Chinese neutral territory in Shan-tung, beyond the borders of the leased zone of Tsing-tau. In view of China's declared neutrality, no more natural or legitimate request could have been

made. Yet the Tokio press, with ominous unanimity and alacrity, denounced it as ungrateful and unfriendly, and called upon the Government to proceed swiftly, with a high hand, at Peking. There was certainly nothing of sweet reasonableness or amity about the proceedings of Mr. Hioki at the Chinese capital. His attitude and actions alike proclaimed the hard fact that the forces which had heretofore enabled the Chinese to evade the penalties of their parlous inefficiency were no longer available to protect them, and that Japan would avail herself to the utmost of the opportunities created for her by the war in Europe.

Replying to questions in the House of Commons on the eleventh of March, 1915, Mr. Neil Primrose, under-secretary of state for foreign affairs, made a curiously significant reference to Japan's "contingent" demands. He described them as "an attempt to see what attitude the Chinese Government would take up if Japan formulated certain demands when the war arrives at a conclusion."

Needless to say, there was no word either in the original protocol or during the negotiations to justify this description, but the statement has been gratefully accepted by the Chinese Government as an assurance that the contingent demands will not be renewed until the end of the war. *Qui vivra verra.* Meanwhile it is important to observe, as an indication of coming events, that in the same statement Mr. Primrose declared: "His Majesty's Government has no objection to the expansion of Japanese interests in China, provided that the expansion in no way inflicts injury upon British interests." It is possible that Japanese predominance, or even a Japanese protectorate in China, if established under commercial and fiscal guarantees broader than those given in the case of Korea, might not be seriously prejudicial to British interests, that is, to British trade. In any case, it could scarcely aggravate the actual condition of affairs in Manchuria, and even in the central Yang-tse provinces, where British enterprise has been persistently hampered for the last ten years by the all-pervading activities of Japanese financiers and secret agents. But be this as it may, the importance of the Foreign Office statement lies in the fact that it recognizes and accepts in advance the expansion of Japanese interests in China proper. In very similar words Sir Edward Grey had declared in June, 1911, that his Majesty's Government recognized the "special rights and interests" of Russia and Japan in Manchuria and Mongolia. On that occasion the Treaty of Portsmouth went quietly by the board. Mr. Primrose's declaration has now jettisoned the preamble of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of Alliance, together with a large and interesting collection of international guarantees for the protection of defenseless China. In other words, British diplomacy has perceived the virtue of necessity and bowed gracefully to the inevitable.

Because of the complete absorption of public interest in the war, and also because the censorship has prevented any discussion of Japanese policy in the British press, it is safe to say that not one Englishman in a hundred, even among those who usually study foreign affairs, knows what has taken place at Peking during the last year. Since the expulsion of the Germans from their beloved Eastern colony, scarcely any attention in England has been directed to the course of events in the far East. The few articles which have appeared, chiefly in the monthly reviews, have been of a nature to suggest intelligent activities on the part of the Japanese press bureau. Nevertheless, the situation deserves serious consideration not only in view of the political and economic consequences of the latest Peking protocol, but because of the latest developments of party politics at Tokio and the policy represented by Count Okuma's cabinet.

In view of the probability that the far-Eastern question, with many others, will eventually have to be settled at a post-bellum international conference, it is evidently desirable that public opinion in England and America should be formed upon accurate knowledge of the main facts

of the actual situation. So long as the censorship continues to function as at present, this knowledge will not be generally available in England; this makes it the more necessary that all possible publicity should be brought to bear on the subject in America. In view of the misunderstandings and mutual suspicions which have been created between Tokio and Washington on more than one occasion by the reckless sensationalism of yellow-press writers on the one hand and, on the other, by the American public's indifference to foreign affairs, it is a matter of no little importance to the future of the world's peace that the far-Eastern question should be carefully studied and widely discussed by leading publicists in the United States. The creation of an enlightened public opinion, based on accurate knowledge, is essential to the conclusion of a general agreement between the powers interested in the future of China and the trade routes of the Pacific.

In the formation and education of such a body of opinion certain venerable shibboleths of diplomacy and catchwords long current will need to be gently, but firmly, relegated to the limbo of creeds outworn. All the political ideas underlying the open-door conventions and the international guarantees for the maintenance of China's territorial integrity must be frankly recognized as obsolete, for the simple reason that they have been abrogated by Russia and Japan with the tacit consent of all concerned. The resultant grouping of rival forces and interests at Peking, both before and after the Russo-Japanese War, conferred on China the protective benefits of a period of equilibrium; but this period came to an end with the definite conclusion of the Russo-Japanese *entente*. Optimistic belief in the possibility of China's effectively setting her own house in order must also be abandoned. It is a belief that gained many sentimental adherents in America as the result of Young China's so-called Republicanism in 1911, but the prospect of organizing honesty and efficiency out of any class of officialdom in China is just as remote to-day as it was under the Manchus. Eloquent platform enthusiasm for representative government, and the profession of high moral ideas by political adventurers and place-seekers, can no more make for good government in China than in Mexico. The men and machinery are completely lacking for the production of honest administration and military efficiency from the official corruption and ignorance of China's rulers. All our instincts of justice and respect for the rights of nations, all our sympathy for the misfortunes of the Chinese people, patient victims of misgovernment from time immemorial, are powerless to avert from them the destiny which sooner or later overtakes a passive, non-resisting race menaced by the necessities of earth-hungry neighbors in arms.

Deeply as we may sympathize with the Chinese, we should not hastily criticize or condemn the expansionist policy of Japan. In considering the causes and possible results of that expansion, certain fundamental truths are often overlooked by writers who approach the far-Eastern question from a sentimental point of view. In the first place, it must be borne in mind that the Japanese nation differs radically from the typically passive Oriental races of India and China. It is, in the words of John Stuart Hill, an "active, self-helping" people, a people inspired not only by ideals of imperialism, but possessed of strong martial instincts. When in India or China the pressure of population upon food supplies becomes acute, the patient toiling millions accept death with fatalistic resignation. By thousands and tens of thousands, almost uncomplaining, they go to their graves as to beds, accepting plague, pestilence, and famine as part of the inevitable burden of humanity. Only in the southern maritime provinces the more virile inhabitants in China have endeavored to lessen this burden by emigration, by seeking work and wealth overseas; but individually and collectively the race is lacking in the "self-helping" instinct which solves such problems of expansion by warfare and the survival of the fittest.

In the second place, it must be remembered that Japan's vital need of wider frontiers, new sources of food supply, and new markets for her industries has been in very great measure forced upon her by the policies and example of the Anglo-Saxon peoples. In self-defense they have learned from us the organization of machine labor in cities; following our example, they have passed swiftly from the condition of an agricultural to that of an industrial nation. With these economic changes came the modern science of sanitation, the immediate result being an increase of population far greater than that which had taken place when the country lived by and for agriculture. In 1875, before industrialism had set in, the population of Japan's 150,000 square miles was thirty-four millions; last year it was fifty-four millions, and the average annual excess of births over deaths is roughly seven hundred thousand. The Elder Statesmen of Japan anticipated long ago, as all their unswerving policy has proved, the consequences to their country of the ever-increasing fierceness of industrial competition. They realized that, as the number of countries that depend for their very existence upon the exchange of manufactured goods for food-stuffs and raw materials increases, and as the countries with surplus food supplies become fewer and fewer, Japan must face the alternative either of emigration on a large scale or of finding in territorial expansion new sources of supply and an outlet for her surplus population. The Anglo-Saxon peoples, by their Asiatic exclusion acts, have shut the door on emigration to those parts of the world where Japanese labor might have reaped a rich harvest. Small wonder, then, that the eyes of Japan's wise rulers became fixed upon Korea and the fertile, unpeopled regions of Manchuria and Mongolia, that the possession of these lands became the be-all and end-all of Japanese policy, the goal toward which all the hopes and energies of the nation have been unswervingly directed. "Eastern Asia," said Count Komura in the Diet three years ago, "is the only safe field for Japanese emigration." Like Prince Ito and other makers of modern Japan, Count Okuma has never had any illusions on this subject. If at times the Japanese have seemed to be desirous of testing the resistant strength of the Monroe Doctrine in California and in Mexico; if they have displayed activity in Vancouver and Honolulu, and cast their eyes toward island outposts in the southern seas, these have been political side issues, deliberately planned and pursued in order to create opportunities for application of the principle of *do ut des*.

Long before the Russian invasion had been swept back from the shores of the Yellow Sea, while still the Japanese people were working patiently and with undivided patriotism to master the mechanical and military sciences of the Western world, the whole nation knew that its destinies depended upon the struggle for Korea and the Manchurian *hinterland*. Eastern Asia could not become a safe field for Japanese immigration so long as Russia remained undefeated and in possession of Port Arthur, but it was always the only possible field in sight. Every page of Japanese history since the Treaty of Shimonoseki reveals the conscious purpose of the nation's rulers to make that field both safe and fruitful at the earliest possible moment. Their policy of expansion, unlike that of Russia, has been from first to last dictated by recognition of the supreme law of self-preservation. We may deplore the fact that Japanese emigration to eastern Asia can be carried out only by inflicting grave injustice and suffering upon millions of defenseless Chinese. We may assume that debarred from colonizing Mongolia, gradually reduced in Manchuria to the position of a subject race, prevented from developing the resources of their country for their own profit by the vested rights and monopolies of the predominant power, the Chinese must find the struggle for life greatly intensified. Nevertheless, the Anglo-Saxon, whose whole history has been one of expansion in anticipation of the actual and future needs of the race, can assume no moral

grounds for criticizing or condemning the policy of the Japanese. The law of self-preservation, as applied between nations, recognizes no scope for altruism; red men, and yellow and brown, being unfit to survive in the struggle for places in the sun, have been eliminated by the European. To oppose Japan's actions and intentions on grounds of self-interest, as by treaties and conventions has been done in the past, may be justifiable; but to oppose them on high moral grounds is hypocritical and futile. British interests in this far-Eastern question are partly commercial, partly political; Japan's are national and vital.

In taking advantage of the present situation in Europe to exact from China concessions and privileges far greater than she could ever have hoped to obtain at Peking under normal conditions of diplomatic procedure, the Japanese Government has ignored certain of its obligations recorded in the treaty of alliance with Great Britain, but the attitude and official statements of the British Foreign Office for the last four years have been of a nature to suggest that, so long as existing trading rights and railway concessions are not seriously menaced, Japan has a free hand. As far as the special rights and interests claimed in Manchuria and Mongolia are concerned, this vast region was definitely recognized as coming under Japanese influence four years ago; in other words, the open door is there closed, and the principle of equal opportunities abandoned. As for the "contingent" demands of the Japanese protocol, it would be unwise to speculate too closely as to their real intentions. Allowance must be made for Count Okuma's vote-catching program at election-time, and the prudence of the Elder Statesmen may be relied upon to look carefully before they leap into an untenable position in central or southern China. Even though neither England, France, Germany, nor the United States is at present likely to oppose Japanese infringement of treaty rights in China by anything more than diplomatic protests, there are obviously many powerful obstacles, financial and political, to limit the ambitions and check the activities of the military party and the jingoes in Tokio. It is to be expected that for some time to come these activities will be concentrated on the colonizing of Manchuria and on the development of *points d'appui* in Shantung and Fu-kien.

Assuming the Japanese to be capable of organizing and enforcing good government in China, the cause of civilization and the welfare of the Chinese people would alike have much to gain from the establishment of a Japanese protectorate over the eighteen provinces. History proves clearly that the Chinese are prepared to accept alien rulers so long as they rule with wisdom and justice. It is certain that China's *intelligentia* is utterly incapable of ruling wisely, and that the people are unfit for self-government; it is equally certain that no European power or group of powers could now undertake the stupendous work of reorganization and education which the country requires. Realizing this fact, millions of Japanese undoubtedly believe in the possibility of a great Asiatic empire under the flag of the rising sun, but there is no evidence that the sober sense of their responsible statesmen entertains any such ambitions. If they did, it would remain to be demonstrated that the ruling class in Japan possesses the moral qualities and administrative genius requisite to secure the loyalty and good-will of the Chinese people.

To sum up, recent events at Peking mark clearly the beginning of a period in the history of the far East in which Japanese predominance will be the central factor, and I have endeavored to show that the expansion of Japan into Manchuria and Mongolia, obviously preliminary to formal annexation, is the result of urgent economic necessity, the inevitable response to instincts of self-preservation. I have assumed that neither on political nor high moral grounds can exception rightly be taken to this expansion into the unpopulous regions north of the Great Wall; on the contrary, that it should advance the cause of civilization by developing great sources of wealth which Chinese

and Mongolian inefficiency have allowed to lie fallow.

But a clear line should be drawn between this justifiable expansion into thinly peopled fertile lands and the contingent claims to assert special rights of a semi-administrative character in China proper. Except with the clear consent of the Chinese, and for their ultimate benefit, any such political ascendancy might prove to be destructive of the world's peace and a cause of fresh calamities to the Chinese people. On the other hand, unless the present chaos and corruption in China can be checked internally and anarchy prevented, something will have to be done by agreement of the powers to impose upon the elements of disorder some form of forceful authority.

The problem is a vast one and intricate: upon its solution depend the peace and prosperity of countless millions. Upon it also must depend the future balance of power in the region of the Pacific, a matter of no small concern to the United States. Clearly the first thing needful is that the leaders and exponents of public opinion in England and America should carefully study and discuss the problem in all its bearings, so that when, with the restoration of peace, the time comes for consideration of the facts accomplished at Peking, that opinion may be clear visioned and firmly rooted in accurate knowledge.

The Kiss

By GEORGE SEIBEL

MID verdurous shadows by the Nile
We wandered eons long ago;
You teased a lazy crocodile,
I scanned a scroll by Manetho;
You looked at me; I looked at you.
One moment more our lips had met,
But mad Cambyses shot me through,
And, sweetheart, I 've not kissed you yet.

Again, where Baiæ's opal tide
Sobs round the painted porch of dreams,
We walked o'er flowers, side by side,
Discoursing of Catullian themes.
The honey from his golden lyre
Your lips had taught me to forget
When red Vesuvius rained his fire,
And, sweetheart, I 've not kissed you yet.

Next in some park at Fontainebleau
We sipped Burgundian wine, and heard
Villon across the dead years' snow,
Chénier reprove the happy bird.
Above your chair I came to lean,
Your eager lips with wine still wet,
Then tumbril of the guillotine!
And, sweetheart, I 've not kissed you yet.

How can you walk unmoved and cold
Beside me, knowing this be truth,
What ancient mortgage still I hold
Upon your beauty and your youth?
With usury you shall now repay
The debt of twenty centuries past;
'T was worth the pain and long delay:
I 've kissed you, sweetheart, now at last!

Children of Hope[1]

By STEPHEN WHITMAN

Author of "Predestined," "The Woman from Yonder," etc.

Illustrations by F. R. Gruger

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I–VI

AURELIUS GOODCHILD, long a widower, lived in a small town in Ohio with his three attractive unmarried daughters. An optimistic visionary, with an amazing half-knowledge of many things, Aurelius often changed his occupation, but never achieved success. Through a pinched girlhood of fine dreams and rude awakenings, the daughters came to womanhood wholesome and lovable, with fixed dreams of their own. Aglaia, nearing thirty, desired to be a great opera-singer; Euphrosyne, twenty-five, foresaw her triumph as a novelist; while Thalia, who had just passed twenty, longed for fame as a painter.

An unexpected legacy of a hundred thousand dollars seemingly brings the hopes of all near, and sailing for Europe, the four direct their steps toward Florence with high expectations.

They had lingered for a while in Paris and Switzerland, meeting John Holland, a famous American historian. On his advice they take up their abode in the Pension Schwandorf in Florence. Euphrosyne begins her novel-writing, and Thalia her art studies with an elderly Frenchman. But she had lost her heart to Reginald Dux, a young man whom she had secretly met on the boat-deck of the steamer crossing the ocean, and his failure to appear leaves her unhappy and listless. A young Italian officer in a crack cavalry regiment, impressed with Euphrosyne, makes their acquaintance, and a young Englishman at the pension attaches himself to Aglaia's train. A famous teacher of singing had brought her her share of unhappiness by declaring that her voice was a contralto, not a soprano, and ordering her to refrain from practice for three months. Already the shadow of disillusion is on the little group when Reginald Dux appears, and Thalia is again made happy.

CHAPTER VII

THE LAST CHAIR IS FILLED; THE CIRCLE IS COMPLETE

EVERY morning when Thallie opened her eyes her first thought was, "Perhaps it will be to-day!" With one bound she was out of bed. Disdaining slippers, she pattered across the floor of cool, red tiles to throw back the shutters with a bang. The sunshine streamed over her as she leaned on the window-sill to gaze down at the garden.

The pink and yellow roses now hid the iron fence. On the gate-posts the two crumbling urns were veiled with full-blown petals, all their scars obliterated by that gorgeous flowering. The peonies, round the arbor, had also reached the height of their exuberance, while the vines

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on the house-wall, at last attaining Thallie's window, had laid across the sill three glowing blossoms, had brought to her, finally, their hues and fragrance like an augury.

She looked forth with a sort of awe upon this prospect, the charms of which she had never really seen before. Her joy was mingled with remorse, because not till now had she appreciated her surroundings. She wanted to make some sacrifice in return for this exquisite environment, for this rich sunlight and aromatic warmth, for the sensation that came to her, on drinking in this air, of youth inexpressibly buoyant, delicate, and thrilling. Solemnly her eyes turned toward the bright blue of the Italian sky. But her lips, instead of uttering her thanksgiving, voiced his name; and for some reason a shivery faintness ran through her body to her finger-tips as there rose from the depths of the orange-tree the limpid twittering of sparrows. But, then, every sight, every sound, had taken on an unprecedented poignancy and sweetness. Even when she heard across the garden the rattle of dishes in the kitchen, she reflected ecstatically, "Every day for a long, long time I shall hear that in this peaceful, cozy, dear old pension!"

While dressing, Thallie could not forbear to sing. Down in the glass corridor Federico, the waiter, stopped short, cocked his bullet-head, showed on his gaunt, gloomy face a smile as startling as if one should descry a baby's crib on the quarter-deck of a corsair. Aglaia and Frossie exchanged through their connecting doorway a puzzled look; but Mr. Goodchild was delighted. At last his little Thallie was herself again.

How fast her work went now! How much easier it was to understand and to apply M. Zolande's advice! Besides, her sharpened artistic intuition solved difficulties of itself; each brush-stroke showed a reckless vigor: her last canvas, placed beside the old ones, looked to her like the product of another hand.

Out there in the sunshine, above the bright domes and the campanile, against the hazy hills of mauve and gold, Thallie's mirage of glory again became distinct.

While the model rested, the master informed Thalia that now his winter pupils would soon be coming in. This place would presently be crowded, and rivalry would add another impetus to labor. Also, there would be some exhibitions of his pupils' work, informal studio teas, at which one might meet the aristocracy that had been away all summer. Even in September many notables returned from the seaside resorts; the first one of them expected was a patroness of his, Princess Tchernitza, a Bulgarian, whom Thallie might find interesting.

Or else, plotting to add a gleam of admiration to those bright young eyes, he told of great artists who had been his school-time friends, revealed their eccentricities, their weaknesses, the most presentable of their love-affairs. His stories, since he seemed very old to her, evoked for Thallie scenes that Garvani or Daumier might have sketched—of young geniuses grotesquely handsome in side-whiskers, chimney-pot hats, and haircloth stocks; of rooms decorated with yataghans and death-masks; of gazelle-eyed women in crinoline and India shawls, showing a bit of white stocking on the staircase of the Café Anglais, while surrounded by wasp-waisted dandies with the profiles of hungry rats. In a russet haze, such as colors past epochs with extravagant romance, one saw details as vague and jumbled as the elements in a Futuristic painting—long, slender champagne-glasses rising in riotous salute; a supper-table with guttering candles and an overturned epergne; the rout of vivandières and harlequins through Paris streets at dawn; a long kiss—art drawing power from love, and love enriched by art—at a mansard window high above a weeping-willow-tree.

Alphonse Zolande, too, must have drunk his fill of that frenetic life. She tried to imagine him as he had been in youth, slender, melancholy, nervous, and dreamy, like that hero of Balzac so eager for renown and love. Had he missed the second with the first?

While putting on her hat, she noticed a spray of fresh flowers by the looking-glass. Did some woman even now come, when the studio was silent, to evoke the phantom of an old romance, like Mme. Arnoux in "The Sentimental Education"? Thallie looked at him attentively, saw again his wrinkles and his gray mustaches, and found that thought ridiculous. Even the omniscience of twenty years ignores the fact that one at fifty may still dream of kisses.

With a cheery glance,—the candid glance that twenty keeps for old gray heads,—with a clear adieu, and a last scattering of indefinable fragrance, Spring vanished from the abode of Winter. Alphonse Zolande stood pensive, his face at the same time saddened and rejuvenated by his thoughts. His model, smiling to herself while buttoning her shoes, did not exist for him. His eyes were attracted by Thalia's canvas; he squinted at the fresh paint absent-mindedly; a look of shame, of self-contempt, banished the cynical lines from around his mouth. "Poor child! 'T is true; all this business is hardest when one is met by trust." But abruptly he raised his head with a savage grin, and the man he had been once on a time was masked by the man he had become. "What the devil! One must live, or, at least, that is the delusion." And bitterly, like a slave who prepares for a repellent task while dreaming of some far-off land, he brought out from the adjoining room a wooden panel on which appeared the outline of a sixteenth-century Madonna. His own day's work was beginning. M. Zolande, when not teaching, was a counterfeiter of old masters.

Thallie, meanwhile, had set out briskly for the pension. Mr. Goodchild, late as usual, met her midway of the Ponte Vecchio. Across the heads of wondering pedestrians he made extraordinary gestures of delight. He had been to the post-office; he had letters from Zenasville.

They read them all the way home.

Dr. Numble had finished another chapter of the Magnum Opus. He was now St. Louis of France, and his letter, in parts, relapsed unconsciously into the stilted phraseology of the crusader-historian de Joinville.

Selina Inchkin had resigned the rôle of *Juliet* for *Hedda Gabler!* She believed that her future lay in portraying "women who had lived, tasted the bitterness of life, learned all the lessons of a tortured temperament." She asked Aurelius to send her translations of such foreign plays as developed "strong, sad characters, souls struggling against conventions." The fact was, an Ibsen Club had been formed in Zenasville. Selina hoped to revive her fading laurels at town-hall theatricals by keeping pace with this new enthusiasm for despair.

Ira Inchkin had written a postscript. It began, "I take it you have n't met any impresarium as yet?" It ended, "Your house is still standing hitched, waiting for you to play out those foreign parts."

A wave of longing swept over Mr. Goodchild. At this very hour Maple Lane was roofed with green, redolent of many gardens, and, best of all, permeated by the sweet essence of old haunts: the broken picket-fence, the gorgeous, though disheveled, flower-beds, the little battered door, flanked by its sign, askew, dilapidated, inscribed:

Aurelius Goodchild, Esquire,
Interviews by Appointment

The odors of the antiquated sofas, carpets, lambrequins; the savor of the dark-room; the familiar silences; the memories of exultations and discouragements, of griefs and joys—all equally precious! He ventured:

"Thallie, you 're never homesick just a teeny-weeny bit, just a moment?"

"For Zenasville?"

The tone of her inquiry was sufficient answer.

Every day she searched a newspaper for reports of the aviation meet at Rome. How long would it last? Was he, too, going up in those monoplanes and biplanes? He might be maimed for life or killed. Suddenly weak, she saw him prostrate in the field, pinned under the wreck-

age of an aëroplane that gave forth sheets of flame.

One afternoon, straight out of a blue sky, as it were, Mme. Bertha Linkow appeared before the Pension Schwandorf!

A motor-engine racketed, a siren hooted, laughter resounded through the quiet street. The sisters, just dressed for tea, crowded the balcony of the front bedroom. At the curb a big touring-car held three women and three men. Mme. Linkow waved a green veil. A fat fellow with a large, good-natured face removed his hat. Domenico came skipping, ushered them into the garden, turned pale with awe. The fat man with the large face was the greatest living tenor!

The girls flew down-stairs. Between the peonies and the lily-beds Mme. Linkow embraced each of them with a cracking hug.

She had not changed, unless she was a trifle stouter. A collapsible hood of tan linen covered her golden hair like the casque of an Amazon; the warmth of Italy had given her Teutonic fairness the transparency of a pink poppy; and her inexhaustible vitality enveloped the three Graces as she cried:

"*Ach,* but how fine you look! What cheeks, what eyes, after this so-frightful summer! Now, then, all you motor-bandits, was I right when I said I would show you something nice? Wait! Introductions! Children, this is *Giulietta,* out of the 'Tales of Hoffmann.' *Scarpia,* forward! Off with your goggles; make a pretty bow! The barrel in spats is naughty *Gennaro,* who steals the jewels of the Madonna. *Carmen,* if you licked off your lip-paint you might offer each a kiss. Not you, big booby!" She gave the greatest tenor a push in the chest, then, leading him forward by the ear, "*Pagliacci!* Though he left his clown's suit at home, who would know the difference? But hark to my voice! All that dust! My throat is ruined! Did you give back my pastils, Luisa? Then where are they? At any rate, some tea, for the love of Heaven!"

Domenico, who had been hovering near by with fallen jaw, started off toward the kitchen at a run. All sank into chairs as Mme. Linkow called after the door-porter:

"And lots of bread and butter!"

The sisters stared at their visitors almost in disbelief.

They were all foreigners, the men robust-looking despite the deep marks that many various emotions had imprinted on their faces; the women, whom Mme. Linkow had nicknamed *Carmen* and *Giulietta,* handsome in an extravagant, exotic way. They were dressed with conventional smartness, their manners faithfully imitated custom, yet one suspected, beneath their modishness, a subtle abnormality.

But it was impossible to see them in their true complexions, for each was surrounded by the aura of celebrity. Their faces, though made familiar by countless reproductions in the public prints, did not seem like the visages of ordinary mortals. The three Graces instinctively attributed to them as many complex qualities as a German professor would weave into the character of *Hamlet.* All their adventures in the fields of esthetic exaltation and of fame seemed to imbue their eyes with an unbearable keenness, similar to the glances of demigods that used to turn primeval shepherds dizzy. Besides, this unexpected contact with great artists, whom the barrier of the footlights kept, for most people, in a sort of mythical atmosphere, was like a dream, during which the impossible is realized amid bizarre circumstances.

Aglaia was the first to recover from these feelings. In a tone of careless pleasure, of easy intimacy, she asked Mme. Linkow:

"How in the world did you find out where we were?"

"Why, from your friend John Holland. He is at Montecatini, too."

She thought: "How did he learn our name? He must have inquired at the Geneva pension after we were gone." Her emerald eyes turned speculative, then inscrutable.

"'Though he left his clown's suit at home, who would know the difference?'"

Domenico and Federico reverently served the tea.

"But your papa!"

Mr. Goodchild was still down-town, pursuing inspiration through the fancied haunts of *Fiammetta* and *Rodolfo*.

"And I am to miss that dear man?"

"No; stay to dinner," Thallie blurted out, then turned red at her effrontery.

"Blessèd child! That will be easier another day. And your work, Thallie? This little one, you should know, is going to be an artist."

"A soprano?"

"Bah! Are there no other kinds of artists besides singers? Aglaia, there, is the prima donna of the family."

The song-birds smiled politely at Aglaia; but when she mentioned Valentino Mughetto, an argument broke forth in Italian. Some, maintaining that Mughetto was an excellent teacher, cited singers who "owed him everything." Others offered examples of his pupils' errors. Above the clatter of talk rose fragments of operatic airs, delivered in an affected way, to illustrate by parody the maestro's faults. As the noise increased, the demigods' self-repression ended in a flurry of gestures. Only the greatest tenor maintained composure. With a sleepy grin, he began to stuff bread-crumbs into the fingers of Mme. Linkow's gloves.

The maternal German was whispering to Aglaia:

"Pay no attention to these magpies! Mughetto is all right. Whatever he tells you—"

"But if he tells me that I 've ruined my voice?"

The smile faded from Mme. Linkow's wholesome face. She responded gently:

"Then you, at least, would find courage to resign yourself that day, not in after-years, when you had spent much time and money all in vain."

A steely flash was quickly hidden by Aglaia's lashes.

"And your limb?" queried Frossie, timidly. "It 's all right now?"

"*Himmel,* that leg of mine is now the best barometer in Europe! But what of your book? And Thallie has not yet told me how she progresses. All day on a high stool in the Uffizi, painting the saints, and shedding the ogles of these young devils of Florentine artists ever copying the Venuses?"

"No, indeed! Still studio-work for me."

"With whom?"

"Monsieur Alphonse Zolande."

"I don't know him. He has many pupils?"

"No others yet."

"And how old is he?"

"Oh, ages!"

Mme. Linkow compressed her lips.

"Maybe some day I would drop in on you and your Monsieur Zolande, old as the hills, in his so-roomy studio."

"Then you 'll really come back?"

"Will I really—look at her, Luisa! Is n't she a picture? But now at least we must run and do our shopping. Where are my gloves? Oh, the wretch! Only let me get hold of you!"

The demigods paid their respects to the young hostesses. They surrounded the three Graces with a sudden urbanity, with the cordiality of persons on the point of fleeing boredom. Their valuable voices assumed a dulcet tone:

"To see you again, Signorina. A thousand thanks, Signorina." And in English: "Good-a-by, Signorina. Good-a-by."

"*Auf wiedersehen,* Aglaia; we must soon talk of this again. *Auf wiedersehen,* my Frossie! *Auf wiedersehen,* Little Beautiful! My love to your good papa!"

The touring-car started with a roar. As it turned the corner, the greatest tenor was striving to tie Mme. Linkow's green veil around *Gennaro's* head.

"Was n't it wonderful!" sighed Thallie.

Aglaia, departing for her bedroom, offered no response.

That visit had excited her tremendously. That technical chatter had resounded deep in her being like a clarion-call. The erratic charm of those singers had struck from her heart-strings a chord of perfect harmony. Now she felt more

intensely than ever that only amid such surroundings, and while following such fortunes, could she realize her most profound desires.

She believed in the dynamic force of an unfaltering ambition, in the power of the mind to alter physical states, attract prosperity, enrich the future. It was only necessary that one should expect success with perfect confidence. She recalled the career of Mary Garden, whose voice was said to be inferior to her determination. A long shudder ran through her body, as if freeing her person once for all of every indecision and foreboding. She was pervaded by an almost supernatural assurance, while the image of Mughetto, who had presumed to set a limit to her possibilities, dwindled and disappeared.

It would be necessary to find another teacher, able to perceive that sheer will power was going to efface her disabilities, as if she stood, believing, in the Grotto of Lourdes. Yet such a man was not discovered in a day, at least in Florence. Soon she might have to lead the Goodchild family to Milan, Paris, or Berlin.

And she resumed her practice. Indeed, she now worked so long that she was seldom ready to accompany her sisters on their evening walks.

One afternoon, while out walking with Thalia, Euphrosyne drew her sister past the Nobles' Club. There stood Lieutenant Olivuzzi in the doorway with three officers of his regiment. Solemnly he bowed, and would have let it go at that; but Frossie, summoning all her courage, hesitated and looked back. Lieutenant Olivuzzi was instantly beside them.

She got out the words:

"You 're quite a stranger."

"Excoose, Signorina?"

"I say you 're quite a stranger at our house."

She repeated the sentence in her best Italian; Thallie echoed her in French. His lustrous eyes sent out a flash, his clear pallor was dashed with crimson, beneath his fierce little black mustaches his fine teeth glistened in a breathless smile.

"You permit?"

"Why, of course. Very happy, I 'm sure."

As he found nothing to say at once, and the silence was unbearable, she gave a meaningless, strained laugh.

"And now we must really be going," she stammered.

The absurdity of this remark was worst of all. But Lieutenant Olivuzzi did not seem to think so. He inclined his head, put into his farewell a wealth of admiration and respect, watched them till they turned into the Lungarno.

"Old Slyboots!" laughed Thallie, squeezing Euphrosyne's plump arm. When the other would have protested, she added, her voice suddenly all rich and warm, "But suppose I had a little boasting of my own to do?" And she poured out her story of the young man of the boat-deck.

"Thallie! All this time, and not a word!"

"But now I can hardly wait for you to see him," Thallie cried, meaning in her heart, "Now I can hardly wait for you to see how much more wonderful he is than any lieutenant."

Her impatience was soon gratified.

In the hall of the pension they found Cyril Bellegram huddled on a divan, sucking his empty pipe, staring before him resentfully. Some stranger, some mere caller, had preëmpted his bench beneath the palmetto! In fact, a young man was lounging out there now in an irritating state of nattiness and self-assurance, in cream-colored flannels and a wide-brimmed panama of the finest texture, his rose-hued stockings rivaling the garden-plats, the smoke of his cigarette contaminating the aroma of the blossoms. It was Reginald Dux.

He had arrived the night before from Rome with Hector Ghillamoor. At this moment the latter was visiting an Italian friend near Quarto; but Reginald had been waiting in the garden for an hour. Now it was nearly dinner-time.

What prevented his dining at the pension?

"I was just waiting to be asked."

Aglaia appeared, and Mr. Goodchild.

"Mr. Dux—from the ship, you know," Thalia explained demurely. She nudged Frossie as a hint to back her up, then sent Aglaia a swift look which said, "It 's he, the one I confessed about that night in Paris!"

"Welcome, young sir," cried Mr. Goodchild, taking the other's hand, and beaming. "The face is perfectly familiar. Wait a second! It was in the smoking-room on that memorable voyage!"

The pleasures and discomforts of that voyage, which they had shared, bound them together with the ties of strange adventure. Mr. Goodchild displayed such emotion as some old veteran of Jason's *Argo* might have shown on meeting, long afterward, one who had passed with him through the perils of mysterious seas, questing the Golden Fleece. "Yes, that was a trip to remember," he affirmed, his eyes turning toward the pink sky at recollection. "And did you see the whale that day? And did you suffer from that storm when we first set out from New York?" While Thallie and Frossie were up-stairs changing into dinner-frocks, he described in detail an invention by which he intended to make sea-sickness obsolete —a bed balanced by hydraulics, guaranteed to maintain an equilibrium no matter how the ship behaved.

"That 's very interesting; but has n't it been tried?"

"Not properly."

They dined at eight. Cyril Bellegram was persuaded to join them. Mr. Goodchild ordered Chianti for his guests, and with the coffee, which was served beneath the palm-tree, a green cordial made in the monastery of Certosa. The girls sampled this liqueur and found it "rather like candy."

"You 've been all this while in Florence and never tried it before?"

Mr. Goodchild explained that his family did not feel the need of stimulants. The foreign custom of taking alcohol with meals was doubtless reasonable, because of climatic peculiarities; at home, he felt sure, there was no such necessity. Indeed, American idealism had already realized this fact. Mr. Bryan was virtually a Prohibitionist; the secretary of the navy had forbidden fermented beverages on the war-ships. Aurelius predicted that in fifty years the United States would be entirely dry.

"Oh, well," cried Reginald Dux, raising his second glass of chartreuse, "by that time I 'll be too old to care."

The three Graces found something manly in his recklessness.

His well-shaped head, covered with blond hair closely clipped, was held erect in the pose of one sure of his importance in whatever company. His slightly aquiline nose and drooping eyelids still suggested an aristocratic hauteur, but his sensitive mouth, always ready to curl upward at the corners, from time to time abated this effect. Nevertheless, one perceived that he was used to surroundings more luxurious than these. As the rattle of dishes was wafted from the kitchen, Thallie began to feel apologetic.

His rose-colored cravat was ornamented with a large pink pearl; his finger-ring was set with a cabochon ruby of unusual size; his shirt, of the finest silk, was woven with tiny, lustrous stripes of pink. Cyril Bellegram, even in his dinner-jacket, looked rusty by comparison. Aglaia, leaning forward, inquired:

"Do you expect to remain in Florence long?"

At that moment Lieutenant Olivuzzi appeared. Stiff, grave, correct in every gesture, he ushered forward a young man in a uniform identical with his—a young man with rat-tail mustaches, swarthy, bony, of an extraordinary ugliness, yet distinguishable at first glance as a person of good breeding.

"Lieutenant Fava of the Magenta Cavalry!"

Lieutenant Fava sat down beside Thallie, and all discussed the weather.

So warm for the end of September! Olivuzzi managed to announce that for the last three nights all Florence had sat panting in the piazzas, listening to the bands. Aurelius acknowledged:

"That 's something we 've yet to do. I mean, take in the night life of the town."

"Is it possible! Why not this evening? We might go to the Café Marco."

Five minutes later they were on their way.

They walked down the Lungarno. Mr. Goodchild tramped between Frossie and Thalia; Cyril Bellegram and Lieutenant Fava flanked that phalanx; the rear-guard —and how this had happened two of the three Graces did not know—was composed of Aglaia, Reginald, and Olivuzzi. Pedestrians took to the gutter amiably; eight pairs of feet struck the pavement in unison; some one began, in imitation of a bugle, the bersaglieri marching-tune.

They skirted the colonnades of the Uffizi, where the shapes of famous Florentines stared down like brooding wraiths. They passed through alleyways where shadows effaced half a dozen centuries. They arrived before the bright café; a babble of voices and violins gushed forth to them. They entered a long room, crowded, smoky, a-glitter with reflected lights.

A table had just been vacated near the band-platform. Waiters came running with more chairs. Frossie and Thallie exchanged a resolute glance. When all were seated, one saw, beside the latter, Reginald, and by the former, Olivuzzi. Aglaia, expressionless, sat between her father and Lieutenant Fava.

But there was one chair too many.

"Ask them to leave it," called Mr. Goodchild, gaily. "Who knows but another friend may come along? Besides, according to the Hebrew cabala, the number nine would be more auspicious than the number eight."

"You 're superstitious, sir?"

"At any rate, many famous men have been so, even Pythagoras."

They ordered ices, beer in steins, vermuth and seltzer, syrups diluted with cold water.

The waiters, their trays balanced high, moved through the smoke-clouds behind the close-packed heads. Everywhere appeared grotesque and classic profiles—cheeks distended with food, mustaches dripping beer, shaven lips in which the cigarettes were an anachronism. Here and there a group of dark-eyed women made one reflect that Italian charms were hardly intended for the modern costume. An old ragamuffin, beaked, withered, displaying the tusks and ear-rings of a brigand, shambled from table to table, croaking the praises of his basketful of oysters. Two fat fellows began to shout at each other across their glasses; strains from "Aïda" pierced the din; a crash of dishes resounded.

"It 's quieter at the Café Hirsch," remarked Aurelius, with a dazed smile. As no one heard him, he prepared to enter into the spirit of the hour.

Thallie's color was feverish; her eyes shone brilliantly; now and then a shivering laugh escaped her as Reginald, his elbow planted alongside of hers, whispered satirical comments on persons round about. Euphrosyne, on the contrary, was pale and serious. When Lieutenant Olivuzzi attempted a phrase, slowly, almost reluctantly, she turned her face toward his, and their mutual gaze was fused by an intense, questioning solemnity. Aglaia, catching Cyril Bellegram's eye, showed a rueful smile which seemed to say, "The garden would have pleased us better?" His response was not as warm as usual.

But in that pandemonium none could be staid for long. They made jokes that needed much translating before every one perceived the point. Fresh glasses appeared. Mr. Goodchild found a cigar between his fingers.

"Dad!"

"When in Rome, or, rather, in the Café Marco—"

He accepted a light, pursed his lips, blew a puff of smoke into the air, stared round him with a look half startled and half proud. His daughters watched him apprehensively.

"How odd! The taste is quite different from the smell."

Gradually a strange titillation penetrated Mr. Goodchild's brain, ran through his limbs, set his fingers and his toes to

tingling. The lights revolved; a black cloth seemed flapping in mid-air; cold winds fanned his brow, which was suddenly bedewed with moisture. He swallowed spasmodically.

"Dad, you put down that cigar this instant!"

"Some water!" gasped Mr. Goodchild. And while he was recovering his full senses, he muttered feebly: "As Epictetus says, 'Every faculty is dangerous to the weak and uninstructed.' I 've had my first and last experience in dissipation!"

To divert all minds from this misfortune, Reginald placed a hard-boiled egg on the neck of a water-bottle in which a scrap of paper had been set burning. All at once the egg was sucked into the carafe! Shouts of "Bravo!" exploded from the surrounding tables; the waiter raised his arms despairingly, and the old bandit, with a cry of amazement, let his oysters roll over the floor.

Just then they saw John Holland.

He was standing in the doorway, his tall, thick-set figure clad in tweeds, his rugged face, which had never been handsome, deeply tanned, his calm eyes scanning the crowd with their habitual look of sophistication mingled with a subtle sympathy. Aurelius, springing forward, seized upon his hand.

"What a pleasure!" And waving excitedly toward the empty chair, "See, we 've been keeping it for you!"

John Holland, after saluting the three Graces, took the ninth chair, and the circle was complete.

CHAPTER VIII

AGLAIA FINDS THAT WILL POWER CANNOT DO EVERYTHING

JOHN HOLLAND was quartered in the Hotel Alexandra, on the Arno, not far from the Pension Schwandorf. He had expected to be in Florence only a day or two, yet he was staying out the week. The Goodchild family proved more interesting than Mme. Bertha Linkow and the rest at Montecatini.

Late in the afternoon he entered the pension, so familiar to all his senses with its coolness, its silences, its smells of antiquated stuffs; so prompt to evoke that melancholy which pervades a place where one has lived a different life and had another sort of thoughts. For a while, in the boudoir-office, he chatted with Mme. von Schwandorf of the past. Where was his old-time waiter? And the countess who had no change of dress, but flaunted a brave pair of diamond ear-rings? And the ancient lady in black bombazine who had danced with the last Emperor of France? Having learned that all were gone, remembering that he himself was nearly two decades advanced beyond those student-days, he strolled into the garden.

Aurelius was there. He had spent half the night perusing "The Six Cæsars" and "The History of Roman Literature." He was primed now for a score of learned arguments with Mr. Holland. "Did not Lucretius in his fifth book anticipate Darwin? Was the Saturnian meter of Latin or Etruscan origin? What was the real cause of Ovid's banishment?" But John Holland, in vacation-time, preferred to forget that he was a historian. Aurelius soon found himself telling of his life in Zenasville.

The three Graces appeared in the glass corridor.

They drew near, all fresh in their evening dresses, which clung to three forms unlike except in youth's free, supple movement. When they greeted the visitor, half diffident at his celebrity, half eager to be intimate with fame, the three faces, framed in three shades of red hair, were lifted toward his like so many blossoms, and a mingled fragrance, of simple sachets, of rich tresses, of almost adolescent corporeal purity, rejoiced his heart. When they were seated round the tea-table, their poses all maintained a vague expectancy.

Cyril Bellegram came in, and Reginald Dux, and Olivuzzi, with Lieutenant Fava. Mr. Holland invited all of them to dinner.

They drove to a restaurant in the suburbs, where tables were laid on a terrace

overlooking the wide country-side, where the white-haired proprietor recognized John Holland with a cry of pleasure, and the waiters began to run around like rabbits. Whatever the sisters ate was delicious; even the spaghetti seemed different from that of every day. Twilight fell; arc-lamps sputtered overhead; below the railing fireflies twinkled in the tree-tops; and from the horizon, sinking into obscurity beneath one long, horizontal strip of purple, an extraordinary wistfulness stole in to them. For a time they were silent. Afar, a clear voice soared to the warm notes of a love-song, and, still throbbing, was lost in the immensity of the night.

"It 's too late for nightingales," they repeated, with regret.

"But the moon will soon be rising."

The moon rose; Thallie's eyes turned to Reginald, and Olivuzzi's to Euphrosyne. Aglaia secretly considered Mr. Holland.

He leaned back in his chair. His large frame expressed repose and power. His face was composed as usual, but his eyes were softened, as much, it seemed, by sadness as by sympathy. He was watching Thallie, who, laughing while Reginald made jokes that smacked of vaudeville-shows, let her fair young shape lean toward the young man as a flower inclines itself toward the sun.

Next day John Holland came to the pension to say good-by.

"Going!" cried Mr. Goodchild in dismay.

"Oh, I shall be back. Indeed, my work will keep me all winter in the neighborhood of Rome."

"That 's different." And, a twinkle lighting up his faded eyes, "That permits me to go on living in anticipation."

John Holland bade the Graces farewell. When he came to Thallie, he said: "I don't think much of your Monsieur Alphonse Zolande. You 'll permit me to recommend another painting-teacher?" When he had done so, turning to Aglaia: "Mughetto, however, is excellent. I feel sure he 'd do his best in any case, but I 've asked him to take a special interest in you." And to Frossie: "I ordered you some books on writing. You may find something in them, here and there, that has n't yet occurred to you." With one more kindly smile he left the Goodchild family at the gate; and the garden, even to Thallie, seemed like a place from which some fine expansive foliage had withdrawn its shelter.

But Thallie soon forgot Mr. Holland in wondering if Reginald would call that afternoon.

Nearly every day he appeared from the neighborhood of Quarto, where, with his friend Hector Ghillamoor, he was staying at the villa of a Baron di Campoformio. The latter, who had married an American, a cousin of the Ghillamoors, was now, in his early thirties, a widower. An ardent aviator, he possessed two aëroplanes. Since October had brought cooler weather, Hector Ghillamoor, at night playing cards and drinking in a pergola, in the daytime soaring high above the hills, was willing to stay on at the Villa Campoformio.

Reginald Dux was ready to remain near Florence for another reason.

Idle, with no intellectual hobbies, his mind was often invaded by romantic thoughts. He enjoyed foreign travel, which meant to him smart hotels, bright-eyed ladies from Latin and Slavonic countries, the possibility of "affairs." He dreamed at times of a tempestuous adventure with some *grande amoureuse* out of contemporary French fiction, whom he followed in reverie through half of Europe, and finally embraced on a marble terrace redolent of *olea fragans* bloom, preferably above the moonlit waters of Lake Como.

Of course he had found opportunity closer to his hand. There had been some indiscreet ladies of his own society, and the disclassed fellow-countrywomen living abroad, and actresses of a certain sort, and the sirens, with the pernicious freshness of extraordinary jungle orchids, who let their elaborate dresses trail through the press of gambling-casinos and along the esplanades of bathing-beaches. And

at home there had also been one little girl in a patched shirt-waist and worn shoes whom he had met in the haze of an undergraduate adventure, and who had wept "because he was different."

Yet beneath his chaffing, nonchalant demeanor, his real nature, his legacy of sensitiveness,—the traits that might have made him, with a less successful father, a practitioner in some emotional art,—suspected that all his heart-affairs were woefully undramatic in analysis. Still, dauntless because so young, he went on looking for the great experience; and because he was no more than twenty-six years old, at the approach of every woman who seemed beautiful, elegant, and more mature than he, Reginald asked himself, "Perhaps this is the one at last?"

Certainly the creature of his ideals had never at any time resembled Thallie.

She did not even resemble the girls of his own class, those young women whose simplicity of dress was nearly always artful, whose manners were subtly tinctured with sophistication, whose theoretical knowledge of the world seemed nearly to keep pace with masculine experience. At first she had amused him, like the heroine in a romance of rural setting, naïve, warm, natural, with the sweetness of a wild-flower, which, to be sure, one best appreciates when the mind is cleared of an enthusiasm for more complex blossoms. But, then, for the moment Reginald was sentimentally at liberty.

His sense of humor, rejoicing in what he would have called the "quaintness" of the Goodchild family, had led him presently into a sort of tenderness toward Thallie such as he often felt for the defenseless and the young, if to defenselessness and youth was added beauty. And, in fact, whenever he looked intently at her, he had to admit that in her special type she was a well-nigh flawless specimen.

She sat in a wicker chair against the hanging roses, her batiste collar rolling open from the neck, one pink, lax palm upturned on her round knee, her little white slippers close together on the gravel. Those calls—her shy punctilio, her innocent self-revelation, her attempts at wise discussion, which seemed invariably out of place—reminded him somehow of a doll's tea-party. And yet, when he scrutinized her fair, pure skin, her ripe mouth, the mingled slenderness and plumpness of her form, he felt a swift impulse to seize her face between his hands and ravish her lips. Light-haired himself, the ideal of his romantic dreams had always been brunette, interestingly pale, with raven locks and large black eyes, as lithe as a beast of prey, in every pose expressing the soul-weariness of a Russian adventuress in a Broadway melodrama. It was refreshing for Reginald to learn that he could feel this way "toward blondes." The discovery enlarged the horizon of his possibilities: he derived from it, as it were, a greater sense of competence.

And Thallie flattered him by a sort of deference that he had imagined ended in these days of careless manners. And Thallie seemed more than just diverted by his visits. And presently he felt that if he did seize her flowerlike face between his hands, did drink of those ripe lips, all her shyness would melt into the enervation of surrender, all her apparent adolescence might be transformed into the fervor of maturity. When Hector Ghillamoor suggested moving north, it was Reginald, the notorious victim of periodic boredom, who held out for a longer stay in drowsy Florence.

Ghillamoor, his herculean form stretched on a sofa in the Villa Campoformio, his face of a young gladiator showing its customary sulky smile, agreed to one week more. So Reginald's calls continued at the pension; and Lieutenant Olivuzzi, who often met him there, took it for granted that he was going to marry Thallie.

The lieutenant, for his part, still called at the Pension Schwandorf on Euphrosyne's account.

Camillo Olivuzzi was at liberty, outside the army, to call himself a count, owing to a custom which, in some Italian provinces, permitted all the sons of petty

nobles to assume the same title as the father. His parents lived with their younger children in the depths of the Abruzzi, in a dwelling half-castle and half-farm, without modern conveniences, surrounded by slipshod servants who behaved like humble members of the family, with difficulty making both ends meet. The old Count Olivuzzi derived a slender living from his land, which source of revenue he believed to be the only one a gentleman might profit by. However, he counseled his sons to marry money; and every summer, after going thin and threadbare for ten months at home, the parents convoyed their daughters to the fashionable resorts, where for some weeks they managed to live like persons well-to-do while parading the three girls before eligible young men from Rome and Milan. Their savings spent, they trailed back for another hibernation in their rickety castle, donned the old costumes by which the peasantry had long recognized them from afar, resumed their diet of *polenta,* sausages, and family bread, and, without books or intellectual companionship, awaited, like the hope of resurrection, next spring's extravagances.

Camillo had escaped that life.

He had gone for three years to the military school at Modena, then two years to the cavalry school at Pinerolo, and finally had done his course at Tor di Quinto, where cavalry cadets received the finishing touch. During that time, because of the exceptional social benefits bestowed upon young cavalry officers, Camillo had replaced his rural awkwardnesses with an excellent set of manners. Also, the Tripoli War breaking out in his first year with the Magenta Regiment, he had learned in the wastes of Libya invaluable lessons both of patience and initiative, had proved his spirit, and acquired the poise of those who have come hand to hand with death.

His fellow-officers were well-mannered young men, with the bodies of athletes and the brains of dandies, dare-devil riders, eager gamblers, great amateurs of women, unmoral, yet likable, now energetic and now indolent, by nature callous and by impulse generous. All were well bred, and many had titles of nobility. Most had entered the army, the only honorable business that occurred to them, to escape in some measure the futile existence of their class. Few, however, had any thought of rising high in their profession, or even of continuing in it for long unless the Austrians threatened to come down at last. Made as if expressly for love, war, and fatalism, they were, like so much in modern Italy, out of date, as if they contained the souls of those gay, lazy, ruthless young gallants of the Middle Ages who had been their ancestors.

But Camillo Olivuzzi was of a different fiber. Perhaps the old fortress of his fathers had bestowed on him something of its bleak simplicity, just as the Abruzzi gorges may have influenced his nature with their rugged strength. The lean early years, the loneliness of those hills, had brought him a host of thoughts almost ascetic in their seriousness. The flighty comrades of his military life had not altered the intentions of his boyhood days—to rise high in the service of his country, to remain always the cavalier without fear and without reproach, to find as soon as possible the good woman worthy to be the mother of his children.

One day, in Via Tornabuoni, he had seen Euphrosyne.

He had seen a girl whose fresh coloring and bright-red hair appealed, with a delightful novelty, to all that was wholesome in his character, whose firm features suggested sanity, cheerfulness, and high ideals, whose good, healthy figure, foreshadowing a matronly solidity, seemed fashioned to withstand the charge of happy babies. And instantly he had thought, with that strange thrill which accompanies the predestined crises of a life, "Whoever she is, wherever she comes from, here is the one whom I can marry!"

Acquaintance with her had not abated that conviction.

Speaking in her own tongue, she told him of Zenasville. But from her story he derived impressions of a village such as he

had seen portrayed in English photographs, neat, quaint, exhaling wholesomeness from ancient hedges and Elizabethan roof-trees, where, down mature green vistas, one perceived young people, white-clad, clustered beside a cricket-field. He, speaking Italian, told her of the Abruzzi. She constructed from those descriptions a craggy landscape full of waterfalls and abandoned lairs of brigands, a sort of paradise out of a fairy-tale, crowned by a ruddy castle in the style of Maxfield Parrish. Yet, after all, each saw those regions merely as a poetic setting for the speaker.

Frossie, in a tone of raillery that was only half successful, ventured:

"Up there in your mountains some one is pining for you, I suppose, like the damsel in old story-books?"

"No, Signorina," he exclaimed emphatically. "But in your Zenasville, no doubt?"

Looking down, she shook her head. He was not satisfied.

"I understand that in America a girl may have been engaged half a dozen times?"

Meeting his gaze directly, she said:

"At least I know I should not engage myself to marry unless it was going to be for life."

"Till death do part, not so?" Camillo quoted in English, his smile returning.

"Till death do part," she echoed, with an attempt to imitate that smile. But a chill passed through her heart, as when a cloud suddenly obscures the sun.

Now, nearly every afternoon, the pension garden took on a military aspect. Lieutenant Fava, with his bony jaws, his squint, his rat-tail mustaches, always manœuvered for a chair near Thallie, to spin for her, in fluent French, long, sanguinary yarns of Sicily, his native land. And still another lieutenant of the Magenta Cavalry had slipped into that circle, a youth from Lombardy, named Azeglio. Despite his Northern fairness, it was pale-haired Aglaia whom he approached with all his Latin gallantries. Reginald Dux, with a sour smile, suggested to Thallie that the three lieutenants must have signed a protocol restricting each to one of the three Graces.

The tea-table was still laid beneath the palm-tree. Against the bamboo thickets the light dresses and smart uniforms composed a charming tableau. Cyril Bellegram halted in the glass corridor, glared at that scene, then stalked off to his bedroom.

"Wretched foreigners! I leave this hole to-morrow!"

But Cyril Bellegram had made that resolution several times of late, only to break it. However, he was used to compromises with his nature.

In a family of strong, unimaginative, formal sons, he was the queer one. A taint of degeneracy had predisposed him to the admiration and the practice of the fine arts, while excluding from his nature a virility which would have made endeavor in those arts effective. Worse still, any pleasure that he took in writing music, sketching, tinkering with Latin odes and English sonnets, was abated by his training, to the effect that artists of all sorts were very well in their own way, but hardly patterns for an English country gentleman!

It was on his foreign journeys that he was happiest.

His allowance in his pocket, he bade good-by to convention, and took the road with the gay expectancy of a Bohemian. But, alas! in every hotel-pension convention rose before him in the person of some fellow-countryman, to whose humdrum point of view he must conform. And even in native taverns he felt an invincible obligation to uphold before those foreigners the conservatism of the British Isles.

Yet there were moments when he had thrown off decorum with a desperate gesture, as a young gallant might let slip his cloak in some enchanted garden, beneath the high window, half open to romance, that is reached by a ladder of vines all heavy with aromatic blossoms. And he would never regret those hours like elopements into a different world, resonant with hoof-beats, illumined by the window-

lights of passing chalets, perfumed by youth and beauty close beside him, though the object of that flight was only some hill-top restaurant, though the romance, if analyzed, would doubtless have been contaminated by a mercenary motive, though the whole adventure cost a week, a month perhaps, of cheaper pensions, of grosser tobacco, of third-class instead of second-class compartments.

But he hoped, also, for a meeting that should have lifelong consequences, and the face he had seen on the Devon moors returned with a more complicated loveliness, contained the beauty of every woman who had ever stimulated the creation of a work of art. "Yes," he would think, without blushing, without remembering that by inheritance he was an English country gentleman, "she must exist somewhere in this world, the one who was meant to be my inspiration." And he pictured a woman content to live with him, "the world well lost," in some such remote, exotic villa as affords the closing scenes for certain novels of Mr. H. G. Wells, who would give up her life to encouraging his talents and to sympathizing with his quirks, who would keep all silent in the house while he composed his masterpieces, and then at twilight, entering softly in a sort of Preraphaelite negligée, would read the last pages, examine the last brush-strokes, hear the last chords, and lay her cool hand across his feverish brow, and utter every time, in a voice like water rustling through iris-stalks, "But that is genius!"

At last, in the Pension Schwandorf, he had found Aglaia.

They seemed to think alike on every topic. A new sense of peace pervaded him when she agreed with all his views. He soon felt that she at least would not ridicule his secret aspirations. He believed finally that this was the only woman in the world who could appreciate him.

As he contemplated her clear-cut profile, her lustrous copper-colored tresses, her whole dainty person that was enveloped with the scent of heliotrope, a mist rose before his eyes till her face took on the ambiguity of the ideal. And Cyril, who prided himself on a nice appreciation of all charming things, no longer saw Aggie as she had looked at first.

He wanted to pour out all his despairs and hopes for her, unload on her shoulders his countless fancied troubles, beseech her to be, if nothing more, his guiding star. But next day, when she bestowed that gentle, comprehending smile on Olivuzzi or Azeglio or Reginald Dux, Cyril marched off to his room, threw some shirts into his trunk, determined to "leave her to her just deserts" among these aliens. Like many persons at once egotistical and timid, he was seized with a violent agitation at the first hint of rivalry.

Aglaia always found a way to calm him. When the suitors were gathered, if only she could catch his eye, she sent him a secret glance, as who should say, "When will you and I be free for a talk that 's really worth while!" Sometimes, when the rest were gone, she made a grimace, heaved a sigh of relief, fixed her gaze on Cyril with a veiled sweetness which confessed, "But with you I don't think I 'd *ever* feel that way." And once more, as in times when the garden had been less popular, they sat down for a tête-à-tête beneath the palmetto.

Aglaia asked him:

"What foreign ambassador is it who writes such beautiful poetry? How splendid it must be to shine like that, with equal brilliance in two spheres! His diplomatic successes offset his literary triumphs; his poetic traits are pardoned by the most conservative, because of his statesmanship. By the way, have you thought any more about the foreign service?"

"I 'd go in for it," he replied, "if you advised me to."

"Do it, then."

"By Jove, I will!" cried Cyril so sharply that Bristles, the Irish terrier, scrambled to his feet. Aggie, to seal the bargain, held out her slim, cool hand.

"Remember, I shall keep you to that resolution; for I want to see you use not one, but all, of your talents. I want to be very proud of you—"

She stopped there, released her hand

from his, looked away as one does who has been tempted to reveal too much.

In her bedroom she thought: "That was clumsy of me. He must n't propose till I 've made up my mind."

She knew by this time that Cyril was not the stuff from which ambassadors are made. By good management, however, he might at least become the secretary of an embassy. But even to wear the court regalia of a secretary's wife—the three plumes, the veil of tulle, the four-yard train—Aggie would not now be willing to give up the operatic stage. For she had found right in Florence a new singing-teacher, a witty, convincing little man named Chiamorino, who had promised that in two years, with twenty-franc lessons only twice a week, her soprano would be "a sensation equal, perhaps, to Melba's."

She might make a wiser match if she waited till she was famous.

"Oh, as for that, one can always divorce a husband that one 's outgrown! And in the meantime—"

She recalled a certain raw spring afternoon on the highway outside of Zenasville, when her sisters had voiced their discontent, when she herself had said, "But I am nearly thirty years old, with one whole side of life still a closed book."

While rubbing cold-cream on her nose, Aglaia paused to appraise the rest of the three Graces' court.

Camillo Olivuzzi would doubtless make the most impassioned lover; but Camillo could hardly be won away from Frossie. Besides, their titles notwithstanding, these cavalry officers were too poor for an ambitious girl to bother with. Cyril Bellegram, to be sure, was poor himself; but, as his family was rich, a baby ought to bring a handsome settlement. Reginald Dux, on the other hand, would be a splendid catch. But Aggie, after studying that young man well with her clear emerald eyes, had concluded that he would no more marry into the Goodchild family than he would hang himself.

"By the way, I really ought to tell Thallie so, poor kid!"

Reginald saved her that trouble by taking his departure.

Hector Ghillamoor's eight-year-old daughter had fallen ill in Paris. The telegram reached the Villa Campoformio at dinner-time, and Reginald at once returned to town to say good-by to Thallie. He found the family taking coffee in the garden.

When he had given the reason for his leaving, there passed like a flash through Thallie's mind the bitter conviction, "He 's going to comfort that black-haired woman of the Cherbourg tender, that hateful Mrs. Ghillamoor!" Moreover, he would regain that region of night restaurants and music-halls, full of ugly, fascinating, wanton girls who leaned their bare shoulders against pillars and responded to his chaffing with peculiar looks. She thought, "If you ever do that again, it must be all over between us!" But since he stood here, hat in hand, his cab at the gate, his baggage by this time at the station, was it not all over between them now?

All the life seemed to leave her body. She could hardly lift her arm to meet his hand-clasp. She did not dare to speak.

He whispered:

"Walk to the corner with me."

She found herself beside him in the dusky street.

"So it 's *au revoir* again," he said, looking down at her through the gloom with a gay, tender, patronizing smile.

"*Au revoir?*"

Her voice broke on those words. She knew that her mouth, half open, must be grotesquely twisted.

"Did you think for a moment that I was n't coming back?"

She only stared at him, her chin up, her hands clasped before her breast as if in an attitude of prayer. And her immobility that was so significant, her eyes that showed through the darkness all their secret, the whole sweet contagion that her presence spread around, bewitched the young man like a fulfilment of his most romantic reveries. Now, if ever, he wanted to snatch her into his embrace,

"For a moment Reginald was sentimentally at liberty"

cover her face with kisses. Not on some marble balcony above Lake Como, but in a prosaic street, beside a pension; not in the presence of some *grande amoureuse* out of contemporary French fiction, but before a girl whose naïveté had formerly amused him, Reginald Dux, the rich, the socially prominent, the highly eligible, felt a moment of divine insanity, was on the point of uttering the fatal words: "Cost what it may, it 's you that I must have! Come with me! Marry me to-night!"

But of a sudden he remembered an American country house built in imitation of a European summer palace. He saw, in a white-stone room adorned with crimson chairs, his mother's face, thin, cold, domineering, pitiless toward anything opposed to her ambitions. He regained his senses as if a bucket of cold water had been thrown over him.

They found themselves beside the waiting cab. With one foot on the step, he felt his aplomb returning. Half embarked, he could risk another sentimental shot for the satisfaction of kindling again in Thallie's face that glow of joy.

"Separation from all this," said he, including the house-front, the garden wall, the stars, and her in one wide, graceful gesture, "will make me count the hours till I 'm back." He took her hand again. "Meanwhile, think of me sometimes, what?"

Through a mist of tears, of adoration, she watched the cab bowl down the street.

The days that followed were scarcely less exquisite than when he had been present. In Florence, Thallie discovered the delicious sadness of a place from which the beloved has departed. Sure that he would return before separation had become unbearable, she experienced the luxury of a romantic loneliness. She walked out of her way to pass the tobacco shop where they had met again. She took tea in Giacinta's because he had sat there beside her. From the studio window in Via de' Bardi she gazed forth across the city toward Quarto, murmuring: "Poor lonely hills! He has left you, too!"

She went on with her painting, which showed the energy that love imparts to all creative work. M. Alphonse Zolande expressed amazement at her progress.

Though October was drawing to a close, the painting-master had not yet found another pupil. Even his famous patroness, the Princess Tchernitza, remained away from Florence; it seemed that she was "visiting her Bulgarian estates." Thallie began to wonder if this personage, like the winter students, was a myth.

She recalled John Holland's advice that she change painting-teachers. Her pity for M. Zolande prevented such a step.

Thallie had found out that he was a counterfeiter of old masters. His secret bared, he had thrown himself upon her generosity. All his life, he protested, fate had been against him: his original work had been too subtle for the public. So finally, in desperation, he had embraced this chance to live.

As he stood there in his velveteen coat and shabby shoes, so lean and leathery and gray, pathetically resembling the great painter Gérôme, Thallie could scarcely find it in her heart to blame him. When she remembered that once upon a time he had been expected to do well, when she imagined him as he must have been in those brave, boyish days, her eyes grew moist, she determined not to think of picture-counterfeiting as dishonest. And presently it no longer seemed dishonest.

Then she took a sort of guilty pleasure in his cleverness, while he explained to her how he had found the formulas by which the old masters worked; for instance, the Venetian secret, the use of the three colors, and the peculiar benefits of sunlight. At Mr. Goodchild's step outside the door, they thrust the counterfeits behind the divan.

Aurelius, because of his many projects and preoccupations, seldom reached the studio before Thallie had set out for home. But no matter how late he was, he always climbed the four flights of stairs to make sure.

One day while he was toiling up the third staircase, harsh voices burst forth

from the landing overhead: M. Zolande and a caller were quarreling in French. Aurelius, reluctantly arriving at the studio door, saw the painting-teacher confronted by a swarthy man in a battered straw hat and a purple suit, with kinky mustaches bristling above his flat vermilion lips. It was the Greek whom the Goodchild family had taken for an assassin in the train! It was "Monsieur Constantine Farazounis, Antiques, Curiosities, Commissions, Box 387, General Post-office, Naples!"

The recognition was mutual.

Constantine Farazounis spread out his arms, batted his thickly fringed eyelids, gave vent to a cry of delight, pounced upon Mr. Goodchild's hand.

"My gentleman! You here?"

"By a happy chance," Aurelius explained, "to escort my daughter, who has the advantage of studying art with Monseer Zolande."

The painting-teacher vouchsafed in somber tones:

"Mademoiselle is gone, Monsieur."

"Ah," stammered Aurelius, "in that case—"

"One second, my sir! I shall go with you," Constantine Farazounis announced enthusiastically. Over his shoulder, in rapid French, in quite another voice, to Zolande, who was watching with a gloomy, grudging air, "Remember, next time a customer scrapes a Titian and finds no reddish-silvery foundation, you will hunt up another market!" And the curio-dealer conveyed Mr. Goodchild to the street with as much care as if he had in hand something very fragile and precious.

Aurelius was overwhelmed by so much courtesy. He remembered with a pang the wrong he had done this honest fellow on the way from Milan. He was determined to make amends at once for past injustice. He invited Monsieur Farazounis to the pension for lunch.

The other shook his head benevolently.

"No, my sir. It is I who must be the hospitable to-day. Let us go to some chic restaurant."

Out of diffidence, Mr. Goodchild suggested his old haunt, the Café Hirsch. There, while Aurelius was telephoning his excuses to the pension, the Greek ordered a lunch that turned the kitchen upside-down. Otto, the bald-headed Swiss waiter, who had not served a meal like this, outside of dreams, for many a day, presented the courses with a flourish.

After polishing several plates and downing a flask of wine, M. Farazounis washed his mouth with coffee, picked his glistening teeth, grew confidential.

Business had not been good. These days there were so many false antiques for sale that people had grown suspicious even of the most impeccable affidavits. He, for his part, had some wonderful objects that he could not dispose of just on that account—a collection of Homeric jewelry, a dozen flawless examples of pre-Hyksos pottery, a marble Hermes by a pupil of Praxiteles, dug up from a cellar in the suburbs of Athens. But never mind; he had another iron in the fire, a project that would make him, at a single coup, a millionaire! Leaning across the table, pointing a dirty forefinger at Mr. Goodchild's nose, he whispered hoarsely:

"What would you say, my gentleman, if I knowed where to put the hand on the treasures of an ancient dynasty!"

"Good Lord!" Aurelius gasped, a shiver running down his spine. "In a pyramid?"

"There, now I have sayed too much!" He peered distrustfully at Otto, whose round pink face, ordinarily so mournful, wore at last an expression of grandeur. "That waiter, for example, to-morrow he may serve some German archæologist! No, another time, when we are quite alone, I will tell you all, my sir; you will see how I trust you even with that secret. For I can read human natures! I can see when a gentleman is worthy to know my all! Meantimes, let us act natural." And, in loud, careless tones, "You are come often to this little café?"

"Nearly every afternoon."

"Excuse; then I must join you now and then!"

"I trust, sir, you 'll also honor the Pension Schwandorf with a call or two."

Again the Greek shook his head, with a deprecating smile.

"When you know me better, when I have proved my worth."

This delicacy charmed Aurelius.

The host felt in all his pockets, half rose from his chair, looked blank.

His purse was gone!

Mr. Goodchild settled for the splendid lunch.

"And it was to be my hospitality!" moaned the Greek.

"Remember, though, that I suggested it in the first place."

"That 's so," Farazounis assented, with a sigh.

The Greek went his way depressed. And Aurelius, because he did not walk straight home, missed Mme. Bertha Linkow's second call.

Indeed, the prima donna found nobody at the pension but Aggie. The latter sustained four strenuous kisses, one for each sister and one for "that exasperating papa," whom the singer vowed she did not expect to see again this side of heaven. They sat down in the parlor beside the pianoforte.

Mme. Linkow intended to leave in a fortnight for New York; in December she was to sing her first opera of the season, at the Metropolitan.

"As *Gilda,* my dear. Tra-la-la! Tra-la-la-a-a-la! Tra-la-la-la-a-a-a! And so forth. Do you think my shape is going to be sufficiently girlish? God knows, every morning I lie on my bed and wave my legs in the air till my groans draw a crowd in the corridor!" Jumping up, she turned her large figure round for Aglaia's inspection, while her fair, wholesome face, with its frame of corn-colored hair, was depressed by a little girl's look of concern. But abruptly she brandished her fist and cried in a hearty, resolute tone: "Bah! I shall open my throat, and they will forget my corporations. All the same, if I had your figure, now! With, maybe, a little more chest. Tell me, how is the voice coming on?" Her restless glance was attracted by the piano. "By the way, here we are all alone with this noble wreck of a Milanese tin pot! Perhaps you would feel like singing me a nice little song?"

A thrill weakened Aglaia's limbs; but she rose, with lips compressed, and approached the piano. The moment of vital criticism had come at last. As she took her place on the stool, she repeated to herself, "I have nothing to be afraid of. I 'm going to be great, anyway. But I 'll make her see how great I 'm going to be!"

She sang the "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca."

A long silence ensued. At last, turning round, she stared at Mme. Linkow.

The prima donna sat gazing at the floor. Her face seemed like a stranger's, with its smile of sadness, as if some one had just told her an old pathetic story that she knew already by heart. She inquired in a gentle way:

"Mughetto is not teaching you now?"

"I have a new man, a Signore Chiamorino."

"Signore Chiamorino? Yes, he is well known. He makes his living deceiving young American girls with vain hopes."

Again Aglaia felt that thrill, and knew it now for a sickening premonition.

"He—told me that—in—two—years—"

"Of course. And you, with those green eyes so clever at seeing through men, made yourself believe this one because you wanted that what he said should come true. *Ach, Gott,* as do all the rest who desire! My poor little Aggie, if I am cruel now, you will maybe forgive me some day. All I can say is this: if ever you had any voice, it is gone."

That same afternoon, in a daze that was like a nightmare, Aggie flew back to Valentino Mughetto.

The man-servant in his striped yellow waistcoat ushered her into the stone reception-room, with its antique chairs, the Donatello bust on the mantel-shelf, the majolica vase on the table. The singing-master appeared in the doorway, gigantic, his body like a half-inflated balloon, his inky beard spread over his coat-lapels like a fan. Again those black eyes of his comprehended her person in one swift flash,

and plunged, as it were, to the very depths of her soul.

"So, since the three months are up, the signorina returns?"

"Yes, Maestro," she breathed, and laid her hand on a chair-back.

His pear-shaped face turned redder; his eyes showed a gleam like anger.

"Say that again," he demanded.

Aglaia could not utter a word.

Moving swiftly forward, he ordered in tones that rang from the walls:

"Speak!"

"I said, 'Yes, Maestro.'"

Valentino Mughetto, with frigid politeness, remarked:

"Signorina, your voice informs me that though I told you not to sing one note, you have sung a great many. Three months ago I saw a bare chance of saving you for small contralto parts in some second-rate opera-house. But you have destroyed that chance. To-day you have nothing left. I bid you good evening."

CHAPTER IX

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE, FOR RICHER FOR POORER

For three days Aglaia kept to her room. At night her sleep was troubled by dismal dreams. She seemed to be wandering in the dark in a place like one of those infernal ravines depicted by Doré. And always a vague, dull horror oppressed her as she repeated: "There 's no escape. It can never be undone. These walls are the barriers of Fate." Then, from far overhead, she heard the harsh voice of Valentino Mughetto and presently Mme. Linkow singing the rôle of *Gilda*. She woke with a start. Sunbeams entered between the shutters. They brightened the flowered paper of confusing designs; the chintz upholstery, covered with poppies, monkeys, pomegranates, butterflies; the piano that Mr. Goodchild had bought for her only three months ago. A groan escaped Aggie at realization that she had returned to the actual world.

Giannina, the maid, came in, tiptoe, with the breakfast-tray, her face arranged in mournful lines, her mouth no longer comic. Whispering hoarsely, she begged the signorina to drink just a little coffee; her husband, the bucaneer Federico, had made it with his own hands.

Mme. von Schwandorf brought into the room her yellow frizzes and melancholy, wise smile, her Florentine poodle, her overpowering odor of bergamot. Nodding, winking her faded eyes, she expressed in a tremulous voice the conviction that Aggie would some day enjoy looking back on these mournful moments. Mme. von Schwandorf supposed that Aggie's prostration was due to a lover's quarrel.

For Aglaia had made the family swear that no one, not even Cyril Bellegram, should know the truth.

Her sisters and father were stunned by this calamity. With their pity was mingled now and then a little fear: the bolt that had shriveled those hopes might strike again, and annihilate still more. If Aggie's voice could fail—

Finally they persuaded Aggie to make excursions with them. They drove to the Tuscan hamlets whose towers Boccaccio had known; to the hills like backgrounds by Leonardo da Vinci; to wayside inns, where, in smoky kitchens festooned with ropes of garlic, one ate a delicious lunch of eggs, coarse bread, and cheese. In the evening Aurelius suggested the Café Marco or made up a theater party.

Though November had come, the Alhambra, the open-air music-hall, had yet to close its doors. The Incomparable Nella Tesore, the "International Star," was playing another engagement there. The Goodchilds, the three lieutenants, and Cyril Bellegram attended the show.

The Incomparable was preceded by a dozen minor artists; the proscenium, a golden square against the purple night, framed ballad-singers, acrobats, trained parrots, comedians, eccentric dancers. The audience drank beer, ate sherbets, puffed at cigars and cigarettes, and the veils of tobacco-smoke, rising slowly from the close-packed iron tables, mingled at last with the withering foliage overhead. But all diversions ceased, and great applause

burst forth, as there stepped out upon the stage a dark, vivid woman with a figure full of curves and undulations, wearing a short, bespangled dress and the patent-leather hat of a bersagliere. With a gesture of good-fellowship, she gave the crowd a flashing smile. She began to sing in a loud, rather husky voice the romance of the pretty pansy-seller.

Camillo, aware that Frossie now understood Italian very well, engaged in earnest conversation. Cyril Bellegram, after listening suspiciously to the first verse, turned in a flurry to Aglaia.

"You 're a little better now?"

Closing her eyes, she nodded, with an air of suffering.

"All that time you were so ill I felt like the very deuce. And even now, when I see those black shadows underneath your eyes—"

Nella Tesore, whose gestures, at least, remained misleading, attacked the last and most atrocious verse. Camillo talked faster. But Frossie—the very Frossie who six months before would have shown a scarlet face in such a situation—interrupted him with the words:

"Don't bother, Lieutenant. You must know that I can hear her all the same. What difference does it make? If you really believed that sort of thing might hurt me, you 'd be paying me a poor compliment."

He stammered:

"Forgive me, Signorina! Yet my motive was like that of honest priests, who resent bad language where the image of their Virgin is enshrined."

Agitated by this speech, which was almost equal to a sentimental declaration, Frossie laughed quickly:

"Never mind, so long as poor old dad adores it. It 's easy to see he does n't understand one word in ten."

Mr. Goodchild sat well forward in his seat. With his high, white brow, his patriarchal beard of gold and silver, his sensitive features illumined by a pure delight, he afforded a spectacle to confound his ribald neighbors. When the Tesore had withdrawn, he proclaimed:

"Yes, siree, that lady is an artist! She has method, technic, a comic genius! She is wasted on so small a public. She would go far in the legitimate. I doubt if Réjane, whom I saw in Paris on my travels, began with such advantages."

Lieutenant Azeglio whispered solemnly to Lieutenant Fava:

"He ought to have the benefit of her acquaintance!"

But Lieutenant Fava, leaning as close to Thallie as he dared, was relating, in an impassioned undertone, the longing of his lonely life—to be the cavalier of some one with "the brow of Piccarda Donati, the cheek of Catarina Sforza, the blush of Beatrice Portinari, the smile of La Fornarina." And Thallie was wondering: "Where is Reginald to-night? If only he were here, saying such words to me!"

Next evening, however, in the pension garden, she found Lieutenant Fava more explicit.

Strolling with him beside the garden-wall, of a sudden Thallie knew that he was making love to her. When a clump of bamboo concealed them from the rest, he stepped in front of her to check her progress. His bony face, his rat-tail mustaches, his squint, all his extraordinary ugliness, appeared transfigured by the glowing purpose that incited him. He was going to propose!

Her heart in her throat, Thallie recoiled against the wall.

Lieutenant Fava clasped his hands before his chin, put on a piteous look, declaimed in hoarse tones:

"Mademoiselle, when you turn away your head like that my veins are filled with ice! Have pity on me! It 's a month since I have slept! My very soul lies at your feet, your feet so tiny, so tormenting! I am mad with love for you! I love you with all my fibers! I am dying of it!"

Still Thallie stood motionless, her back against the wall, her pulses thumping. She felt that if this was not a dream, she was listening to a speech straight out of some romance.

The Sicilian snatched her hand, pressed

it against the padded bosom of his cavalry jacket. He did this very well, as though he had practised it considerably.

"Marry me, and we will go away to my own land, where the roses never fade, where the winds are like kisses, where the sunsets bring tears, where the moonlight will make you tremble. All our life shall be one long embrace, a golden cup of bliss, never emptied!"

That was a line that he had heard a Roman actor speak in a play called "The Whirlwind of Passion." But the actor's delivery was no better than Lieutenant Fava's.

This amorous homage, so poetically suggestive, all for her, filled Thallie's heart with a delicious tremor. Closing her eyes, she tried to imagine those impassioned cadences as issuing from another's lips. But the other was far away in Paris, and the Sicilian was close beside her, holding her hand in his, from which flowed into her tissues, like a magnetic current, the full strength of his desire. She saw a mirage of all her girlhood dreams—the eternal land where the roses never fade, where the winds are like kisses, where life is a long embrace. For the moment the one who proffered those delights was transformed by the fact that he adored her. Slightly dizzy, with parted lips, she even visualized the fulfilment of his vows.

But a panic of shame and remorse seized her. She wrenched her hand free. She perceived him again as he actually was, a dreadfully homely young man, an unspeakably impudent young man, would-be profaner of all that she was holding sacred for the other. She transfixed him with a look, and, summoning all the majesty that twenty can display, pronounced:

"I 'm very sorry, Lieutenant, but it can never be."

All the rest of the evening she kept thinking, "A man has proposed to me, and I 've turned him down!" She felt much older than before that episode—in fact, quite the woman of the world.

At last Thalia had the exultation of a girl who knows she is desired. When she looked in the mirror, her familiar person seemed remarkable, because of the disturbance it had caused. She had entered her kingdom of romance, was living such a life as she had begrudged the heroines of summer novels. And, to luxuriate more fully in the hour, she tried to imitate the mien, the thoughts, the whole conquering sweetness of that charming myth, the super-girl of fiction, whose face was on every book-cover, whose tyrannical witchery filled a thousand reams of print, whose idealized existence could hardly be imagined as descending to a compromise with nature.

But it was difficult to hold that pose for long.

To be sure, November was in, yet Italy had not lost its sensuous spell. The freshened winds brought stronger fragrances from the indomitable gardens. The hills that formed the cup of Florence still showed the same hues on their voluptuous contours. The night silences were interrupted still by love-songs full of unexpected, melting cadences, a-throb with the hot virility of the South. And through the winding streets, round the old palaces, in the recesses of the museums, a chance thought renewed the tremor of ancient passions, historic and mythological, that had been violent more often than serene, erotic more frequently than spiritual. As the sensitive heart becomes, in love, a lodestone, attaching to itself all influences in sympathy with its condition, Thallie, drinking in greedily whatever Florence could furnish to illuminate these new emotions, was no longer able to maintain the attitude of the super-girl of fiction.

In Via de' Bardi, too, her state of mind induced enlightenment. While the model rested, M. Zolande told more anecdotes about the love-affairs of famous artists who had been his fellow-students. The Parisian was not so careful now to trim his tales. But the change in their tone had been so gradual that Thallie scarcely noticed any difference.

She believed that her hours in Via de' Bardi had greatly broadened her in many ways. She came to regard Alphonse Zolande as a fascinating old thing, replete

with the philosophy of the artistic life. Now and then, naïvely playing at the famous comradeship of studios, she made his noon-day coffee.

Her rich auburn ringlets tumbling round her ears, she bent her spring-like face above the spirit-lamp. In her sky-blue eyes solicitude for the coffee mingled with relish of this lark. She made him sit at table, the cracked cup before him, a towel tucked under his chin. Half grave, half dimpling, her fine skin flushed delicately by the flame, she approached him with the brimming coffee-pot in hand, and her bated breath gently swelled the bosom of her gingham apron. The lean, corded hand of that "fatherly old thing," that Methuselah of fifty, shook as it raised the cup—from senility, no doubt! But Thallie, with a far-away look, was thinking, "Some day, in a different sort of place, I shall make Reginald's coffee!"

She disclosed such hopes to Frossie, of afternoons, when she walked with her sister through the Florence streets. And the two girls forgot the passers-by, the party-colored church-fronts, the towers and domes that shone like a medieval vision through the mist of sunset, while revealing to each other their most intimate desire, a husband who should always be a lover.

One afternoon, in the Piazza Beccaria, they saw the pedestrians all staring to the north, children running, cabs drawing toward the curb. A muffled clatter swelled gradually to a noise like summer thunder, and down the broad Viali, in a thick fog of dust, came trotting the Cavalry of Magenta, back from the country.

Above a flood of field-uniforms there bristled five hundred lances. The roll of hoofs shook the ground; the rattle of sabers and carbines became one deafening clash. The colonel and his trumpeter pounded by; the first platoon passed, the second, the third, a squadron of dirty riders and lathered mounts, a glitter of steel, a flapping of pennons, an odor of horses, wet leather, and sweating men. The second squadron approached, like some awesome machine on innumerable slim legs. And the first platoon of this squadron was led by Camillo, belted and booted, in dingy olive-gray.

His face was the color of earth; his mustaches seemed blond; his eyes, inflamed by the dust, stared straight ahead. He looked strong, masculine, hard, far beyond all thoughts of love. And Frossie felt once more that fear of his calling, an apprehension which dimmed her pride as a cloud obscures the sun.

When the fifth and last squadron had racketed by, the sisters slowly turned homeward, sneezing in unison.

A cab passed, bearing Aggie, Cyril Bellegram, and Bristles.

"My dear, that 's beginning to happen nearly every day!"

And so it was.

Aggie and Cyril now visited Certosa, Grassina, Careggi, Pratolino, the monasteries, the decayed fortresses, the famous villas. They invaded the stronghold of the Alessandri, the rural convent where Fra Bartolommeo had lived, the tower, rising from beds of ivy and vervain, where Galileo had watched the moon.

She leaned against the parapet, pale, slender, graceful even in distress. Attired in soft yellow, wearing a broad, beribboned hat of native straw, she resembled the princess of a modish fantasy, staring out from her battlements upon a lost domain. Now especially her face absorbed the sunlight as if more ethereal than flesh. Her lustrous hair, in these keen rays, seemed to share the pallor of her skin. Her green eyes, in the shadow of her hat-brim as unfathomable as the sea, slowly followed a road that wound away toward the north, where a yoke of white bullocks drew something that glimmered like a vanishing treasure.

All empty the treasury of hope! All gone the courage that was to buy a splendid life! The mirage of fame, which had been all these years so vivid, grew thin against the zenith and was absorbed into the sun forever. Aglaia, as cold as though her very heart's blood had been drawn forth into space, turned toward the future that she would have to meet, that seemed

to her empty of the least congenial promise, like the destiny of an unlucky stranger.

And because her voice had failed, she now doubted the power of her charms. She no longer felt sure that a determined woman could dominate any man. She recalled her longing to conquer some day one who was strong among his fellows, holding himself aloof in his renown and wealth. She might never glimpse the regions that such men inhabited!

The white bullocks and their glimmering treasure had melted into the north.

Averting her face, she saw Cyril staring at her dreamily. For the moment she had forgotten Cyril, who might become the secretary of an embassy, whose wife would then be at liberty to make her bow before a throne.

"How restful it is with you!" she sighed. "*You* don't torment me with a lot of condolences! Come, let 's go on. Let 's go so far to-day that even sadness falls behind."

The carriage rolled on between mellow walls overhung with ilex-trees. Aglaia reclined against the cushions in a pose that emphasized her exquisite fragility. Cyril, with busy eyes, adored this marvel whose physical softness and mental potency both seemed necessary to his nature.

But that very rareness of hers disheartened him. In Aglaia he seemed to discern the estranging promises of a unique career. While he was still doing the routine-work of embassies, she would doubtless have become the greatest singer in the world. It no longer occurred to him that prima donnas, while very well in their own way, were hardly the sort that English country gentlemen could marry. He only thought, "How insignificant I must appear to her when she contemplates that future—the frantic cities, the bouquets of kings, the foreign titles laid before her feet!" He tortured himself with the picture of some burly, bearded foreign prince, some Russian or Austrian grand duke, gathering her at last into his arms—a morganatic bride!

And of course such graces had already troubled many hearts. In her own land what men had loved her? And did they still mourn her absence? And did she remember all their vows with tenderness, with a divine compunction?

They regained Florence in the dusk.

But one day they visited Fiesole.

They had drunk their tea on the empty hotel terrace, overlooking the valley of the Arno. In the air, despite the sunshine, on the hillsides, for all the fullness of perennial foliage, there was a threat of change, a hint that many spells which had enhanced this intercourse were weakening.

In the hotel some one began to play the "Vissi d'Arte" from "Tosca," the music so poignantly associated with Aglaia's failure. She was unable to repress a gasp of pain.

"What 's the matter?"

Pressing her napkin to her lips, she lowered her head.

"That piano?"

Gradually her form grew tense, as if her whole being was pervaded by a final resolution. And slowly, so that the change in her might be complete, she raised a face that he had never seen before, with tremulous lips, with misty eyes, with a blush like the transfiguration of a lily in the sunset. Her voice, recalling the doves round Galileo's tower, answered:

"The 'Vissi d'Arte,' that you were playing in the pension the day we met."

With fallen jaws, he uttered:

"Aglaia!"

"Then you do care for me?"

"Oh, Aggie!"

"You never actually spoke. I had to conclude you did n't really want me."

"Not want you!"

"At any rate," she faltered, as her lashes veiled her eyes, "now you know the cause of all my sadness."

He sat there a-tremble, trying to realize that this divinity was going to condescend to his embrace.

"You, with your wonderful future!"

"No," she breathed, with a gesture of sublime renunciation, "I shall give up my career in opera now. I shall devote myself wholly to your interests."

And there, high above the city that had been for him the birthplace, and for her

the sepulcher, of fine ambitions, they gazed toward a far horizon, which neither could hope to reach without the other.

While driving back to Florence, they decided to be married that week, and leave at once for England.

A superb dawn ushered in the wedding-day.

The American church in the Piazza del Carmine resounded with the march from "Lohengrin." Before the flower-strewn altar the minister began to read the service:

"Dearly beloved, we are gathered together here in the sight of God, and in the face of this company, to join together this man and this woman in holy matrimony."

All that little world stood there motionless—the three lieutenants, whose dress uniforms blazed in the sunshine of high noon; Mme. von Schwandorf, whose bergamot suppressed the perfume of the roses; even M. Zolande, in hired evening dress, which gave him the look of a middle-aged rake betrayed by a sunrise. Thallie and Frossie, who resembled two Watteau damsels in dresses just alike, held their bunches of roses rigidly before them. Their faces, pale with solemnity, kept sinking forward, as if they themselves felt that trepidation which is supposed to be the bride's. But when the minister asked, "Who giveth this woman?" all eyes turned to Mr. Goodchild.

Aurelius felt the pathos of his rôle. Now there came back to him the picture of a baby peeping across her supper-plate in Zenasville. He saw her, too, in maidenhood, when it would have seemed like sacrilege to think that some day a stranger might possess her budding comeliness. But now he was surrendering her to the stranger; and soon her sisters would travel the same road, and he be left alone.

"Who giveth this woman?"

What emotions did Aurelius not long to show in his response! Resignation to life, the stoicism of an Epictetus: for Aggie, a swift epitome of his paternal love; for Cyril, a magnanimous assurance of his trust. And oh, to express at the same time the keenest pang of all—that the one whom he had lost full twenty years before was not beside him at such a moment in the flesh! Raising his head, he strove to put all those thoughts into the most dramatic line that fate had yet given him. But his face, with its tangled, grizzled beard, its transparent temples, its aquiline features sharpened still more by grief, only twitched spasmodically, like the visage of a saint enduring martyrdom. A hoarse rattle issued from his throat. For the first time in his life Aurelius missed a cue.

Gently the minister appropriated Aggie's hand and placed it in the bridegroom's.

"I, Aglaia, take thee, Cyril, to be my wedded husband, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer—"

Her voice had the timbre of a silver bell. Her eyes shone steadfast, greener than ever beneath the veil of tulle, that had suggested to her the veil in which the wives of diplomatists make their bows before a throne.

"Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

It was done.

A wedding-breakfast awaited them at the pension.

The table, in the red dining-room, was heaped with all the remaining flowers of the garden. The centerpiece was a frosted cake, two feet high, surmounted by a cupola in which appeared a little sugar bride and bridegroom clasping hands.

On the sideboard the wedding-presents were displayed.

Mr. Goodchild had given a gold necklace in Etruscan style, and assurance that Aggie should receive one third of the Outwall legacy. Frossie and Thallie had bought a silver tea-set covered with cherubs. Camillo furnished a table-cloth of Florentine embroidery, Fava an urn made of lava from Mount Etna, Azeglio half a dozen silver tooth-picks. Mme. von Schwandorf's gift was a mammoth pincushion, frilled with lace, and painted

with two hearts skewered by the dart of Cupid. As for M. Zolande, he proffered an oil-sketch made in other days—of lions devouring some Christian maidens. Nothing had yet arrived from Reginald, Mme. Linkow, or John Holland.

At last the company was seated round the board. For the moment silence reigned, produced by a general embarrassment.

But a sound of excited whispering entered from the hall, where the patrons of the pension were gathered. At the end of the dining-room, behind piled-up tables, the house-servants craned their necks to see the bride. Giannina, the maid, uttered cries of admiration; Domenico, the door-porter, had smuggled in his wife and children; for a time there showed among those eager faces the cook's cap, the tousled heads of scullions.

Federico and his assistants, wearing white cotton gloves, majestically served the repast.

With Mme. von Schwandorf, they were ten. Aurelius could not imagine why M. Farazounis had not come. He missed Dr. Numble and the Inchkins, far away in Zenasville. His conscience smote him because he had not insisted on inviting all the people in the hall.

At least they should view the wedding-presents!

The menu offered caviar, double bouillon, a mayonnaise of sole, chickens in aspic, a crayfish salad, ices. The glasses, at Aggie's instigation, brimmed with champagne; all waited for Mr. Goodchild to propose, "The bride!" But Aurelius seemed inclined to wait until the feast was over. The young men philosophically began to drink their wine.

The Cavalry of Magenta then displayed its gallantry. Lieutenant Fava broke the ice:

"Happy the sun that kisses such a bride!"

"These roses are not so fair," averred Azeglio, debonair even in defeat.

The three soldiers declared that the bridegroom must wear a talisman. They wanted to know if he had sold himself to the devil in exchange for so much bliss. They bombarded him with complimentary jests in French, broken English, and Italian. Their high spirits soon conquered every one but Cyril.

The bridegroom was in a nightmare. He had not imagined that marriage meant this horrible publicity and levity. He felt like a man who enters a long-sought sanctuary, to find buffoons cavorting round the altar. Still, he managed to mask these sensations with a ghastly grin. To the rest he seemed merely to display the nuptial embarrassment that was wanting in the bride.

But even Aggie's smile grew strained when Aurelius stood up.

The father swept the table with a humid glance. His voice vibrated as he began:

"Friends, we are here to celebrate a sacrament, to wish the high contracting parties happiness. But of that blessing they already seem assured by the celestial auguries: Aglaia was born with the planet Venus in the sign of Aries, Cyril with Venus in the sympathetic sign of Sagittarius. From far countries Providence brought these two beautifully congenial natures into propinquity. Each may say, with the ancient poet:

"The wind from Ilium to Cicon's shore
Hath driven me!

"And surely, even without our prayers, God will bring to a glorious consummation this mystery of His handiwork. Yes, let them bear away to Albion our perfect confidence rather than our hopes: for just the touching sincerity of their betrothal must have won our Lord's benevolence. Each will find in the other that complement necessary to the highest unions, which Emerson has described. Each may say henceforth, in the immortal lines of Bayard Taylor:

"I love thee, I love but thee,
With a love that shall not die
Till the sun grows cold,
And the stars are old,
And the leaves of the judgment book
unfold!"

At this finale, Aggie bit her lip, and Cyril fairly cringed. But the company, rising, brandished their champagne-glasses.

"Hoch!" cried Mme. von Schwandorf, beside herself with emotion, *"Hoch, hoch, das Hochzeitspaar!"*

"Evviva!" shouted Fava and Azeglio, in the tones they used when the trumpets sounded the charge above a roar of hoof-beats.

Camillo, crushing Cyril's hand in his, exclaimed earnestly:

"Long life, Signore! Good luck! Many babies!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Bristles began to yelp; handclapping rattled in the hall; at the far end of the dining-room napkins and aprons fluttered; the porter's youngest child fell off the barricade of tables. The bride escaped to don her traveling-dress.

In front of the pension a crowd had gathered round the waiting carriage: when the bridal pair appeared, a lot of Rabelaisian loafers doffed their hats; and suddenly all the cripples in Florence seemed to rise from nowhere and beset the bridegroom.

With a frenzied gesture, he hurled a pocketful of silver upon the pavement. The coins, the crutches, the beggars, with their bandaged feet and slings, all struck the ground at once.

Aggie was in her father's arms; her sisters clung weeping to her cloak. There fell a shower of rice, and Cyril discovered on his cane a brave white-ribbon bow.

No longer rational, moved as if by a madman's strength, he thrust his wife into the carriage.

"Drive like the devil!" he screamed as a slipper whizzed past his ear. With a jerk the vehicle started; Cyril lost his hat. "Never mind! Go on, I say!" The coachman cracked his whip, the carriage careened, the horse turned the corner like a doubling hare.

But still Mr. Goodchild, Frossie, and Thallie stood staring down the street. They could hardly believe that Aggie was not coming back to them by dinner-time. They could not yet realize that the Graces were no longer three.

(To be continued)

Hatred

By SALOMÓN DE LA SELVA

WHEN hunger from the belly crawls
Up to the heart, and draws
Its dragon form about it, and its claws
Make all the limbs to ache; when darkness falls
Upon the blood-shot eyes
While yet the imperturbèd skies
Are full of light;
When lips God made for laughter cry outright,
Whether it be the fault of men or fate,
The heart God made for loving learns to hate.

The Sixth Canvasser

By INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

Author of "A Woman at a Prize-fight," "The Ollivant Orphans," etc.

MRS. BLAISDELL sat in the shade of the elm-tree while her son Tom and his wife Ada wandered about the place, surveying present growths and making plans for future ones. She followed them with her eyes and she tried to concentrate on their movements, but her thoughts kept beating away from their activities.

The Blaisdell place included an acre of lawn, carefully cultivated, running to the street, and many acres of land, premeditately uncultivated, running to the sound. The ground sloped both ways from the big, pleasant colonial house. In front, the slope drew after it a train of lawn that was like emerald plush. That plush was broken by haphazard growths, the product of a century and a half of care, that offered privacy here, shade there, pleasing combinations of color and form everywhere. The tall wine-glass elm, the huge, bulbous smoke-bush, two powdered fir-trees, the trio of slim, closely furled cypresses, the group of white birches that shivered in their filmy spring draperies—all had disposed themselves at the right distances. Here and there were flower-plots, squares and circles of freshly spaded earth.

A robin, just a few feet away, utterly unawed by the still figure in the invalid's chair, seized the wriggling end of a fat worm, tugged at it so hard that, after stretching to an extraordinary exiguity, it broke, and he fell ignominiously backward. An automobile chugged along the road, dropping a mellow-horn gurgle as it went. The electric car, which came every quarter of an hour, jingled past, crowded with people.

Mrs. Blaisdell made herself think of that motor and that car filled with people. They were all going to the beach; the heat had driven them there. Years ago she had dreaded almost equally the appearance in Wraymouth of the automobile and the electric car; they had come almost simultaneously. At first she had vowed to put a hedge between her and their clamor; but she never did that. She came to accept them first as conveniences, then as comforts, as companions. With a car passing the door every fifteen minutes, she could call frequently on friends whom previously she had seen only at long intervals; and of course they called as frequently on her. Almost always somebody waved from the car as it ambled past. It was the same with many other things—the electric light, for instance. When they placed one near the left-hand corner of the place, it seemed to her that she could not endure its vulgar intrusion; and yet she had grown to look upon that as a kind of companion, too. She even admired the gush of purple-silver light that poured from it upon the fluttering white birches, giving in winter a veil to their slim nudity and in the summer an additional glitter to their gleaming draperies. She really thought the effect of the electric light more beautiful than moonlight, especially in these early days of spring; but she had never told anybody this.

Changes came all the time,—she had

lived long enough to expect that and not to care,—but some things remained constant. Every spring, with the appearance of the spade, the robins came to pull worms from the steaming flower-beds; and every summer, as punctual as the honeysuckle itself, humming-birds appeared, little, vibrating films of iridescence stabbing with their slender, dart-like bills into the hearts of the blossoms.

Yes, changes came; and now the great change was coming to her. The great change! She must not think of that. She *must not* think of it; and yet she could not seem to prevent it.

This was the first day she had been able to sit out of doors, and she hoped that the beauty and freshness of the spring world would melt that weight that pressed so torturingly on her consciousness. Every day in the last five days she had gone over again and again that snatch of overheard conversation. If she had only not listened! If she had only not happened to go into the grape-arbor that day! How had it happened, for ordinarily she did not sit there? She had wandered in, attracted by the lucent arch that the big grape-leaves made, with the sun shining through them. But once there, she had caught a whiff of Tom's conversation with Dr. Morris. Their talk came through the open window. Tom, of course, had taken the doctor into the dining-room to get away from her. Even when she caught her own name, she had no conscious intention of eavesdropping. Something inside held her clamped to the ground.

"It may happen in Mrs. Blaisdell's case at any time," Dr. Morris was saying as she stepped into the arbor. "I can't give her more than a month, but it may come to-morrow."

Tom did not speak for an interval. When his voice came, it was husky, a little choked.

"Will she suffer much, Doctor?"

"Not long," Dr. Morris answered, and paused.

Then in one word came the spurt of Tom's grief.

"God!" he said. "God!" Then after another interval, "I 'd better write George and the girls at once."

"At once," Dr. Morris assented. "It 's useless for George to attempt to get here, but the girls may."

There came a brief interval of dull silence; then Dr. Morris rose, murmuring sympathy. Mrs. Blaisdell pulled herself up from the spot where she had taken root, retreated back of the house. Five minutes later Tom, very white and shaky, found her seated on the rustic seat that overlooked the sound. "Lord, Mother," —he accounted for his panic,—"you frightened me almost to death, disappearing like this! I could n't think where you 'd gone."

That night Tom wrote three letters. Mrs. Blaisdell, apparently much engrossed with a magazine, knew exactly how long those letters were and guessed their exact destination. She conjectured that telegrams also went. The next day came a telegram from Ruth, whose marriage had borne her to Pennsylvania, saying that she was coming to Wraymouth for the summer; that she would start as soon as little Tisdale had recovered from an operation for adenoids. She would arrive Tuesday. Later came a telegram from Molly, in California, saying that she was starting east immediately, also for the summer, and that she was bringing little Anna. It would be a long time before they would hear from George, whose peripatetic address was somewhere in the Philippines. Mrs. Blaisdell's heart yearned unspeakably for her two absent daughters, her one absent son, her three absent grandchildren; and yet with all the comfort that their presence would bring, there was one terror that it could not allay, one horror that it could not mitigate—the moment of death!

The moment of death! She dreaded that moment with an almost uncontrollable sense of fright. The thought of it waked her up half a dozen times, gasping, choking, sticky-wet. She was afraid it would come in the darkness of the night, when she was alone and too weak to cry

out. She dreaded everything about it—the gasp of mortal agony, the tearing, searing pain, the choking as the breath left, the faintness lapsing to ultimate unconsciousness. True, under the pretext of wanting cooler sleeping-quarters, Tom had moved into the little bedroom opposite hers; he insisted on keeping her door and his door open. But she knew how impenetrable was Tom's sound sleep. Would he hear her? In all her vigorous young womanhood, in all her vigorous middle age, in all her vigorous old age, she had never known a terror like this.

It was ponderable, like an actual weight. It stayed with her day and night. She had stopped reading the papers; for the world, in the grip of conflict, titanic, bloody, riddled with cruelty, and saturated with hate, was filled with death and talk about death. And yet because the habit of sparing her young unnecessary pain still persisted, she could not speak of this horror to her children. It was the final gift of her mother's self-sacrifice. They must never know that she had suffered. She must go alone. She must face the going alone. The moment of death! The moment of death!

Nobody looking at her would have guessed this struggle. Her sickness had made her white, her sleeplessness had turned her wan; but the impression she gave, as always, was of a sweet-faced old lady whose features, a little long and pointed, had never lost their good lines, and whose silvery hair, parted and waved over the temples, still showed a youthful abundance. She wore a black skirt and a short dressing-sack of challis, cream-colored, with a little lilac figure, and pinned with a big cameo-pin. Over her head and about her shoulders lay a light, fleecy, white-worsted shawl. From under her skirt protruded her unworn shoes, square-toed and flat-heeled. On her right hand, old, crinkle-skinned, and freckled, her thin, tight wedding-ring puffed the flesh in mounds.

"The dahlias are up, Mother," Tom called cheerily.

"And the four-o'clocks," Ada added.

Mrs. Blaisdell waved her hand feebly in answer. She did not speak. It seemed to take too much effort to project her voice through the little space between them.

It would have been hard to say whether it was a day in late spring or early summer, for it had all the freshness of the one and all the lusciousness of the other. The sky was a June blue, not a May blue, and the clouds that crowded it were of a midsummer thickness and whiteness. The air had in it a little—was it moisture, honey-green, or mere light dusty-gold? Whatever it was, it served to give the atmosphere body; it seemed actually to take color from the things in it. The Baker apple-orchard on the opposite side of the way was an enormous, cushiony plane of blossom; about it the air held a rose-colored glow. The lilac-hedges that separated the Blaisdell place from the rest of the world were spiky with bloom; about them the air turned to gauzes faintly purple. The perfume of the apple-blossoms and the lilacs came to Mrs. Blaisdell on little breezes that were warmer than the air itself. Warm earth smells came to her from the smoking, turned-over flower-beds. All kinds of sounds crowded the odors in the air. From back of the house came the hoarse caw of a crow. From one side, the Mallons's new-born calf gave vent to pessimistic impressions of a new world in long blarts of remonstrance. Through the lilac-hedge she could hear little Peggy May's stuttery chatter. Opposite, she could see Virginia Small's slim, virginal figure making its way from dresser to closet and back again in one of the big front chambers of the Small house. Through two thicknesses of curtain, Mrs. Blaisdell could translate all her motions; she was doing her hair different ways, trying on belts, brooches, rings, shoes, and hats. Now that she was "going with" Ed Howes, it took Virginia precisely two hours to dress. And next door Ed, who was obviously waiting for her, had begun, all dressed as he was, to tinker with his automobile. Mrs. Blaisdell tried to

fix her thoughts on each of these things in turn; but despite her best effort, the horror seeped back, the weight grew heavier. The moment of death! The moment of death!

"There are the canvassers again, Mother," Ada called. "I guess they 'll get to us to-day."

For three days a group of six young people had been canvassing Wraymouth for signatures to a petition for equal suffrage. Mrs. Blaisdell had watched them at work all yesterday afternoon. At moments they had actually made her forget.

Situated in a rumpled stretch of land that ran from the street to the sound, the Blaisdell place faced an inclined plane, cut by many streets, that ran up to Wraymouth Heights. That tilted plane bared a big expanse of neighborhood to her inspection; for the lines of trees could not obscure the streets, nor the shrubbery and orchards the gardens. Mrs. Blaisdell, who had watched most of these houses grow, knew just the spaces that offered opportunities for inspection. Through these green alleys she followed the work of the suffrage canvassers.

There were six of them, three young girls, three young men. One reason why, despite her mental turmoil, Mrs. Blaisdell had been able to concentrate on their movements was that they were all comely and all gay. Not all gay, indeed. The sixth canvasser was very serious, and he might not, like the rest, have been comely; for Mrs. Blaisdell had not yet caught a glimpse of his face. It was apparent that he took his work very hard. The others walked straight up to the house that happened to be the point of attack with all the dazzling buoyancy and all the superb effrontery of youth. Up the walk,—Mrs. Blaisdell could almost hear their quick footsteps,—on to the piazza,—she could almost hear their high, shrill ring,—and then a long parley. Sometimes they would emerge gleeful with success, at other times a little defiant with failure. But the sixth canvasser was not like that at all. In the first place, he was a mere boy; also, it was quite obvious he was shy. He would walk up and down before a house for a long while, not even looking at it directly, but peering sidewise. Sometimes he would not go in at all; he would pass on to the next house. When he did enter, he never went to the front door; he would sidle slowly round to the back, peering up at the windows, reappearing, still sidling, on the other side. Sometimes when he had made half the circuit of the place, he would retreat, as though his courage had suddenly left him.

To-day they were out again in force. Over there was the one Mrs. Blaisdell described to herself as the "tall, red-headed girl," who advanced proudly on a house as though it were a citadel that she could take single-handed. Here was the "roly-poly, dark one," who gathered a whole household about her on the piazza and made them laugh. Yonder was the "thin school-teacher one," who was quick and efficient at her work. Beyond was the "big, strong-looking boy," who was unmistakably in love with the "roly-poly, dark one," talking with "the-one-who-wore-a-gray-shirt," who was so unmistakably jealous of him. And, yes, there was the sixth canvasser staring up at the old Edgemore house. He stopped at the gate, as beautiful as a bit of carved ivory, and peered through its interstices. Suddenly he pushed the gate open and made a hesitating step up the path; but then inexplicably he turned back, his head bowed in dejection. Once outside on the sidewalk, he stopped abruptly, as though girding his courage to another effort. Then with a soft dash he entered again, flitted silently through the garden to the back. It would do him little good, Mrs. Blaisdell reflected, to ask Mattie and Laura Edgemore to sign the petition. How those women had changed! They had been so gay and open-hearted once! When Mrs. Blaisdell's children were young, they used to go to children's parties on the Edgemore place. As plainly as though it were yesterday, she could see Edgar's dark little head flitting between the high stalks of fire-colored phlox and wine-colored hollyhocks.

Edgar! Must she leave Edgar behind, or would she find him *there?* Oh, she must not think of *that;* she must not!

Mrs. Blaisdell meant to sign the petition. She had always believed in what she still called "woman suffrage." When she was a girl, she had heard Susan B. Anthony speak. She had never had to hear anybody else.

Tom came strolling over to her chair, stood beside her, smoking. Mrs. Blaisdell noticed how graceful his hand was, lightly fingering the little pipe, which seemed to cling close to the bold, graceful curve of his chin. She had always taken pride in Tom's beautiful hands because she considered that her own were ugly. She was glad, too, that he had inherited his father's fine, strong, muscular figure. Tom was handsome, regular-featured, aristocratic-looking.

"The place is looking fine this year, Mother," Tom said.

"Yes," Mrs. Blaisdell said; "so much rain has been good for everything. This is a beautiful day. I think we 're going to have settled weather now."

"I hope so," Tom said. "I think probably I 'll be home more this summer than I 've ever been since I went on the road. Instead of taking two weeks' vacation in October, I 'm going to take a day here and there. There are some things I 'd like to do myself on this place this summer."

"That 'll be fine, Tom," Mrs. Blaisdell said.

"And with the girls coming on," Tom went on, "of course I want to be home as much as possible. Is n't it great they 're both to be here? If only George could get back, we could have a complete family reunion."

"Except Edgar," his mother interpolated. "Don't forget Edgar, Tom. I never do."

Edgar was Mrs. Blaisdell's second son. He came between George and Molly. Over thirty years before, when he was seventeen, Edgar had gone to sea. His first voyage had been a short one, but filled with storms. Mrs. Blaisdell had hoped that he would come home cured of all desire to go again. But he had left, when he was still a slender lad, on a second trip. His ship, the *Eliza Shoreby,* stopped at Liverpool. Edgar went ashore at nine o'clock one morning; he had never been seen or heard from since. Everybody else had given him up for dead years ago, but Mrs. Blaisdell had never lost faith that he would come back to her. Whenever the gate clicked unexpectedly, whenever a strange man of middle-aged aspect appeared on the walk, Mrs. Blaisdell's heart always gave a thick flutter.

"You know, Tom," she said, a faint tone of reproach in her voice, "I have never given up expecting Edgar. I never will."

"It would be a wonderful thing if he did come back," Tom said. "Of course I was such a little shaver at the time that it did n't make much impression on me."

"You do remember him, though," Mrs. Blaisdell pleaded.

"Oh, sure!" Tom said in an offhand way. He went on to talk about his and Ada's plans for the place. They were going to throw out a piazza at the back of the dining-room, screen it in so that they could eat out of doors; they would cover it with rambler roses. They were going to get rid of the little flower-beds on the lawn. They were going to put wide flower-beds in front of the lilac-hedges, and stand phlox and hollyhocks up against them; Tom had always loved that combination. He remembered it from a boy, when he played in the Edgemore place. They were going to place wide borders of sweet alyssum about those beds.

Mrs. Blaisdell listened carefully, approved gently; but inside she was torn and bleeding again. It hurt her unspeakably that Tom did not remember Edgar as clearly as she did. She examined with a passionate fondness that picture that hung, virilely limned, vividly colored, in her mind's gallery. It was curious that, of them all, Edgar had been the throwback in the family. She would have expected it sooner of huge, powerful George or tall, muscular Tom. But perhaps

George's activities as a teacher in the Philippines was one modern satisfaction of the ancient seafaring impulse in the blood, and Tom's as a traveling salesman another. Although he was strong, Edgar was pale and frail-looking. He was also soft-haired and soft-eyed. He was a "mother's boy."

"Lord! this is a beautiful day!" Tom exclaimed. "I 'm glad I 'm going to be home so much. I 'll have this place in tiptop shape for Molly and Ruth."

He was making many references to his being at home, and many excuses for it; but, "Yes, it is a lovely day," was all Mrs. Blaisdell said.

The sky was putting on, though it was mid-morning, its noon blue. The hot-looking, white clouds—it was as though there were a little sun shining behind each of them—thinned and silvered, frayed at the edges, and melted into the dazzling atmosphere. Birds flew in and out of the Baker orchard, and constantly a pink-petaled shower sifted noiselessly to the green. The crow continued to caw, the calf to blart; robins came and went, burning a crimson hole through the air. Still Peggy May kept up her lispy chatter, and still Virginia Small fussed about her room, trying on things. An automobile glided with a nervous softness to the Baker gate, stopped noiselessly.

"Dr. Morris!" Mrs. Blaisdell and Tom said simultaneously.

"I forgot to tell you," Tom explained, "Annie told Rose this morning that Mrs. Baker was n't feeling well. Morris came once in the night. Ada went over to ask if there was anything she could do. The nurse said she 'd raise the curtain a little when the baby was born."

"I 'll watch for it," Mrs. Blaisdell promised. "Oh, I hope it won't be bad this time!"

"Now, don't let it excite or worry you, Mother!" Tom said, a nervous furrow playing in his forehead.

"No, Tom, I won't," Mrs. Blaisdell said. "Besides, when you get to my time of life, you realize that births are happy things. It 's only marriages and funerals that are unhappy. Why, to a mother that moment of birth—"

A sharp pang tore her. The moment of birth! The moment of death!

"How many are there of those suffrage-canvassers?" Tom changed the subject abruptly. "I make out five, three girls and two men."

"No, six," Mrs. Blaisdell corrected him. "Three young men, too. There 's one you probably have n't noticed. He does n't seem to be very successful."

"I don't know what their system is," Tom commented, "but it seems to be kind of hit or miss. They all seem to hang together about the same neighborhood instead of dividing the town up. Perhaps, though, they all take a hand at any house where there 's difficulty. They say they 're volunteers, college girls and boys. I suppose you 're going to sign their petition, Mother?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Blaisdell answered; "I always have."

"I will," Tom promised, "and Ada, too."

"That 'll be nice," Mrs. Blaisdell approved.

"Well, I guess I 'll go over and help Ada tie up those vines." Tom strolled over to his wife's side. They stood before the clematis-trellis and talked.

Mrs. Blaisdell knew that they were talking about her, and she thought she also knew what they were saying; but she did not care. She had a sudden heart-sick yearning for George, who could not possibly get home from the Philippines in time. And she wondered with a sudden sharp sense of terror if Molly or Ruth would be too late. But again she told herself she must not think these thoughts. Resolutely she looked over to the Baker house. A little new baby, how wonderful it was! Nobody but a mother could possibly know. Dr. Morris had not come out; he was going to stay this time. About the house appeared signs of activity; windows opened, doors shut. A maid who had been sweeping off the back porch disappeared abruptly, as though in answer to a sudden call.

Mrs. Blaisdell's eyes strayed again over the surrounding neighborhood. The "tall, red-headed girl" had gathered a group about her in front of the fire-house; Mrs. Blaisdell could see the firemen tilted back in their chairs, grinning as they craned to get her talk. The "one who wore a gray shirt" had gone into the garage. Mrs. Blaisdell could just make out the dusky-white spots in the gloom that were faces clustered about him. The sixth canvasser had emerged from the Edgemore place. He had undoubtedly again been unsuccessful, for he drooped with dejection. He passed the Sawyer place, the Seaman place, the Mittinger place, three handsome modern mansions, with scarcely a look. Next came the fine old Murray place, built at the same time as the Blaisdell house and almost its twin, except that the former was painted yellow and white, and the latter slate-gray and green. Also, Mrs. Blaisdell often reflected proudly, her house had kept its big airy lookout, relic of those seafaring days when the women of Wraymouth watched the returning whalers from the house-tops. As the sixth canvasser caught sight of the Murray place, he stopped—stopped short as though something electric had caught him. The dejection seemed to pour out of him; obviously new hope flowed in. That new hope raised his head and cocked his shoulders. He studied the house again with his strange, furtive, peering glance, as though he was trying to remember something. He approached it once or twice with his hesitant, sidling step. Then suddenly he slipped, eel-quick and shadow-soft, through the entrance. The gate swung to, concealed him temporarily.

"Mrs. Blaisdell! Mrs. Blaisdell!"

It was a child's voice that called, and a child's slender body, wriggling through a crevice in the lilac-hedge, followed the call. "I b'inged you somesing."

"Good morning, Peggy," Mrs. Blaisdell answered. "Now, what are you 'b'inging' me?" "B'inging," as Mrs. Blaisdell very well knew, was Peggy patois for "bringing."

Peggy did not answer. She ran to Mrs. Blaisdell's chair, threw herself against Mrs. Blaisdell's knees, and dropped her basket into Mrs. Blaisdell's lap. In the basket were three new-born kittens.

Peggy was exactly Mrs. Blaisdell's idea of what a little girl should be, much as Molly had looked, although not half so pretty: floss-fine golden hair worn in long curls, sky-blue eyes starred by long lashes; pretty, tiny features; slender, dimpled body.

"What beautiful kittens!" Mrs. Blaisdell said. She reached into the basket with her trembling hands and smoothed the little creatures, which were peeping like young birds. "Their eyes are n't open yet, are they? See what funny little tails they 've got. When did Fuzzy bring them to you?"

"Mother finded them in the closet. Fuzzy b'inged them in the night. Mother said I could b'ing them to you. They can't stay long." Peggy shook her head violently. "No, Fuzzy kies if I take them. Fuzzy dud n't like her kitties to go. I b'inged you some tortors." "Tortors" was Peggy's patois for flowers.

The "tortors" were some gone-to-seed dandelions, very short-stemmed, and much the worse for the close clutching of a moist little hand. Peggy handed them to Mrs. Blaisdell. "Kitties go 'way now," Peggy said decisively. She seized the basket and scampered back through the hedge.

Mrs. Blaisdell was sorry that Peggy had gone. Between her and the little girl had sprung up one of those sympathetic understandings possible only between old age and infancy. Peggy came to see her every day. It was true that she thought little of that overheard conversation when Peggy was with her. The moment of death!

"Are you keeping the shawl tight about you, Mother?" Ada called. She left Tom's side and came strolling over to Mrs. Blaisdell's chair. Ada was not a pretty woman, but she would have been much prettier if she had not had to wear glasses. She had a wholesome matronly figure, with a round, firm bust and strong-

looking arms and a wholesome matronly face with big, clear eyes and big, strong-looking teeth. She leaned over Mrs. Blaisdell and pulled the shawl closer. "These spring days are so treacherous sometimes. Is n't it nice that Tom is going to be with us so much this summer?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Blaisdell answered; "I 'm taking a lot of comfort out of that."

"And the girls," Ada went on. "It will be lovely to have them both here. I hope they won't think I 've made too many changes."

"I know they 'll be delighted with everything. You have n't done anything that has n't improved the place, Ada," Mrs. Blaisdell approved warmly.

This was true. Just as the interior workings of the house had become at Ada's touch a perfect machine, so the outside growths had taken under her care a new impetus.

Ada still fingered Mrs. Blaisdell's shawl, drawing it closer here, pulling it into soft folds there.

"You look sweet, Mother," she said. "Are you feeling all right this morning?"

"Splendid," Mrs. Blaisdell replied. "Anybody 'd ought to feel good this morning weather."

"Well, I guess I 'll run back to Tom," Ada said. "We 're making plans for those two flower-beds."

Mrs. Blaisdell's preoccupied gaze followed Ada's figure as she sped to her husband's side. Together Tom and Ada moved over to the corner where the birches dropped their shimmering green fountain. In their shade grew lilies of the valley. They knelt to examine them. The moment of death! The moment of death!

The Baker house was very quiet. Once Mrs. Blaisdell saw the nurse pass the window. Outside among the apple-blossoms the birds still whirled the air with a miniature rose-tinted snow-storm. The robins still made swift, fire-hot journeys from tree to tree. The sun rose higher and higher. The clouds had thinned now until they were faint silver strays filming the deep zenith blue. The little hot breezes that came from the lilacs were even more densely packed with perfume; the little hot breezes that touched the flower-beds were more heavily weighted with damp earth smells. From Peggy's direction came a sudden series of squawks as the kittens protested against Peggy's treatment. From the Mallon barn came a prolonged blart from the still-unreconciled calf. Virginia Small, arrayed at last and as dewy as a rose in her pink smock and her pink, flower-covered hat, emerged from the Small house. Simultaneously Ed Howes shot from the Howes garage. They met at the front gate, and talking busily, their eyes glued to each other, they moved down the street. Mrs. Blaisdell smiled at this picture of young love. They were expecting to get the news of that engagement any day. Then suddenly her smile caught, crystallized, changed to violent contraction. The moment of death!

Nobody could help her now, not Tom or George or Molly or Ruth or Edgar —Edgar, for whom all the others had no memory and for whom her mother's heart would always yearn.

The suffrage-canvassers were still busy. The "dark, roly-poly girl" had stopped the postman. The "tall, strong-looking blond lad" was talking to the iceman. The sixth canvasser had emerged from the Murray place. Again every line of him drooped. He had n't succeeded anywhere, Mrs. Blaisdell concluded. He should n't have tried to do this sort of thing. He was n't the type for it. Now, Tom, for instance, would have been a great success at getting signatures; he was a very successful salesman. Mrs. Blaisdell watched the slim figure, still peering into front yards, turn down Mason Street. Only the empty school was there. That would bring him to their corner. She hoped that he would come to them because then he would get three signatures.

The electric car jingled past the house. Mrs. Blaisdell sat quiet, her hand to her forehead. The moment of death!

The gate clicked, opened. Mrs. Blais-

dell glanced up. It was the sixth canvasser. He entered and stood, quiet and still, looking at her.

For the length of an eye-wink Mrs. Blaisdell, too, sat quiet and still, looking at him. And in that time the torturing weight on her consciousness melted, drifted away. She grew well—yes, *well*.

"O Edgar, my son!" she said at last. "You 've come back!"

"Yes, Mother," Edgar answered. He smiled. Mrs. Blaisdell smiled, too. "I 've come back. I 've been a long time finding you. I could n't remember. I must go away soon. I 'll take you with me this time, though."

Mrs. Blaisdell clasped her hands.

"Oh, take me, Edgar!" she breathed.

"I think we 'd better go now," Edgar suggested. He still smiled.

Mrs. Blaisdell arose, took a step. Not even in her youth had she known such lightness as this; her foot did not even turn the grass-blades.

"Edgar, take me away from the moment of—"

Then suddenly she understood.

"O Edgar," she said, "I did n't think it was ever like this!"

"It 's always like this, Mother," Edgar answered.

He moved toward her, she moved toward him; they took each other's hands, they gazed into each other's eyes, they passed through the gateway, they floated down the street.

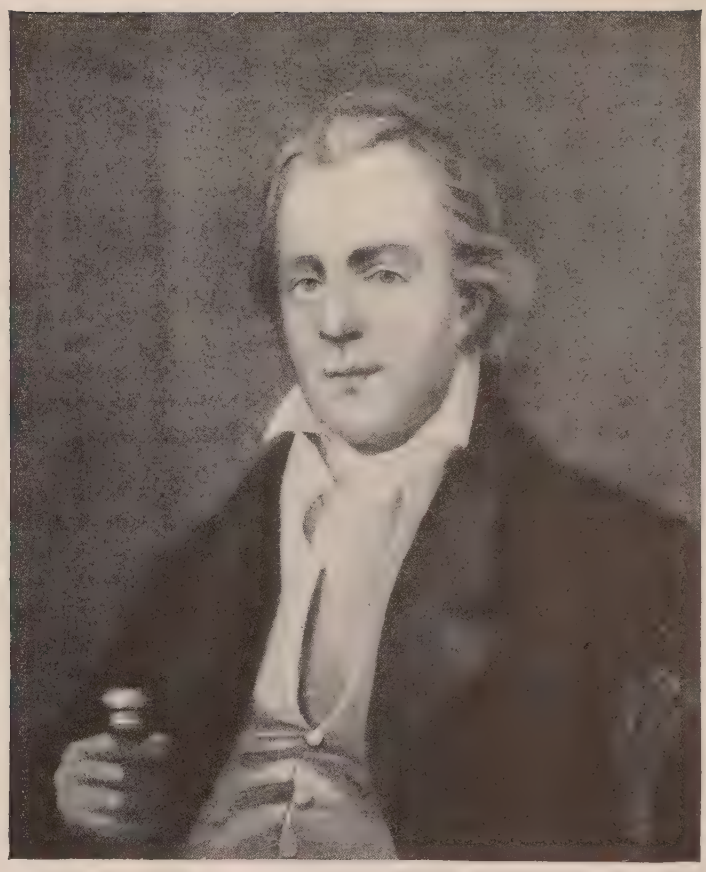
Something attracted Mrs. Blaisdell's eyes over at the Baker house: the nurse was raising the curtain.

Something attracted her gaze back to her own place: under the elm Tom and Ada were bending over a very old lady whose white face had sagged sidewise upon her shoulder.

The Friend

By ANNA GLEN STODDARD

AS when a door denying hint of light,
Barring the wanderer in the unfriendly night,
Yields suddenly to inner warmth and bloom,
The welcoming brightness of the peopled room—
So was it when your radiant presence made
Light for my spirit in the dark afraid.



General William Clark

Our Nation in the Building

The Romance of American Union

By HELEN NICOLAY

Author of "Personal Traits of Abraham Lincoln"

Part II

CHAPTER III

THE MAP AND THE SHUTTLECOCK PROVINCE

THE crowning achievements of Jefferson's term had to do with terra firma rather than with the sea; but they were equally picturesque and undemocratic. It was providential that his many theories neutralized one another. Although a lingering remnant of the old landed aristocrat's prejudice against trade made him deplore commerce as "corrupting," his dislike of war bade him argue that in trade, not in guns, lay our greatest national weapon. Common sense also made him see how necessary trade was to the development of the country. He therefore planned to invade close-shut Asia with the American commerce that did not as yet exist, and he joyfully set out to find a road for it through an unexplored wilderness.

The blank spaces on the map teased him. They were still vast, despite explor-

ing expeditions that had come to America in ever-increasing numbers since Sebastian Cabot's initial voyage of 1497. Such expeditions along the coast had been too numerous even to mention. Those that penetrated the interior fell into interesting groups as they multiplied with the centuries. The four principal ones of the sixteenth century were Spanish, and the territory they pierced was that of our Southern and Southwestern States. In the seventeenth century they were French, and their wanderings covered the region approached by the St. Lawrence and the great lakes. In the eighteenth century the names connected with such enterprises were unmistakably English. The area was smaller, but it was explored more in detail and opened up to permanent settlement. This was the fertile country drained by the Ohio and other eastern tributaries of the Mississippi. With the beginning of the nineteenth century interest was transferred west of the Mississippi to the wide spaces designated on maps of the day by three imagination-haunting names, Oregon, the Spanish Territory, and Louisiana.

Meriwether Lewis

Progressive Americans were convinced even then that some time in the future these must be ours "by law of nature." But conservatives, on the other hand, were aghast at the idea of annexing land, especially beyond the Mississippi. The country's chief danger, they said, was its unwieldy size. New England felt that such a course would justify her in withdrawing from the Union. But to all alike the map was an unsolved enigma. The Stony Mountains loomed large upon it as a barrier between Louisiana and the other two tracts. The Missouri River, draining the eastern slopes of this vast range, was a well-established fact. Jefferson thought that indications pointed to a river of equal importance on the western side, flowing into the Pacific.

To a mind like his such speculations were irresistible. While he was minister to France he talked with young John Ledyard, the American traveler, then in Paris, and so worked upon his imagination that he gave up his project of Egyptian exploration to attack the mystery of his own continent. Together the two planned that Ledyard should cross Siberia far to the north, sail from Kamchatka to the coast of America, follow the coast southward until he came to the mouth of this unknown river, ascend it to its source, and then, crossing the continental divide to the headwaters of the Missouri, sail down to the Mississippi and civilization. In his capacity of minister to France, Jefferson gave Ledyard a passport to St. Petersburg, that he might ask leave of the Empress Catharine to cross her territory. It was granted, and Ledyard had reached Siberia when the permission was suddenly revoked, and he was ordered out of the country on suspicion of being a spy.

Four years later Captain Gray, in command of the ship that first carried the Stars and Stripes around the world, discovered the mouth of the Columbia. This confirmed Jefferson's theory, but the upper reaches of the river and its relation to the Missouri remained as mysterious as ever. At intervals, when his republicanism slumbered, Jefferson's mind played with the problem, and before he had been President many months the ex-

pedition of Lewis and Clark began to take definite shape.

Its objects were threefold, as the President outlined them to Congress: to establish trading relations with the Indians of the Northwest; to search out a route for commerce with Asia; and to add to the world's geographic knowledge. On the map the transit of the eye and mind from the Pacific coast to densely populated Asia is instantaneous and inevitable. Asia spelled commerce, and so did a fur trade with the western Indians. Knowing the nature of Congress when it came to a question of appropriations, Jefferson was diplomatically practical and enlarged upon this point, though personally the scientific features of the expedition interested him more.

He placed at the head of it two young army officers who had between them ideal qualifications for the task. Meriwether Lewis had seen military service, and had been acting as Jefferson's private secretary. He had thus learned to understand thoroughly his chief's desires and habits of mind. William Clark was a man of less education who had served under "Mad Anthony" Wayne. With the exception of one negro servant, the whole party, numbering about thirty, was enlisted in the army before it set out in the spring of 1803 in a blaze of social glory. Mrs. Madison and the ladies of fashion provided every possible comfort, from that kindly impulse that prompts giving men doomed to execution a last good meal.

But the fear that "they might never return from the distant land of savages" proved unfounded. After a silence of years they emerged from the wilderness with their tale of adventure that makes pulses quicken even yet. How it must have moved those who heard for the first time of the marvels and perils of the Western region can be easily imagined. Both the commanders kept diaries. Lewis's trained style pales a little beside that of Clark, whose pen, like his sword, was coercive and drove panic-stricken letters into words perfectly intelligible to the sense, if not to the eye.

His account has in it the very ripple of the Missouri on that May morning when they set off up-stream in a "jentle brease" past the huts of French habitants, "pore, polite, and harmonious." That jabbing pen of his had strange power to make pictures and draw character. Reading on, we seem to accompany the travelers into the unsettled country, rich in game, but purgatorial with all manner of crawling, biting insects. Camping with them on a sand-bar and watching while they sleep, we see the stealthy Missouri eating it away, piece by piece, above and below. We call out in horrified alarm, and the company has barely time to take to its boats before the last square yard of earth vanishes in a dizzying whirl of muddy waters. We stand beside brave Sergeant Floyd when he is "taken verry bad all at once with a Biliouse Chorlick," and see him die "with a great deal of composure"; and we spend five winter months with the party inside a stockade at Fort Mandan, sixteen hundred miles above the mouth of the Missouri, where perils of flood and field are exchanged for a game of exciting diplomacy with the Indians and with French and British fur-traders.

Beyond this point, where they wintered, all was unknown. In the spring they set forth again to push on through a region of fantastic mountain grandeur, over ground whitened by alkali, or black with coal, or red and yellow, or all four colors at once. Monster animals invaded their camp at night. Rattlesnakes and mosquitos added effective torment by day. A worthless Frenchman and an infant three weeks old were taken into the party, vicariously welcome for the sake of the Indian wife and mother, who had been captured in childhood from a Rocky Mountain tribe and was relied upon as guide. With her baby pressed close to her heart and the welfare of the party on her shoulders, she slipped into her place on the march and "made good."

The dividing of the river left them at a loss which fork to follow. It split again, this time into three streams; and it was almost mid-August when Lewis stood at

The United States after the Louisiana Purchase

last beside the icy spring in which the Missouri takes its rise. On the very same day a stream was found flowing toward the Pacific. Caching boats and surplus stores, the party began crossing the heavily timbered Bitter Root Mountains, where the whole world seems to be crumpled in a series of preposterous ridges. Sacajewea, the Indian mother, opened friendly relations with a band of Shoshones, who directed the party and sold them horses. But after this snow-storms came to blind them, game disappeared, and they were obliged to eat some of the horses and set the others free. Finally, after great hardships, they came into a region where Indians knew the commodities—and the wiles—of white men, and on November 7, 1805, Clark jubilantly wrote in his diary, "Great joy in camp—we are in sight of the ocian!" following this by a tale of seas that "roled and tossed uproriously" and made several of the party very sick.

They retraced their steps, and before the end of March, 1806, the principals made their report in person to the President. Neither of these young men did anything more that is noteworthy, which is perhaps not strange. They had done their full share by successfully piercing the continent from tide-water to tide-water. That a woman and a baby helped them, and a negro and a dog loyally followed every step of the way, adds to the wonder and the human interest of their achievement. Yet it is disappointing that both gallant leaders faded from sight, one of them under a cloud. Made Governor of Louisiana Territory, Lewis died a year or two later in a squalid cabin either by murder or his own hand. The fate of Clark was not so dramatic. He, too, was Governor of the Louisiana region after it became Missouri, and later served as Indian agent, vanishing finally into total obscurity.

Their places were quickly filled by others. The march of the West was too rapid and buoyant to halt either to search or to mourn for those who served it and dropped out. Far-off Oregon was soon to claim the attention of the country, but now interest centered upon a West nearer home, the Louisiana Territory, which stretched between the Mississippi and the Stony Mountains.

For three hundred years the threads of national destiny had been twisting and knotting themselves about the mouth of the great river while Spain and France, and later England, played the game of empire with that rich delta as the stake. The devious paths of exploration early sought it out. In 1519, Alonzo de Pineda gave

the river a Spanish name, and twenty-three years later De Soto went to his last long rest beneath its waters. Then the French claimed it. In 1682, La Salle and his men, carrying the cross and the banner of St. Louis down the stream, had buried leaden plates on its banks after the French custom, and taken possession for their king of all lands watered by it and its tributaries. Their high-sounding phrases reached no further than those of the Spaniards before them. The river flowed on unchanged even while their chants of Te Deum and Exaudiat, the sharp crack of firearms and their throaty cries of "Vive le roi!" frightened the waterfowl that rose with a great flutter of wings, to settle again as soon as the echoes died away.

But still their act was potent. It made the little band of wanderers less homesick; and from that time on French loyalty grew among the few and scattered colonists, while French pride and avarice at court kept tight hold upon the distant valley. A hundred tricks of speech and name testify that the dwellers on the river were more French than Spanish, though in the lapse of years, as France and Spain both came to look upon America with a fierce and instinctive greed, they were ordered to shout now for Louis le Roi, now for Carlos el Rey, at the whim of ministers or the exigencies of war.

There were martyrs who dared protest, whose sentence of hanging no man, black or white, could be found to carry out, and whose death at the hands of a platoon of Spanish soldiers was witnessed only by blind walls and empty streets, the whole protesting population of New Orleans having streamed sadly through the gates into the open country to get beyond earshot of their guns.

When the game of empire went against Spain finally, in 1763, she was forced to cede to England all her territory lying east of the Mississippi and north of latitude 31; but she kept for herself the Floridas and a strip of land safely covering both banks at the mouth of the river. At the end of our Revolution the land Spain had transferred to England passed from England's hands into our own, and became the Northwest Territory.

Meantime four of the States—Connecticut, Massachusetts, North Carolina, and Georgia—laid claim to portions of it, shadowy, overlapping claims stretching westward through space and backward through time to kings' patents or original discovery, as coolly impudent as New York's claim to another bit of land as legal heir of the Indian tribes. One after another these claims had been waived in order that the States might unite and adopt the Articles of Confederation. During the period of government by Congress the Northwest Territory was held in common, for the good of all; and when the time came to mend the Articles of Confederation or break the bond, interest in this vast territory, and the certainty of losing it if they parted company, became the strongest motive for keeping the quarrelsome States together.

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Robert R. Livingston

Historians of the Convention of 1787 may therefore paraphrase Moltke's bluff axiom that "geography is three fourths of military history," since geography won our battle of nationality. It did more. It furnished the wherewithal to run the nation. The country was bankrupt, but in a flash of inspiration the leaders saw their opportunity and seized it. Properly handled, even the uncertainty enveloping the great tract might be made an asset. No government could be maintained without funds. It was equally certain that money could not be coined out of thin air, though it might be coaxed from the earth. So with true

Yankee ingenuity they seized upon this Pandora's box of conflicting claims and boldly turned it into the national money-chest.

But Spain, holding its little strip of territory at the mouth of the Mississippi, had a strategic position. Only by free use of the river could the Northwest Territory hope to develop, and Spain seemed inclined to make trouble. In addition, a large number of people in the Eastern States could not be persuaded to regard the country west of the Alleghanies seriously except as a threatening menace. Hamilton, intent on issuing a currency based on Western lands as security, might point out the wisdom of keeping the Mississippi open to American commerce, and Jay wax eloquent over "extensive wildernesses, now scarcely known or explored," "vast lakes and rivers whose waters have for ages rolled in silence and obscurity to the ocean," that would yet "hear the din of industry, become subservient to commerce, and boast delightful villas, gilded spires, and spacious cities rising from their banks"; but there were others as patriotic who turned away from the glittering mirage to look cold facts in the face. They knew that there was not enough commerce west of the Alleghanies to keep open a trout brook, and were convinced that if those gilded cities ever materialized, it would be a sure sign that the Union was too unwieldy to endure. They knew also that even in colonial times the cod-fisheries off the coast of Newfoundland had yielded threefold: choice fare for the Catholic countries of southern Europe, coarser, but wholesome, food for native Americans, and an abundant, if unsavory, refuse that was bought up eagerly by planters of the West Indies to keep life in their slaves. To their eyes such an industry dwarfed in importance any possible golden dream of Mississippi commerce. If something must be conceded to the demands of Spain, let her have the control of the mouth of the Mississippi despite Franklin's homely protest that it would be cheaper in the end to buy Spain's interest outright; that a neighbor might as well ask him to sell his street door.

James Monroe

These unimaginative patriots were blind to the fact that even during the Revolution, when the fishing trade was cut off, leaving the poor blacks of the Antilles to starve, another stream of commerce, small and sluggish at first, had begun to move westward and southward, and was still moving and growing. Before the Revolution the number of white settlers west of the Alleghanies, but within the limits of the thirteen original States, had been few. But emigration persisted even during the years of war, and when peace was signed the few hundreds had increased to thousands. These people were clearing and tilling fields, and their produce, with furs from the wilderness, was being loaded on flatboats and floated down small streams into larger ones, then on through the Ohio and Mississippi to the sea. From New Orleans an enterprising merchant might take passage to Cuba and make more sales, and, returning by way of Baltimore or Philadelphia, invest his gains in goods that could be transported by wagon across the Alleghanies and sold to his neighbors in the "back country."

Such a round trip lasted from four to six months, and offered a fair equivalent in education for the schools and opportunities of the East. In the course of it the traveler saw many kinds of life, met many people, and heard many things, some of which were not soothing to his patience. He learned, for instance, that to transport his goods across the mountains by wagon ate up one third of their value; that he could send them down the Mississippi for

only one twentieth of their cost, but that before reaching the mouth of the stream they must pass through one hundred miles of foreign territory and run the gantlet of Spanish officials, who made increasingly rapacious demands. He learned, too, that his co-citizens of the Atlantic seaboard, especially those of New England, were so hypnotized by the sea that they would pay no heed to his protests. This coldness the men of the West were quick to resent, claiming that the East was willing to exploit their region, but not to give it fair play; and that this attitude was the same that England had held toward her colonies.

The Democratic Republicans sympathized with the Western point of view more heartily than did the Federals; but they were beset by a multitude of problems, all of them pressing and many of them nearer home. They were therefore inclined to look leniently upon Spain's demands, if by so doing they could gain advantage elsewhere. Spain, growing bold, claimed exclusive control of the Mississippi as far north as Kentucky, and our ministers abroad were on the point of conceding the right as of little moment when in 1802 rumor came that the storm-tossed province of Louisiana had once more changed allegiance and was French again by secret treaty, Napoleon having bribed the Spanish king with the shadowy Kingdom of Etruria in Italy.

This roused dwellers in the Mississippi valley to another protest, for they realized that while Spain was not an agreeable neighbor, her colonial strength had departed, and the United States could suffer little beyond temporary annoyance at her hands. With France it might be otherwise, for the Revolution had set many refugees upon our shores who were still French at heart, no matter what their fortune; and Napoleon must be reckoned with, whose dream of empire, expanding with success, might no longer be confined within a single hemisphere.

Jefferson's mind was hospitable to the Western point of view; but he was a man of peace, fully convinced that the stars in their courses would bring about our ultimate ascendancy in the Mississippi valley. He was inclined to leave the matter exclusively to them, putting off the day of reckoning "till we are stronger in ourselves and stronger in allies," and "especially till we have planted such a population on the Mississippi as will be able to do their own business." He recognized the river's commercial importance, and wrote to Robert R. Livingston, then our minister at Paris, that New Orleans was the one spot upon earth the possessor of which was our natural enemy, since the produce of three eighths of our territory must pass through it to go to market. Thinking it time to act if France was actually in possession, he instructed Livingston to try to purchase New Orleans with the small strip of ground on which it is built.

There was a tremendous outcry. It was not only undemocratic, but ruinous both in money and policy. The United States already owned too much territory. Every added inch increased the danger of our unwieldy republic breaking into pieces. Besides,—and this Jefferson's political opponents emphasized with undoubted relish,—what had become of the strict construction of the Constitution about which the Republicans were forever prating before they came into power? Proposing to buy a foreign city was a greater liberty than Federals had ever dreamed of taking with the sacred document.

Jefferson was clear-sighted enough to see the point and partizan enough not to enjoy it. "The less that is said about any Constitutional difficulty, the better," he warned his supporters. He tried to draw the sting by buying just as little land as possible—so little that the manifest advantages would outweigh the indiscretion. Yet realizing that a destiny larger than party was moving upon the Western waters, he stuck to his plan to buy New Orleans, and sent James Monroe over to Paris to help Livingston in the purchase.

The French had received Livingston's opening suggestion with disdain. "Only spendthrifts sell their lands," he was an-

The city of Washington in 1800

swered. How far this show of virtuous indignation was genuine he could only guess. Talleyrand's compound of genius and duplicity was particularly baffling to the Americans. They knew by experience that he was not above demanding a personal bribe, and that a rebuff in no wise lessened the jauntiness of his bearing. They had encountered him officially in the X. Y. Z. affair, and socially on our own ground when he visited America after making England too hot to hold him when he was forced to flee the rigors of the French Revolution. Undeterred by the cold politeness of those who could not well refuse to receive him, he had shrugged his Gallic shoulders, accepted our provincial attitude as a tribute rather than a rebuke, and walked through the homes of America as he had through the palaces of Europe, charming, acquisitive, and observant.

Now he was back in power upon his own soil, where his methods were understood and applauded. It was Livingston's turn to be watchful. He was by no means confident, because it was understood that Napoleon had promised Spain not to turn Louisiana over to another power. This, however, might mean much or nothing. Livingston could see for himself that France and England were rapidly drifting toward war, and it took no gift of prophecy to foretell that in case of war Napoleon would stand in desperate need of money.

Meantime Napoleon seemed bent only on taking possession of his American domain. He sent a French army corps to Haiti as a preliminary to garrisoning Louisiana. Livingston was prepared to fall back upon the compromise of a right of deposit at New Orleans, with the privilege of holding real estate for commercial purposes, when the negotiation underwent a spectacular change of character and scope.

Literally, Napoleon thrust Louisiana upon us. It was no skill of American diplomacy, but the acid of the Corsican's genius, working upon undeniable and unpleasant truths, that caused him to change his mind without troubling to explain his reasons. Meeting Talleyrand by accident one April day,—it happened to be the day before Monroe arrived in Paris,—Livingston renewed his offer. Talleyrand repeated his assurances that his chief was firmly resolved not to sell New Orleans, since the province would be of small value without the town. Then he asked casually whether the United States cared to buy the province and town together, and left Livingston speechless.

The stars in their courses were working for America. The army corps sent to Louisiana by way of Haiti had been detained on the island by revolution and decimated by fever, and an opportune and very earnest report from one of his trusted agents made Napoleon meditate on the

difficulty of holding Louisiana permanently, and hence on the folly of hampering himself in that far-off quarter while England and Austria were both menacing. If he lost the war with England, Louisiana would undoubtedly be the price. If England did not get it, the United States might acquire it in time by mere energy and growth of population. Here was a chance to thwart England, strengthen friendship with the United States, and obtain a goodly sum for his war-chest, all at the cost of surrendering something it was uncertain he could keep in any event.

The skill and courage of the Americans lay in taking a gambler's chance and closing with the offer, though they had no real authority to do so. Monroe brought with him Jefferson's offer of $2,000,000 for New Orleans and the two Floridas, a very different proposition. Livingston was inclined to regard Talleyrand's proposal as a jest, being unable to believe his ears. It was renewed two days later, however, in more concrete form by the French minister of finance, Marbois, whom Napoleon substituted arbitrarily for Talleyrand in the negotiations, perhaps partly out of distrust of his premier, but mainly because Marbois had married an American, and, being an old friend of both Livingston and Monroe, was likely to reach quicker results. One hundred million francs was the price he asked for the province. Monroe, realizing that it was well to act promptly in dealing with Napoleon, shouldered the responsibility and offered fifty.

Napoleon's two brothers, Lucien and Joseph, not yet aware of their own insignificance, heard of the proposed sale and attempted to remonstrate. Lucien in his memoirs has left an amusing account of the Corsican brothers, *en vie intime,* telling how Napoleon received them while seated in his bath, the water pleasantly scented and whitened by eau de cologne. They, having previously conspired to meet in his rooms for the purpose, stood shivering on the edge of the pool of discussion, each unwilling to make the first plunge, until the call was nearly at an end, and the body-servant approached, bathrobe in hand, to envelop his master. Then Napoleon, who had probably long since divined the reason of their call, opened the subject himself, and the amiability of the interview gave way to heated discussion, the apoplectic purple of Joseph's face and the white anger of the First Consul culminating in a final burst of temper and waterworks, as with great vivacity of gesture and total disregard of the element in which he sat, the great man raised himself in his tub and sank back again, splashing the choleric Joseph from head to foot.

But all protests were vain. His resolve once taken, Napoleon hurried negotiations to the utmost. With characteristic Latin cunning, the boundaries were left vague "as a safeguard," and also because defining them exactly would require too much time. On the thirtieth of April, eleven days before he declared war against England, a compromise was reached. The treaty was signed soon afterward, Napoleon remarking in a flash of prophecy, "I have by this act made the United States so great that that nation will sometime humble the pride of England." In less than three weeks from Talleyrand's first hint, Livingston and Monroe reported to their chief that although they had exceeded his authorized expenditure by the bagatelle of $13,000,000, about the sum then required to run our government for a whole year, and had not secured Florida, they had at one stroke of the pen doubled the area of the United States.

Jefferson's mingled emotions can be imagined. It was hard for his party principles, but his personal sympathies were all with the purchase. He knew the West would enthusiastically sustain him, and also that mere patriotic pride could be depended upon to stifle some of the opposition.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of Louisiana were still living under Spanish rule, ignorant that they had been once more made French by secret treaty in 1800. It was in December, 1803, after the province had passed into American hands, that the French prefect Lausant arrived to inform them of the earlier transfer. As a finale to

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

The signing of the Louisiana Purchase by Marbois, Livingston, and Monroe

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

Napoleon discussing the Louisiana Purchase with Talleyrand and Marbois

these astonishing gyrations in nationality, they had the dizzying experience of changing within twenty days from Spaniards into Frenchmen, and from Frenchmen into Americans, while flags were lowered and flags were raised, national anthems sounded, and polyglot proclamations were read in which, from the very nature of the case, they could take but a sullen interest.

(To be continued)

The Cabildo, the old city hall, New Orleans

An Inclosed Nun

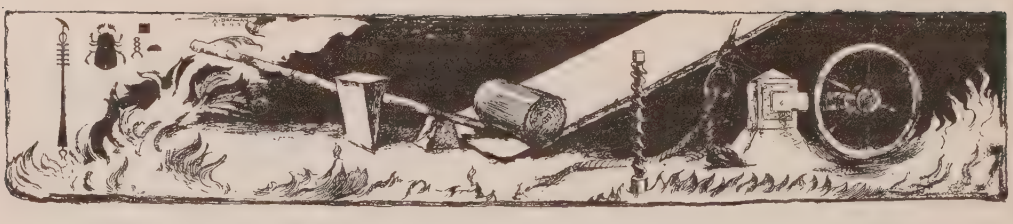
By SARAH N. CLEGHORN

ALONG the pleasant streets of Sliding River,
Upon a limpid April afternoon,
Sometimes I meet an absent-smiling lady
With hair turned gray a little while too soon.

A little while too soon she donned a bonnet,
Before her blush and dimple went their ways;
She masked her youth in staid and sober colors,
And hid it with calash and polonaise.

Now as she paces toward the Lenten lecture,
The Shakspere Circle, or the Dorcas Band,
She seems to look beyond the home horizon,
Forgetful of the workbag in her hand.

Sunk in what lost love, spellbound with what dreaming,
Linked to what bygones, not in time to part,
She builds about her an aërial convent,
Vowed to the Order of the Brooding Heart.



On the Frontiers of Science

Some Recent Inventions

By A. RUSSELL BOND

TYPE-READING EYE FOR THE BLIND

THE element selenium, when in crystalline form, possesses the peculiar property of being electro-sensitive to light. It is a good or bad conductor of electricity according to the intensity of the light that falls upon it, and its response to variations of illumination is virtually instantaneous.

This interesting property has been utilized in a wide variety of applications, ranging from the transmission of pictures over a telegraph line to the automatic detecting of comets; but by far the most marvelous application is that of the phonopticon, which was exhibited in San Francisco this summer at the annual convention of the American Association of Workers for the Blind. It is an apparatus that will actually read a book or a newspaper, uttering a characteristic combination of musical sounds for every letter it scans.

The principle of operation is not difficult to understand. A row of, say, three tiny selenium crystals is employed, each crystal forming part of a telephone circuit leading to a triple telephone-receiver. In each circuit there is an interrupter that breaks up the current into pulsations, or waves, of sufficient frequency to produce a musical note in the receiver. The frequency differs in the three circuits, so that each produces its characteristic pitch. Although the conductivity of selenium is increased by intensifying its illumination, the electrical connections in this apparatus are so chosen that while the crystals are illuminated no sounds are heard in the telephone, but when the crystals are darkened, there is an instant audible response.

The apparatus is placed on the printed matter that is to be read, with the row of crystals disposed at right angles to the line of type. The paper directly under the crystals is illuminated by a beam of light. This is reflected from the unprinted part of the paper with sufficient intensity to keep the telephone quiet, but when the crystals are moved over the black printing, the light is diminished, and the crystals lose their conductivity, causing the telephone to respond with a set of sounds which vary with the shape of the letter. Suppose the apparatus was being moved over the letter V, the upper crystal would encounter the letter first, then the middle one would respond, next the lower one would come into action for an instant, followed by a second response of the middle crystal and a final response of the upper crystal. A set of notes would be sounded somewhat after this fashion: *mi, re, do, re, mi.* The sound combinations with such letters as S and O are more complicated, but they are distinguishable. When we read with the natural eye we do not spell out the words letter by letter, but recognize them by their appearance as a whole. In the same way with the mechanical eye entire words can be recognized after a little practice.

An apparatus akin to this and known as

the optophone was invented by Fournier d'Albe and exhibited before the Royal Society of London last year, but it would read only specially prepared copy printed on one face of the sheet, because the light was passed through the paper. The phonopticon was invented by Dr. F. C. Brown of the State University of Iowa, and owes its sensitiveness to the use of individual crystals of selenium in place of the mass of crystalline material heretofore used. Dr. Brown spent four years trying to obtain selenium crystals large enough to be handled individually.

Of course the phonopticon is yet in the laboratory stages, but it offers every prospect of practical success, and its possibilities are untold. It is quite conceivable that the apparatus may be elaborated to such an extent that a blind man may see (by ear) where he is going. His world may never be bathed in sunshine, but he may learn to admire the beauties of nature as translated from light into music.

METAL-PLATING WITH A "PISTOL"

A FEW years ago some children in Zurich were practising with a small rifle when their father strolled up to examine their target and see how well they were doing. He noticed that a number of the little bullets had struck so closely that they overlapped, and were mashed together, like dough, into a solid mass of lead. It was not an extraordinary phenomenon, but it was an inventor who witnessed it, and what he saw was a new method of metal-plating.

The man was M. U. Schoop, a Swiss engineer, and this is how he conceived the idea of plating objects by peppering them with a storm of microscopic bullets. Instead of using cold bullets, however, he took molten metal, and sprayed it upon the object with a stream of heated compressed air. The air picked up the metal in a finely divided state, just as an atomizer picks up perfumery, and projected it as a fine mist. Strange to say, this metallic mist was so cool that it could be deposited upon the most delicate fabrics without burning them. Even the hand could be held in the spray close to the nozle without being scorched, and the metal could be laid on in as thin or as thick a coating as desired, just as paint is applied with an air-brush. So successful was this first metal spraying-machine that Mr. Schoop was encouraged to build a small hand machine, shaped somewhat like a pistol, in which powdered, instead of molten, metal was used. The metal powder was fused by a gas torch, while the compressed air that fed the torch picked up the molten particles and shot them forth in the form of a spray. Another development was to use a metal ribbon or wire fed to the torch by a small air-driven motor.

The latest modification of the plating-pistol uses electricity in place of gas. Two wires of the metal that is to be applied take the place of the carbon pencils of a small arc lamp. The arc melts the wire, and a blast of compressed air blows out a continuous stream of atomized metal. Within the pistol is the mechanism commonly used in arc lamps to feed the pencils to the arc as fast as they are consumed.

It is not easy to explain the peculiar action of the spray. The metal is certainly hot as it leaves the pistol, but it is so finely pulverized that the microscopic particles must lose their heat almost instantly, like the sparks that fly from a grindstone. Expanding air absorbs heat, and no doubt the air of the jet, being suddenly relieved of its compression, extracts the heat from the metal particles, so that within a few inches of the nozle they are solidified, and, on striking the object, are mashed together just like the bullets on the target.

In the first apparatus a very high air-pressure was used, which shot forth the particles with a speed of over a mile per second, which is about twice the speed of a rifle-bullet and nearly five times the velocity of sound. Now a much lower air-pressure is used, and the "bullets" leave the pistol with the moderate speed of seventeen hundred feet per second, or nearly twelve hundred miles per hour. Of course their velocity is greatly reduced before they reach their target. So tiny are the particles that it is possible to form

a film one thousandth of an inch in thickness; that is, about one third of the thickness of the paper this is printed on. Of course the longer the spray is applied the thicker the plating will grow, and there is no limit to the depth of metal that may be laid on.

It is only two years since the first patents were secured on this method of plating, and already it has found a wonderful variety of useful applications. Lead, tin, zinc, aluminium, copper, nickel, iron, and even silver and gold have been used with success, and coatings of alloys such as brass, bronze, German silver, and the like, which cannot be applied electrolytically, may be sprayed on with the pistol. "Pickling," or chemical cleaning, is not a prerequisite of the Schoop process, hence many objects that cannot be electroplated may be spray-plated. It is just as easy to apply metal to the finest silks as to a block of wood or iron, and highly combustible materials, such as celluloid, tissue-paper, and even matches, have been subjected to a hail of microscopic bullets without being ignited. The delicacy of the process may be seen in its use for making molds for dental plates, and in taking casts of finger-tips for the identification of criminals, in place of the common finger-print system. On the other hand, it has been used to coat telegraph-posts at the ground-line in order to protect them from decay. It is reported that, owing to the scarcity of copper, German arms factories are making cartridge-shells of paper coated with a thin layer of brass, applied by the new process.

THE LEWIS AIR-COOLED GUN

For a great peace-loving country, far removed from militaristic influences, American contributions to the machinery of war have been really remarkable. This is particularly true of the machine-gun. It was an American, Dr. Richard J. Gatling, who invented the first rapid-fire gun—a gun with a cluster of barrels that would discharge a stream of bullets at the turning of a crank handle. That was in 1861, several years before the French mitrailleuse made its appearance. Then, twenty years later, came the single-barreled machine-gun, in which each cartridge was loaded and fired by the recoil of the previous cartridge, at the rate of ten shots per second. This was invented by Hiram Maxim, an American, who later became a British subject. Now we have a third notable American contribution in the air-cooled gun of I. N. Lewis, a retired captain of the United States army, which is so light that it can be handled by a single man, and may even be fired from the shoulder like a regular service rifle, although it takes a strong man to do this, for it weighs twenty-six and one half pounds.

The automatic machine-gun and the automobile engine have many points of close resemblance. The engine cylinder has its counterpart in the gun-barrel, the piston in the bullet. In each an explosive is introduced and fired, and part of the energy of the explosion is used to clear the cylinder and introduce and fire a new charge, this process being repeated hundreds of times per minute. So frequent are the explosions that the intensely hot fire of burning gases is almost continuous, and, like the engine cylinder, the gun-barrel must be provided with a cooling system to keep its temperature within safe limits.

In the Gatling gun no special system of cooling was required, because, having a number of barrels, there was an appreciable interval of time between discharges in each barrel, during which the heat could be dissipated. In the Maxim gun the barrel is surrounded by a water jacket that holds about two gallons of water. It takes only six hundred rounds to bring this water to a boil, and about a pint and a half is evaporated for every thousand shots. The Colt machine-gun, another American design by the way, depends upon air cooling, or radiation of the heat directly into the surrounding atmosphere. In order to provide a sufficient radiating surface, the barrel is made with a very thick wall, giving it a large outside diameter, and hence an extensive superficial

area. The Hotchkiss gun has radiating fins on the barrel something like the fins of the motor-cycle or air-cooled automobile engine. The Lewis gun still further approximates the air-cooled automobile engine by employing a counterpart of the cooling-fan to draw a current of cool air over the radiating fins. The latter are of aluminium, and run longitudinally along the barrel. They are surrounded by a casing of sheet metal, which is open at the rear, while its forward end tapers to a smaller diameter and extends beyond the muzzle of the gun. As the burning gases that speed the bullet on its way burst out of the muzzle they spread through a flaring cup on the end of the barrel, and, sweeping through the contracted portion of the casing, draw in their wake a current of air that absorbs and carries off the heat in the fins and barrel.

Unlike other machine-guns, the Lewis fires cartridges from a pan-shaped magazine instead of from a cartridge-belt. The magazine holds about fifty cartridges, arranged in two layers and set radially. A single sharp pull on the trigger will fire only one shot; but if the trigger is held back, the gun will keep on firing until the fifty cartridges have been discharged, which, at the maximum speed, will take only four seconds. In two seconds the empty magazine can be removed, and replaced by a filled one. The time that elapses between shots is, at the minimum, only eight hundredths of a second, and in this interval the magazine must be turned to position, the cartridge dropped out of it and moved into the barrel, the breach closed, the hammer cocked, the trigger pulled, the cartridge fired, the empty shell extracted and ejected from the gun, and the parts restored to position for the next cartridge.

As in the air-cooling system, it is the burning gases that actuate the mechanism. A very small part of their energy is utilized for this purpose. Close under the barrel is a cylinder that communicates with the bore of the gun near the muzzle. During the brief interval after the bullet passes this opening and before it fully clears the muzzle the pressure of the gases in the gun-barrel is also felt in the cylinder. This impulse of pressure throws back a piston in the cylinder. The movement of the piston opens the breach and ejects the spent cartridge, while a fresh one takes its place. It also winds up a spring, which reacts, and throws the piston back to its original position, while at the same time it closes the breach upon the next cartridge and fires it. By adjusting the port in the barrel, the pressure in the cylinder can be regulated so as to retard or accelerate the speed of firing. The rate can be varied between 350 and 750 shots per minute. One of the advantages of giving the gases additional work to do, particularly that of drawing air through the casing, is that the recoil is cut down very materially, so that it is possible to fire the gun at arm's-length.

MINING WITHOUT DYNAMITE

More than half the soft coal mined in this country is either sawed or chopped out of the earth by machinery. Sixteen thousand coal mining-machines were in service in 1913, according to a recent government report, and their number is steadily increasing. So perfectly have they been adapted to the work that there are few conditions in which they cannot take the place of the usual hand operations.

While these mining-machines have not been introduced with any humanitarian object, they are bettering the lot of the miner by eliminating dynamite and the frightful disasters that attend the use of explosives where combustible gases and dust are likely to accumulate.

There is another very efficient substitute for the dynamite cartridge, which may abolish blasting even in hard-rock mines. It is a hydraulic cartridge, or an apparatus that works on the principle of the hydraulic jack. Unlike dynamite, which consists of a lot of stored and highly concentrated energy that is let fly to do what destruction it may, the hydraulic cartridge is absolutely inert and devoid of potential energy when placed in the blast-hole. Only after it is in place is the en-

ergy applied to it. This it gradually accumulates until it acquires enough to burst open the rock without wasting a lot of energy in pulverizing it. The apparatus is under the direct control of the miner all the time. There is nothing haphazard about its operation.

The cartridge consists of a strong steel cylinder, made in various sizes. Disposed at right angles to the length of the cylinder are a number of pistons, or rams, that may be forced out laterally by pumping water into the cylinder. The cartridge is introduced into the blast-hole with the rams retracted. Then a quick-action pump is operated to move the rams out so that they come into contact with the rock. After this, by means of a screw lever, a powerful pressure is exerted upon the water, which forces out the rams until the rock gives way under the strain.

It is hard to realize that a man can exert a pressure at all comparable with that of dynamite. If we hark back to our school-days, we may recall that a pressure on one point of a confined liquid will be felt throughout the liquid equally in all directions. For instance, if a bottle with an inside area of one hundred square inches and a mouth opening of one square inch were completely filled with water, a closely fitting stopper bearing upon the water with a pressure of only one pound would produce a total pressure of one hundred pounds on the wall of the bottle. So in the hydraulic cartridge, by operating with a very powerful screw leverage upon a small area of water, a heavy total pressure may be exerted upon the rams. Pressure of three, four, and even five tons to the square inch is not unusual.

Fortunately, rock is so inelastic that only a slight movement of the rams is required to produce a fracture. The stress is exerted in the plane of movement of the ram, and so the direction of fracture may be controlled to a large extent; whereas with the dynamite cartridge it is usually impossible to tell beforehand in what direction the rock is going to give way. The pump and the screw piston with which the hydraulic pressure is produced are connected to the cartridge by a pipe of suitable length to permit the operator to stand beyond danger from falling fragments of the shattered rock. Nevertheless, he can work very near the cartridge. It is a decided advantage to be able to "shoot a hole" without calling off all the men from the heading and herding them behind shelters, or waiting for the noon whistle to clear them out of the workings.

CELLULOSE CASINGS FOR SAUSAGES

It is natural to look upon imitations with distrust, for it is seldom that they offer any advantages to the consumer other than cheapness. Recently there has been introduced into the markets a substitute for an old and venerable article of food, and the imitation is so perfect that no one would ever question its genuineness.

From time immemorial the gullet and intestines of the ox and the intestines of the sheep and the hog have been used as containers for sausage meat. Had they not been established as a food staple by generations of use, we should shrink from them in disgust, as we do from the Chinaman's bird's-nest soup.

Now sausage casings are being made out of wood-pulp. The material is chemically treated, so that it shows not the slightest trace of a fibrous structure. It is reduced to a jelly-like mass of cellulose, and then formed into transparent tubes that are no thicker than the usual casings and have a smooth, glossy surface which furnishes no lodgment for mold.

Of course cellulose has no food value, but the casings can be masticated, which is more than can be said of the envelops of large sausages such as the Bologna. As a matter of fact, in only the smaller sizes is the entire sausage eaten.

For sanitary as well as esthetic reasons the cellulose envelops are a distinct improvement. To be sure, the purity of casings produced by the large packing-houses cannot be questioned, but the product of the small butcher shop may not be above suspicion, whereas the very process of their manufacture renders the cellulose casing aseptic.

Acquisitive Statesmanship

Stealing *en bloc*

By W. M. S.

WE have heard much of late of the defense and protection of small nations. It has become a favorite phrase with some statesmen and political writers. Yet it has a jocular taint, after a review of the history of the last fifty years. The refusal of the leading civilized nations of the world to observe the rights of small nations has been the underlying cause of all the wars of the last century. Each nation, in denying it, always offers good pretexts to its own people and to the rest of the world. You cannot catch up with the modern international diplomat. He is always three jumps ahead of the people. A government may do anything if it has carefully prepared to issue the proper bulletins on the subject afterward.

Let us begin with ourselves. The United States has been guilty in the last 140 years of several breaches of the ethical right which we are discussing. We must freely admit that fact before proceeding to criticize others. Doubtless we played the game on quite as high a plane as the international standards of the different epochs involved seemed to require. We evidently believed in the fundamental justice of the law of conquest. Certainly up to very recent times it has been well recognized that when a nation went to war with another it might take the other's territories or its colonies, among other things. And we have done it. Sometimes we have done this without going to war and sometimes by going to war. Of course there are many other nations that have done this on a larger scale, and there are other nations that circumstances prevented from doing it to so large an extent as they wished. The situation thus produced caused the present world struggle.

I do not believe at all in the vague preachments of peace societies. I gladly and freely acknowledge the sincerity and high-mindedness of their work, but they are not on the right track. You cannot make people stop fighting for loot simply by preaching godliness to them. If they were godly, even in a receptive sense, they would not be fighting for loot. Then there are gentlemen who are so Utopian as to believe that we might create a red, white, blue, pink, green, and yellow international police force, composed of warships and armies contributed by the various civilized nations of the world,—I suppose on a per capita basis,—and that after establishing a supreme arbitral tribunal, with this—I hardly like to say motley—naval force back of it, wise and just decisions of all kinds in cases of international disputes could be effectively enforced. The idea is not practical. One cannot imagine, with patriotism defined and taught as it is to-day, with our civic education following the lines with which we are familiar, that any ordinary person would commit treason against his own country (and in time of war, of course, treason is defined as bearing arms or taking service against one's own flag); nor can one imagine that an international police force of ten or twelve different races would bring about, even in time of peace, anything but opportunity for dispute.

There remains the proposition of disarmament as a means of bringing about

peace. After all, whatever we may start to talk about, what we are thinking about is peace—permanent world peace. There are people who sincerely believe that if the strong nations disarmed, or partly disarmed, continued peace would be rendered more possible or more probable. History does not indicate anything of the sort. We are unable to discover the case of any nation which, unarmed, has been treated with more careful consideration by any other nation or nations because of the former's defenseless situation. There may have been such instances, but they are not recorded in history. Perhaps the Chinese Republic is the best example of an unoffending, unarmed, and unaggressive nation, but it is suffering bitterly at the present time. So that, while it is true that great preparations for war, great armies and powerful navies, may set the hair-trigger, may render it easier for the ruling powers to bring about war, if they so desire, because the nations feel so well prepared for it, it is equally true that lack of preparation for defense has never protected any nation or people in the world, and it would be a very dangerous experiment, it seems to me, for the American people to endeavor to test out that theory, least of all, at this time. We have, then, the idea of a supreme arbitral tribunal which requires an international posse comitatus, as Colonel Roosevelt has suggested, to enforce its decrees, and we have the idea of disarmament, and I declare frankly, as a lover of peace, that I do not believe that either of the plans would produce peace. The question therefore becomes whether there is any tendency toward peace which we could further or encourage. There is, if we are ready to face it.

The cause of every war in the last century, and many before that, has been acquisitive statesmanship, the wrongful lust for land, and the commerce and advantages flowing from it. It is the basic cause of the present war. There is not a nation with even a fifth-rate statesman which cannot offer a perfectly good pretext for going to war; and, unfortunately, most of the people in the country always believe the pretext put forward by their own statesmen, and pay no attention at all to any arguments advanced by the other side. The result is that we have the almost incredible spectacle of ten or eleven different nations of relatively high civilization ranged in a death-struggle against one another, with the people of each nation sincerely believing—ninety per cent. of them at least—that its cause is just. It is not of any real importance whose cause is just, because it may well happen that the really just cause, virtually speaking, will be defeated by the greater number of men, ships, and cannon. The important point is: what state of diplomacy or what state of education exists in the world when eleven nations can go to war, with not only the statesmen, but the mass of the people, of each believing that it is right? There is only one possible explanation, and that is that the people of those nations are in reality fighting for something very much nearer to them and more tangible than a theory of abstract justice. The war has been put to them on racial lines or on religious lines or on the line of altruism or on the line of the upholding of treaties, but the fact is that the real appeal is to something very much more solid, very much more practical, than anything of that kind, and that appeal is to the long-since familiar "larger national development." How often those words appear in the official blue books and *communiqués!* It is this aspiration for more land which at least one neutral nation in Europe is using to-day to inflame the war spirit of its people. What does that mean? What does it mean in the case of this neutral nation? It means more territory, more commerce, more people to be taxed, more land over which to rule, and more people over which the flag may float. We Americans are no more free from it than any other nation in the world. We have our own name for our national exploits. We free the oppressed. We do pretty well, all things considered. There is some good in everything, but I am thinking about the international custom which per-

mits a nation on any pretext to violate the sovereignty of any other nation. The denial of this may sound rather radical, because war between sovereign peoples has been the fashion for thousands of years. But we have grown out of a great many fashions, and the fact is that until fixed international boundaries shall be recognized as inviolate, and until some other method of punishing a nation which infringes on the rights of other nations shall be found, war will continue, and no peace societies, arbitral tribunals, or international fleets, or anything of that kind, can possibly stop it. We have seen in the last fifty years a dozen flagrant and shameless violations of treaties—violations committed by the leading nations of the world, including, in one instance at least, the United States, where in a small or weak country there has been some little oppression of foreigners, a mercenary spirit, or other cause for the complaint which has been seized as a convenient pretext for the treaty violators at home and abroad.

We have seen a whole continent virtually divided up in the last twenty years. We see a large part of another great continent about to be divided up between two of the leading civilized nations of the world. In our hemisphere there are two great continents whose future status is by no means permanently fixed, certainly not, if the principle is to be accepted by the world that strong naval or military power allows a nation or group of powers to dictate new international rights.

The United States and the American people, who are neutral, officially, in this present struggle, will probably come out of the situation disliked by all parties. We can do nothing now but prepare for eventualities, except to begin to think in larger terms than those of counties and States. The great, glaring defect in the international affairs of the American people is that they cannot think in broad terms. Let us begin by remembering that there are a great many nations in this world, contributing to its welfare and civilization in a high degree, and making life both interesting and profitable for all of us, which could never by any reasonable probability become great military powers. If these nations are to be wiped out, if they are to become subject peoples, merely because of their indisposition, as in the case of China, or their inability, as in the case of many smaller nations, to become great military powers, then the world will live in centuries more of strife. And if that is to be the future, the United States should become a military power as soon as possible. On the other hand, if there is such a thing as a manly appeal, if there is such a thing as an unselfish proposition in international affairs, let us put forth, in proper diplomatic language, at proper times, and under proper conditions, a distinctly American doctrine, which has not to do with the interning of vessels or the shipment of arms, but declares that in all circumstances the integrity and sovereignty of all neutral nations as they exist shall be recognized, all pretexts to the contrary notwithstanding.

The first and most important result to flow from that declaration would be the way in which our neighbors to the south would regard us. I do not blame them for having the greatest suspicions of what American policy—Yankee policy, as they call it—means for them. I myself believe that those suspicions are unjustified, as do you; but I am speaking from their point of view. We ought to put forth that doctrine for their sake. We ought to make it very clear to them, no matter what happens, no matter what the temptation or the crisis may be, or what interests may be involved, we will never take a hand in stealing from any other nation on the Western Hemisphere (nor, of course, elsewhere) a single square mile of territory under any pretext. It is possible that after we have proclaimed that, and made good at it, we might get some other nations in the world to see the permanent value to peace of that doctrine. There is not very much unseized land left in the world except China, and she seems to be on the point of being altruistically taken in charge, so that we

ought not to be considered entirely unreasonable when we suggest to them that all nations stop fighting among one another for the land which they have already divided up.

But the United States, you say, took the Philippine Islands purely for altruistic reasons. I know some will smile at this, because there are many people who really think that we are there for that reason, and we may be; but the fact is that the British say, the French say, the Russians say, and the Japanese say, "You found it convenient to rob poor old Spain when you were in a war with her, and you took the Philippine Islands." We quote our speeches in Congress and everything of that kind to prove that we are there for the welfare of the people. England is where she is all over the globe for that, and France is in a good part of Africa for that purpose, and Japan and Russia are struggling in one direction or another for that purpose. It may well be that the great mass of us are sincere in our belief that we can govern better certain portions of the globe that we could hardly have found on the map seventeen years ago than could the people who were there for hundreds of years before us or the people who were born there. It may also well be that a Russian form of government would be much better for the people of Constantinople than the present one; but that is not the point. The point is, is there anything practical about such a doctrine? Where would we stop?

How are we to demarcate acquisitive statesmanship from altruistic statesmanship, if you once admit that for any reason you can take another's native land? Suppose that the intricacies and tendencies of international law do make it more difficult in future for a nation to pick a quarrel of conquest, it is easy for clever statesmen to devise new pretenses. The right of conquest, the taking of territory by bald conquest, has already gone out of fashion. Nowadays a weaker nation is rarely taken by conquest. There is a clash of interests, carefully advertised and worked up in advance, then the national commerce of the aggressor becomes vitally important, or a racial affinity is discovered which makes it necessary that one nation leap eight or nine hundred miles to stand by another nation in going to war. I mention these things only because we have grown used to them. Fine expressions may be very consoling to the people of the country being seized, but we all know that such things are merely a question of a pretext, and there can be no just pretext for taking the land and the birthright of another people. Certainly the American people should never admit such a pretext, and if we do, it must be because of some finesse of diplomacy and international law.

When certain difficulties arise, I can conceive that it would be almost easier to go in and "spank" a smaller nation than to reason with it or to arbitrate. We have seen cases of that kind not very long ago. But the vexations of self-restraint are much less than the difficulties which flow to the world at large from the admission of the doctrine of the right of the acquisition of territory belonging to another sovereign people. I should like to see the United States (and I suppose that we can do so at least as fittingly as any other nation) put forth this doctrine at the proper time, take it as their national slogan, and await the result. We cannot impose it upon others if they do not choose to accept it, and it will be hard at times to sit quietly by and see other nations reject it and profit by their attitude while we are following a principle. That is true, however, of every principle which is worth while. The United States should do one thing more, at the same time that it is preparing to put forth that doctrine of the fixed balance of territory as a possible safeguard against war: it should establish and maintain in this country an army and a navy so efficient and so large that, whatever the international situation might be, there could be no suspicion in the mind of any doubting Thomas anywhere in the world that we were putting forth this peaceful and generous doctrine from either weakness or fear.

Liberty in Utah

ONE day last summer the "New York Tribune" published a telegraphic despatch about the trial of the Eccles Case in Utah. The despatch did not come from Utah. It came from Denver, Colorado. And it was prefaced with a note in italics to say that the correspondent had sent his account of the trial from Denver because the Mormon Church prevented "the complete facts" of the Eccles Case from being sent out of Utah on the wires! On the same day the "Tribune" published another telegraphic despatch reporting that the Liberty Bell had arrived in Ogden, Utah, on its way to San Francisco, and had received an ovation of welcome.

The reasons why the Mormon Church might wish to keep secret the proceedings in the Eccles Case are as interesting as the fact that it has succeeded so well in keeping them secret. Utah obtained its statehood on the solemn pledges of the leaders of the Mormons that the practice of Mormon polygamy (among other illegal church practices) had been abandoned by "a revelation from God." When the present United States Senator, Reed Smoot, was elected from Utah, it was charged that the Mormons were again practising polygamy, and a committee of the Senate investigated the charge and returned a majority report to the Senate that the Mormons were guilty and that Reed Smoot should be refused his seat. Among the witnesses called to testify before the committee was Margaret Geddes Eccles, who was known to be the third wife of a prominent Mormon polygamist named David Eccles. She swore that she was not his wife, and that he was not the father of her son. By so doing she helped to protect the Mormon Church, but she swore away her son's right to his share in the Eccles estate, which was valued at twenty-five million dollars. When Eccles died recently without leaving a will, the other heirs prepared to divide the inheritance without providing for Margaret Geddes Eccles and her child. She entered suit. That suit is the "Eccles Case," the complete facts of which the church refuses to allow on the telegraph wires from Utah.

In that suit Margaret Geddes Eccles swore that she had committed perjury at Washington and that she had been married, as a plural wife, to David Eccles by Apostle Merrill of the Mormon Church. There are twelve apostles, and they are the governing body of the church, by whom, and from whose ranks, the president of the church and his two councilors are elected. Senator Reed Smoot is one of these twelve apostles. The secretary of the president swore that the marriage of Margaret Geddes Eccles to David Eccles had been recognized by the presidency of the church as authentic. And so forth.

All of this is no surprise to Utah, where every one knows that the church has been secretly practising polygamy ever since it publicly abandoned the practice by divine revelation. But if it were wired all over the country by the Associated Press, it might make trouble for Apostle Reed Smoot or his successor in the Senate. And the church, being treasonably engaged in a violation of Utah's statehood pledges, protects itself with a news censorship that is necessary to the success of the conspiracy.

It is probable that the non-Mormons in Ogden noticed, during their ovation, that the Liberty Bell is cracked.

Back to the Land

THERE are indications that the back-to-the-land movement in our Eastern States has been defeated and repelled, and the reasons that are given for the reverse are interesting. Farming, it appears, is an industry in which labor is immensely more important than capital, because the amount of capital that can be profitably invested in a farm is small, and not a dollar of the investment can be made profita-

ble without skilled and diligent labor. This labor is labor that must know its trade as a sailor does, and work like a sailor under the pressure of natural forces that do not keep union hours, and suffer the exposure that a sailor suffers, and be almost as isolated and ill paid as he. And that is why American farming in the East is in almost as bad case as the American merchant marine. There were recently a hundred thousand men unemployed in New York City and a hundred thousand unemployed acres within easy reach of them; yet one back-to-the-land farmer who was willing to pay thirty-five dollars a month and board to a hired man (which is equivalent to sixty dollars a month in town wages) got only one applicant from the municipal employment bureau that was trying to find these men work.

The Eastern farmer cannot keep his own sons on the farm: the town takes them. The hired man has no home ties to break, and if he wishes to stay in the country, he can get an abandoned farm for next to nothing and work for himself. If he remains a hired farm-hand, it is generally because he is a drunkard, or so slow-witted and shiftless that the town has no use for him, or because he goes to work on some millionaire's country estate, where the wages are as honorific as the gardening that is done. The back-to-the-land enthusiast has usually not enough experience to do his own farming; he is unable to hire his neighbor to help, because his neighbor is overworked trying to do his own; he cannot compete with the wages that are paid on millionaires' estates for any farm laborer who is worth anything; and he falls back in despair from the worries of employing drunken incompetence that breaks machinery and lames horses and poisons stock and wastes in every way. He ends by seeking a purchaser who has not foreseen the servant problem in farm life and the gregarious instinct in the laboring-man; or he puts his farm into grass (and weeds), and keeps it as a suburban residence, with an automobile and a commutation-ticket.

The truth seems to be that so long as the railroads carrying manufactured goods to the West must bring back farm products or return with empty cars, the Eastern farms will be at a disadvantage. They will have to be owned by truck-farmers who can reach a market without a railroad haul, or by foreigners who do not demand the comforts of American city life, or by millionaires who can support the luxury of an unprofitable estate. For such as these the back-to-the-land movement is not merely a beautiful dream; but for the tired city wage-slave who has visions of fortunes in poultry-farming and dividends growing on fruit-trees, it is proving as impracticable as the Zionist movement for the Ghetto or the return to Liberia for the colored man.

Public Opinion

A WEEK before the outbreak of war in Europe, the German Socialists issued a manifesto declaring "the frivolous war provocation of the Austro-Hungarian Government calls for the sharpest protest. For the demands of that Government are more brutal than have ever been put to an independent state in the world's history, and can only be intended deliberately to provoke war. . . . Not one drop of a German soldier's blood shall be sacrificed to the lust of power of the Austrian rulers and to the imperialistic profit interests. . . . Comrades, we appeal to you to express at mass meetings, without delay, the German proletariate's determination to maintain peace."

The appeal was heeded. Mass meetings and party congresses passed resolutions against the war. The Socialist newspapers declared that the German Government was responsible for the Austrian aggression, and virtually threatened a revolution if Germany were involved in the conflict. Even after the German mobilization had been ordered, "Vorwaerts," the official organ of the Socialists, asked: "Is it possible that Austria can be utterly

...have conscience? Is it possible that Germany is determined to go through with the present war at all costs?

The German Government made an attempt to stop the newspaper reports of the outbreak of typhus. No mention was made. But apparently all over Germany the newspapers published reports that French troops were marching against the German frontier, that French troops had already crossed the borders in Alsace-Lorraine, and that French aeroplanes had dropped bombs on several cities in southern Germany; the Germans of all parties—the Socialists with the rest—rallied to the defense of their country; and war was procured by a ruse as simple as Bismarck's forgery of the Ems despatch in 1870.

[illegible] German public opinion has manufactured a violation of Belgian neutrality because of newspaper reports that the French had already violated it and the British were prepared to follow suit, and the Belgians had connived at it by permitting, but by denying. The sinking of the Lusitania has been justified by official newspaper reports that she was an armed war-ship. The killing of women and children by submarine warfare is forgiven on the newspaper plea that the British are starving German women and children, although the official boast of the German leaders now disproves that plea. And a popular animosity has been procured against this country with the publication of official statements that American-made shells have caused seventy-five per cent. of the German losses in battle, although our customs returns for the first year of war show that we have not exported munitions sufficient to provide the Allies with [illegible] for a single day.

No government is likely ever to attempt such a poisoning of the wells of public information in the United States, but political influences have tried to do it many times for party advantage, and they have succeeded sometimes in restricted areas where they could create a local prejudice. The Mormon Church has done it successfully even before its recent censorship of newspaper despatches about the notorious Rodes Case. In industrial disputes in Colorado, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia employers have successfully suppressed the news of strikes that have lasted sometimes for months; and it is these industrial wars that are the greatest menace to the peace and prosperity of our country.

With the growth of the direct-primary system of nominations in the West, newspaper publicity has taken the place of party conclave in the choice of candidates for political office, and the power of the press—and of the newspaper proprietor—has been greatly increased. To offset the danger of this control, it has been proposed that no man or corporation should be allowed to own more than the bonds of a newspaper and that the stock should belong to the newspaper staff, so that the owner of a public journal would not be able to subsidize it against the popular interests, and the men who wrote and printed it would have to depend on popular support for their salaries and would be responsible only to the public for their utterances. This is, on the face of it, a wildly radical proposal, and it has, no doubt, innumerable defects; but it is a welcome recognition of the fact that an American newspaper is a public institution that should be more directly responsible to the public, and any recognition of that fact is valuable to a democracy that depends upon the force and discriminating education of public opinion to control its representatives and to defend its [illegible].

Neglected Poets

By LEONARD HATCH

THE old down-east salt is being justified. You remember he said that poetry was writing which had its loose ends all to starboard. That has become the approved method nowadays. First you corral your subject,—what, does n't matter; it may be "Love" or "The Street Sweeper's Broom,"—then you produce your poem by suspending your thoughts on paper in lines. You really need n't exercise any more care than when you hang up the wash in lines. This you call *vers libre* or, better still, get your friends and acquaintances to call it that. And, lo! the trick is turned: you are a full-fledged poet!

But what saddens me is the realization of the fact that there are still old-fashioned people who do not know that this is poetry. They still entertain the old-fogyish notion that poetry has something to do with rime and rhythm. Sadder still, many of them do not know that they themselves are poets. All unawares, they turn out poetry far above most *vers libre*, and then set it before the blind world disguised as mere prose.

Such neglected poets are scattered through every walk of life. The business world is full of them; in brokerage or department store or advertising agency they go their humble way. To help open your eyes, I shall print some of their actual utterances in the rightful lyric form, in order that you may be thrilled by their hitherto unrecognized Promethean fire.

Listen to this little gem entitled "Charmeuse Dresses":

Georgette crêpe and lustrous charmeuse
In green, brown, and navy,
Make this charming afternoon gown.
Silver-thread embroidery in lace-like
patterns
Adorns the underbodice and sleeves.
Finished with many tiny buttons.
Novel, too,
Are the skirt's pointed draperies.

How those very lines shimmer "in lace-like patterns"! Harken now to the sterner pulsation of martial music depicting the clash of mighty armaments in Wall Street:

Railroad stocks
More than held
Yesterday's gains
At the opening this morning,
3000 shares of Pennsylvania, for example,
Appearing on the tape
At an advance
Of 1¼ points.
New York Central,
Canadian Pacific,
Baltimore & Ohio,
Norfolk & Western,
Reading, Lehigh Valley,
Union, and Southern Pacific,
All showed substantial gains
During the early trading.

Those first four lines one can scan far

too easily to call them *vers libre*. And

New York Central,
Canadian Pacific—

why, it 's for all the world like some Homeric catalogue of warriors on the windy plains of Troy.

And here is a tender lyric of childhood:

Children
Under five years of age
Will be carried free
When accompanied by parent
Or guardian;
Five years of age and under twelve,
Half fare;
Twelve years of age
Or over,
Full fare.

That moving and mellifluous picture of innocent, wistful youth, and dawning maturity is the work of one of our least appreciated *vers librists,* Mr. A. B. Smith, General Passenger Agent of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, or else of one of his clerks.

Here is one more example, a soulful outpouring of even richer emotional content:

After giving the number,
Listen to the operator
As she repeats it;
If she repeats the number correctly,
Say "Yes" or "Right";
If she does not repeat
The number correctly,
Say "No."

That strikes the note of deep humanity, mingled with a vein of latent romance—the mastery of distance aided by the *ewig-weibliche* genius before some switchboard at "Central." It is anonymous, this plangent chant in the telephone; and, like all the rest that I have quoted, its true nature lies hidden in solid printing.

How much longer will the captains of industry, just for the sake of saving the cost of extra paper, try to mask this flow of verse? How much longer must these humble, nameless poets continue to waste their sweetness on the desert air of apparent prose when stuff not half so good is every day given to the public as poetry?

The Ideal Husband

By PAUL WING

YOU are probably a woman. Few men would pause to read an article headed "The Ideal Husband." Man knows his fellow-men too well.

Of course it is true that nearly every married woman has at some time in her life claimed to have found the *one* ideal husband; but not for long. He is not a stable article; he is only a fleeting glimpse.

Shortly after a young married woman declares hers to be the ideal husband, he exhibits a tendency to crumble his crackers in his soup or to place a slice of bread in his empty dinner-plate and submerge it in gravy. These things "are not done."

While a man is still engaged—held under option, as it were, but not definitely contracted for—he is for a short while considered ideal. However, he just begins to enjoy his perfection when it is discovered by his general manager elect that he rests his knife and fork half on the tablecloth and half on his plate, while they should be draped artistically across his

plate midway between meat and potatoes. To save time, probably he also cuts his meat into small pieces before starting to eat it.

He has good reasons for doing as he does, but they do not excuse him. His sort of conduct and perfection simply do not walk hand in hand.

No young couple should be engaged long enough for either one to discover the other's shortcomings. So long as a man and a girl are so mutually mesmerized that the eyes of one never leave the eyes of the other, he is perfect; but the moment he allows her glances to stray below his Adam's apple,—the moment he loses control,—he loses also perfection. She realizes that his knowledge of esthetics was gleaned from an abridged edition; that his tie is not in vogue, that his collar is too loose and too low, and therefore too comfortable.

Ah me! I have strayed from my subject, the ideal husband. Let me return to it and proceed.

There is no such thing.

"'Way Down Souf Once Mo'"

By ROBERT EMMET WARD

WISH I was home ag'in,
'Way down Souf once mo'!
Roses bloomin' in de sun
Roun' de li'l' ole cabin do';
Cotton-fiel's a-gleamin' white,
All de niggahs pickin';
Smells o' suppah-time 'long todes night—
Lou done kill a chicken.

Up hyah de snow so deep,
All de groun' is froze;
Win's go, "Oo—en oo—en oo!"
Piercin' frough yo' clo'es
En bones.
O Lawd, I hates de cole,
Hates dis freezin' stawm.
Bad place doan' look bad to me,
Ef I jus' gits wawm.

Ef I was home ag'in,
'Way down Souf once mo',
Reckon I 'd be standin' hyah
Shet *outside* de kitchen do'?
"Y' ole black rascal," cunnel say,
"Damn yo' wufless hide!
Git in dah to de good hot stove
En fill yo' fool inside!"

Ef I was home ag'in,
'Way down Souf once mo',
All de niggahs be standin' roun'—
"Hi dah! Clah de kitchen flo'!
Step up lively, 'Mandy Lou!
'Lijah, grease yo' heels!
Unc' Tawm's fiddle hit sholy know
Zackly how yo' feels."

Ef I was home ag'in,
'Way down Souf once mo',
My li'l' Mis' she smile so sweet—
Lawdy! I 's a-dreamin' sho!
Teef a-chatterin' while I pats,
See my frozen bref!
Calls me *"Mistah,"* but yo' lets me
stahve—
Lets me freeze to def.

Up hyah de snow so deep,
All de groun' is froze;
Win's go, "Oo—en oo—en oo!"
Piercin' frough yo' clo'es
En bones!
O Lawd, I hates de cole,
Hates dis freezin' stawm.
Bad place doan' look bad to me,
Ef I jus' gits wawm!

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The market-place in front of the cathedral, Senlis

By
Orville Peets